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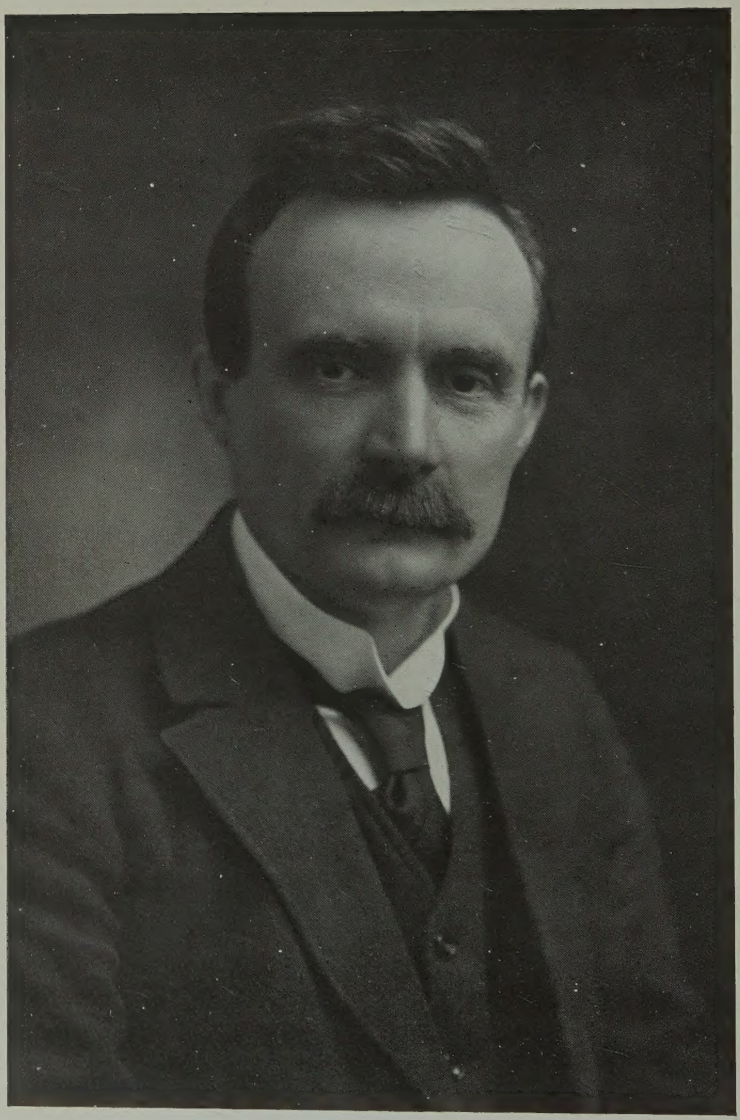

ANDREW YOUNG OF SHENSI

ADVENTURE IN MEDICAL MISSIONS

BY

J. C. KEYTE

LONDON:
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TO

THE MEMORY OF TWO GALLANT GENTLEMEN:

H. STANLEY JENKINS, M.D., F.R.C.S.,

AND

CECIL F. ROBERTSON, M.B., F.R.C.S.,

Whose passion it was to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ; whose privilege it was, in His Name, to relieve the suffering; and who, in prosecuting their labour of love, laid down their lives in Sianfu in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and thirteen.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE justification for such a volume as the present is to be found in the belief that " the fine is not the abnormal, it is the usual." The thought of any book written around his life being the glorification of the subject would have distressed Andrew Young greatly, but to its publication he might have at least resigned himself if from a perusal of his story the reader could gather a truer idea of the aims underlying the medical missionary enterprise.

The subject of this biography has points of temperament and areas of experience peculiar to himself, yet it is as he is representative that he is most valuable; and whilst many missionaries fall short of the standard at which he arrived, the reader can yet rest assured that the values in conduct which appear in the pages which follow are not peculiar to this missionary alone. Missionaries' faults there are in plenty, easily discovered and described, but the virtues are there also, and, both for the student as well as for the critic of missions, a little honest research in this latter direction will not be time wasted.

The above gives the clue to the method of this volume. The first part, treating as it does of the Victorian 'nineties, cannot pretend to be interpretative of African Missions: it is written to reveal the stature of the man, and to trace his course from the medical amateur to the trained medical missionary. The second and third portions of the book attempt a picture of medical missionary

work in Inland China, the scientific side of which has been presented by Dr. Balme in his book, "Medicine and Modern China"—a volume which is a vade-mecum to be consulted by medical missionary officers and their supporters in viewing the whole general problem. The approach here is not from the general aspect but from a particular instance. In considering the life work of Andrew Young the reader is brought to the contemplation of the medical problem in a single province of China in the belief that he who arrives at an understanding of the needs of one province will be advanced in sympathy towards the larger need, medical and otherwise, of the country as a whole.

No apology therefore is made for the general picture here given of the Shensi Mission, of the growth of the Sianfu Hospital, or for such a section as that in Chapter Eight, upon "The Horse, the Magistrate, the Gate-keeper and the 'Lao T'ai-t'ai,'" a section which, whilst true of Andrew Young, is also a key to medical missionary experience generally.

One convention is frankly discarded. My intimate connection with the Shensi Mission and the Sianfu Hospital have been so prolonged that in referring to them I have, on occasion, written frankly in the first person.

Where quotation marks are used with no reference given the extracts are from Dr. Young's letters; where the initials "C. M. Y." are added, the writer is Mrs. Andrew Young (Charlotte Murdoch Young).

Some inaccuracies may have crept into the narrative owing to the long interval between the events and this record. But most of the chapters have been submitted to others in order to minimize error. Almost the entire manuscript has been through the hands of Mrs. Young,

apart from whose generous confidence in allowing me access to correspondence spread over many years, as well as to her own dictated impressions, this book could not have been written. To friends in China, Mrs. H. Beckett and Mr. E. Cormack in Peking, and the Reverend John Bell in Shensi, grateful thanks are due for unstinted help and valuable criticism. To my friend, Dr. R. Fletcher Moorshead, the Secretary of the Medical Auxiliary of the Baptist Missionary Society, I am indebted for much help and encouragement during the preparation of the volume.

And finally, if for no other reason than that it is the fitting opportunity to record my irrepayable debt to Andrew Young and to the two brave men to whose memory this tribute is dedicated, the writing of the book has been abundantly worth the effort it has entailed.

J. C. Keyte.

Peking, 1924.

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

The Hill and the Plain

WRITING these lines on the Western Hills near Peking, with Andrew Young's life and work in mind, I am struck afresh with the significance of these missionary hill retreats in China. There was a crazy little shack I knew on the Shensi hills near Sianfu, there is a cottage on a Shantung hill near Tsinanfu, there are the temple quarters and cottages here near the Pa Ta Chu, and one feature is common to them all: though they are high above the scene of the missionary's work, their face is still towards it; they are not over the crest of the ridge looking into another world, their view is of the plain where the work lies. Some of us who are restless, roving souls ask for new fields and scenes clear of the routine's memories, but they who, like Andrew Young, came once for all to their haven in the certitude of a great calling, ask only for a little space of quiet on the heights above the plain; the plain which, with all it represents, aids rather than impedes their recuperation of spirit. God's breezes murmur through the pine trees under which His servant rests awhile; God's children move to and fro on the plain stretched out below. And presently the disciple descends the hill once more and gets him to the place of service which is become anew the place of sanctuary, the sight of which he has never lost.

It was to a place in the hills that, in 1912, there went out from Sianfu one of two surgeons who had laboured in the city and whom the city that day claimed as its own. He was a man whose taste was all for the quiet, unmarked places in life's procession. And on that day he would fain have slipped out of the city quietly to make his way to the hills. But by the Gate of the city there had gathered all that was representative of the city's life: rich and poor, strong and weak, old and young, Christian and Confucian, soldier and civilian, to do honour to a man whom they loved and trusted. And at the Gate they stayed his progress that he might know their mind. Over his shoulders and around his waist they wound a scarf of red silk, and whilst the bands played and the generals saluted, they took him formally into a fellowship which he had already made his own by countless deeds of self-forgetful service. Quite what was wrapped up in this symbol of "The Elder Brother Society," the "Ko Lao Hui" secret society—which dominated the army and councils of Shensi Province at that time—we do not know and had perhaps better not ask. But by the Gate of Sianfu that day the simple ritual represented only gratitude and a whole-hearted belief in two men's gift for "brotherhood." At a later date the recognized Government in Peking might send orders and decorations for these two surgeons from overseas, but for them this was the supreme, the dramatic hour, when at the Gateway of a one-time capital of the Chinese Empire they had placed upon them the token of the city's faith and gratitude.

Of these two men, one, Cecil Robertson, remained for the time being in the city; the other, Andrew Young, made for the hills. In the chapters which follow we see that quiet, steadfast, kindly figure finding its way from

Scottish lowlands to forests of Africa and plains of Asia, on the caravan routes of Congo and the cart-roads of China, in hospital wards and on tented fields, in perils oft and in labours always ; yet never, perhaps, in a scene more significant than that by the Sian gate. For the Gate represented in his life not the recognition which was unsought and unwelcomed, but the right of entry so hardly won into hearts and lives, that comes surely, if very slowly, to those men and women who, in the name of Jesus, live to serve. And of such was Andrew Young. From the Gate he went to the Hill for the renewed Vision, and from the Hill he returned to the Gate and the renewed Service.

PART I

IN CONGO'S FREE STATE

ANDREW YOUNG OF SHENSI

CHAPTER I

Getting Ready

ANDREW YOUNG must have been a delightful boy. He had a strong physique, an unusual power of self-effacement and an unfailing sense of humour. The combination made him a thoroughly comfortable person to live with and meant that, just as in later years he was willing to take his share in united effort so, as a boy, he could be depended upon for team games and the give and take of a Saturday afternoon ramble.

Though town bred he was country born at a moorland farm at Crossdykes, in Hutton and Corrie, the parish next to Eskdalemuir itself; that innermost shrine of the old Covenanter spirit. Though the bitterness of those old, sad days of heroic struggle found no place in so sweet a nature as that of Andrew Young, the steadfastness of the old loyalty was in him reincarnate. Incidentally, it is typical of the shy reserve that clung to the man, as the scent of lavender clings to some fine and old-world fabric, that though I had known him so well and on many themes had talked at length, and though in full view on the shelf for him to see stood Smellie's great book, "Men of the Covenant," a book he read so often, he never, so far as I can recollect,

told me of what Smellie was to him, or how deeply his own roots went down into that historic ground by Eskdalemuir. He had a remarkable talent for silence.

George Young and his wife Hannah (whose maiden name was Armstrong) brought their boy of three years to Langholm in 1872. A centre of the famous tweed cloth industry, Langholm offered opportunities to men of enterprise whom the land supported ill, and immigration to the town from the country districts was a regular feature of Dumfriesshire life. For fifteen years Andrew Young received in Langholm the varied training which is given to any one who is not a fool and who lives in the pulsating microcosm of a country town which is large enough for a civic consciousness and not too large for observation of character. The parish church, the U.F. kirks, the school, the library, and the famous mills gave the town a full and varied life. *And*, it was extremely Scotch. For vivid Scottish consciousness one goes neither to Edinburgh nor Braemar; not even to Aberdeen; but to the lowlanders of the Border country, who are so keenly aware of what they have just, and only just escaped, viz., being born south of the Tweed. And Langholm is only twenty miles north of Carlisle.

Of the many factors of his Langholm life there were three for which Andrew Young was ever thankful: his home, his church, and his school.

The eldest son of a family can be a sore trial to the young fry that come after him, and a weary problem to his parents. On the other hand, he may be such a genuine friend and leader to his younger brothers and sisters that the parents find their work wonderfully simplified by the work of a *liaison* officer, who is himself in the camp of the juniors' light infantry but has yet some appreciation of the problems of the family

head-quarters' staff. Christina, Jamie, Janet, Archie, and John were the friends as well as relatives of Andrew. Moreover they provided him with the opportunity of helping the father and mother who, for him, were saints whom to serve was joy.

The church was the North United Free Church, where his father worshipped in 1872. George Young was one of those remarkable men who, more even than her devoted and scholarly clergy, have made the United Free Church of Scotland what she is to-day. He became a member of the church in 1873, and was ordained an elder in 1882. To be an elder was no light matter. It involved a considerable amount of public speaking, religious visitation, prayer in the homes thus visited, especially in the distressing conditions of sickness and sorrow. It meant, further, the jealous maintenance of a high standard of honour in the public conduct of church affairs. In 1891 he was appointed session-clerk, and held that office until 1903. His Sunday School teaching entailed careful preparation. In addition, he was one of the founders of the Home Mission and a hard-working member of the Y.M.C.A., taking his spiritual responsibilities in connection with the Association very seriously. And this was no case of a man who neglected his daily livelihood or the duties of his home in order to play a prominent part on a public stage. He did his business well and faithfully, whilst his home was a place of genuine happiness and prosperity.

Great as the father was in character, the mother was even greater. Much of her woman's abilities would go unrecognized into the daily life of her husband, and the fact that she was hailed as a worthy " help-meet," a " second " to her husband, rather than given recognition for herself, would trouble her not at all ; life was too

fine, too splendid, to worry over trivial questions of precedence. There was a home to be turned into a heaven, children to be made members of Christ, an enterprise to be wrought only in the unity of the Spirit. Love and gentleness, unwearying service, unwavering faith, informed this gracious woman's nature. When the children grew up and went out into the great cities, it was she who, with her pen, week after week, kept vivid before their minds the Christ-filled life which had drawn them, whilst yet in Langholm, to the Christ himself.

It will be seen, therefore, that the question, "What decided Andrew to give his life to Christ?" is not difficult to answer. Given a naturally clean and thoughtful disposition, given a clear-eyed faculty of tracking effects to their causes, the time was bound to come when consciously or unconsciously the lad would ask himself, how much of the Christian explanation of life in which he had been drilled since he could follow any reasoning at all—how much of it could he himself accept? The Bible he had heard read daily since he could remember anything, Sunday School lessons and sermons had always been his portion, prayer was a feature of home life as constant as food taking. How far did these all agree with actual experience? Well was it for the boy that to his bourgeoning soul no influence but the healthiest, the most natural, was offered. To fit the religious theory which he had learnt to the facts that faced him, was a task left to the boy himself. He solved his problem by watching the daily life of his father and mother. If they had failed him his story might have been a very different one. Upright, cleanly, kindly, I think he would in any case have been, but instead of an explanation of life which brought him daily joy and support, he might have gone through life wistfully questioning; a

stoic who could only look to " the choir invisible of those immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence," for any hope beyond. He would in all probability have been a useful citizen, " a good man," but he would not have found the door into that Secret Garden in which he walked with his Lord. The doctors in the Temple might have answered his questions, but their answers would have left him lonely and in the shadow. Joy and sunlight came to him in another place—in the home. Reading of Andrew Young's home life one thinks of the words, so vivid as a bit of human as well as divine history, which describe the boy Jesus who returned from the Temple to Nazareth and was subject to His parents, and so grew in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and with man.

In these days of council schools and Carnegie Foundations one is tempted to wonder if the old Scots dominie, who laboured long and unselfishly over " the lad o' pairts," is not merely a pleasant fiction serving the delightful purposes of an Ian Maclaren, an Ian Hay or Sir James Barrie. But for Andrew Young he was a reality. It was an interesting group which gathered in the Langholm Academy of those days. To English, as distinguished from Scottish and American ears, " Academy " has an unfortunate sound. It carries the idea of the " genteel " and the inefficient. The word bears the stamp of Mr. Squeers and Mr. Creakle. It is " for young gentlemen " ; its teachers are ill paid and its teaching is negligible. But in Scotland, " Watson's Academy " is a name to conjure with. In America the academy is equivalent to a good grammar school ; and it is as a good, well-staffed grammar school or council

school that the Langholm Academy presents itself for our consideration. As might be expected, it was a nursery for the wider commonwealth of British nations. Of the boys who sat on the back bench of the fourth form class-room, one is to-day with a trading company in Rhodesia, another lies buried in South America, Andrew Young lived to work in Africa and Asia, whilst a fourth member is master of a school of his own—where he is doubtless training more units for overseas drafts. And this on one bench only of one class.

Sizing up these young hopefuls, searching for talent to win a bursary, inspiring his assistant masters to " bring them on," was a dominie with all the spirit of the old school, though happily set in easier surroundings than he of Drumtochty or Thrums. His name was Howie —a name which seems to fit the part—and amongst the group of boys whom he assembled into a preparation class to struggle for the coveted Hannafield bursary he found his " lad o' pairts " in Andrew Young. Mr. Howie laboured : Andrew got his bursary.

Happily for himself and his future usefulness he got much more than the bursary. He learned to be interested in games and was quite a useful person in a scrum. He made a few real friends. He learned also the difficult art of saying " no " without censoriousness, of taking up a difficult position without advertising his conscientious objections. The immemorial order of the crib was evidently not unknown even in the rarified atmosphere of Langholm, but Andrew kept out of it. In no case can one imagine him tempted to copy from others ; what is really a remarkable achievement for a school-boy was his refusal to supply answers to needy school-fellows in their time of construe nakedness, and yet to retain their boyish friendship and respect. The worst

that happened to him was that Andrew was considered "close". Close, not with cash—he was ever over-generous with that—but with information. "He did not give countenance to copying, and was rather close when applied to for information by his school-fellows. If Mr. Proudfoot fired a question at any of us and Andrew was applied to, 'in a whisper,' for help, no response was forthcoming." This perfectly delightful passage is by one of the school-fellows who evidently "applied for help" in the feeling manner described. There was evidently no idea that Andrew was a prig, nor any idea of persuading him forcibly—in the play-ground after class—to act differently next time. For one thing, Andrew Young was a wiry person who could stand hard knocks, and also possessed a very useful pair of hands of his own, and whilst intellectually he was held to have the best head of the crowd he kept a first-class place in athletics.

But school days hold more than games and classes. There are Saturday afternoons, there are the long holidays when boys have a chance of calling their souls their own. Even in British schools where, in order that each boy may conform to type, there is brought to bear so much pressure—unconscious pressure with an exasperating assumption of cheerfulness in its tyranny—these holidays give a boy some chance to develop his own individuality. William Rae and Andrew Young were close friends as well as class-mates, and when school bars fell before them the world was theirs. Langholm is geographically somewhat isolated; Hawick, Carlisle, Lockerbie and other towns are all twenty miles or so distant. To see such places the boys had to foot it. With some bread and cheese in their pockets and a copper or so available for a drink of milk at some roadside cottage, they went far.

Sometimes they would walk out twenty miles—it is pleasant to think that they even turned tolerant faces to Carlisle, south of the border though it is—and returned by train. Sometimes they would tramp it both ways. Forty miles a day, even for schoolboys in good condition, is good going. Blistered feet would be attended to at the first stream. "Andrew was good sustaining company on those journeys," says William Rae, "and many a prank we had with one another." How the words bring back days in north-west China when a town had been left behind and there was a clear track ahead and one could let the well-fed Chinese ponies go for all they were worth. Years after, writing from Congo, Andrew refers to those long walks and also to his experience of children, gained during his pupil-teachership—the bursary winner took that course for a time—as unconscious preparation for the work he had been called upon to do in Africa.

Langholm town happily possessed a good library. The annual subscription was only three shillings, and for this five volumes could be taken out at a time and kept for a month. Kingston, Ballantyne, Cooper, Captain Marryat, Mayne Reid, Henty, and Jules Verne were the favourites for the two friends. There is a tree still standing at the back of the Scholars' Field in which three boys, of whom they were two, used to perch themselves with their treasure trove. As one book was finished it was pitched across to a boy in another branch whose exchange was caught deftly and plunged into immediately. One hopes that apples, or butter-scotch, or some such weakness was included in these feasts of soul. "Golden days!" cries one of the three, "when the sun was always shining." Later on a wave of high-brow resolve caught them and they considered the need of reading the "great authors". One summer holiday—

a glorious six weeks—Andrew actually proposed to Rae that they should try a race through the Waverley Novels—forty-eight volumes. "We were to take a note of character and incident as we went along for the purposes of testing and proving one another. We didn't finish that job—though we broke the back of it. What we did do was a very present help in future examinations."

Text-books, real reading, football, tramping, a growing mind and a glowing body; life was all good. And life's explanation? Life's call? He turned the questions over in his thoughtful, honest fashion, and arrived at the answer which lit up the world for him then and which never failed him in the future years. There came a night when the two friends stood on Langholm Bridge. For some few days Andrew had been unusually quiet and thoughtful. And since friendship cannot continue without confidence, he very directly but very modestly began to speak of the change that had been introduced into his life, adding his conviction that it need not interfere in any way with their usual recreations or with their companionship. "And," adds his friend, more than thirty years later, "it didn't. Even then there was a certain manliness and an inherent integrity and strength about him which made him amongst us an influence for good. He was bright and cheerful as a rule, but there was also a dreamy and absent-minded streak about him. But he was frankness itself, and you always knew where you had him." Those who knew the Andrew Young of later life knew that "dreamy and absent-minded streak". They knew that with all his comradely frankness, there were times when the real man had slipped away into a Secret Garden and, for a little while, the music of that Garden had drawn his mind away from the clamour of

a prosaic world. He who can for a season thus take leave of such clamour may well be counted happy.

The pupil-teacher of those days had, given the right headmaster, a fine opportunity of consolidating work already done as he taught his subjects to others, and read for himself under wise direction. How to teach is one of the arts most needed by a missionary on the field. Most of us go out with our heads crammed with such learning as we have been able to amass, sailing for a foreign country with no experience of teaching, no knowledge of teaching-method. And in a language and culture alien to our own we essay to "teach the heathen". For what is preaching, if it is to be intelligent, but teaching? Twenty years ago the average theological student who, in view of going to the mission field, asked for a year in teaching-method in a teachers' college instead of, let us say, advanced Hebrew or a course in the "Fathers", would probably have been told that a college syllabus could not be altered to suit individual cases. Happily to-day the men on the staff in theological colleges are generally alive to the need of flexibility, and have some real acquaintance with mission problems. At some time during his pupil-teacher days Andrew Young had settled the question of his life work. His form master asked him one day what he meant to be, and the answer was definite: a missionary on the Congo. His further preparation was well thought out. The school had done all it could for him, first as a pupil and now as a teacher; if he was to become an industrial missionary—and at the time that was his plan—he would need some business experience. The next step was an office in Glasgow, where, if anywhere, the outlines of export and shipping,

accountancy and business method, might be learned. As stenographer and accountant he passed two years in the city.

By 1890 he was ready, waiting for the opening which he believed would come. Nor was expectation disappointed. Away on the Congo River, at the station of Tunduwa, the Congo-Balolo Mission had a representative who, in addition to carrying on his ordinary mission work, was burdened with the task of arranging caravans for transport so as to supply the needs of fellow missionaries further up-country. The labour entailed in engaging carriers, paying them, not in coin but in the currency of barter—brass rods, cotton goods, etc.—the store-keeping which was the corollary of such barter, the keeping of accounts, had proved all too much for one man, and he had broken down under the strain. The Mission looked round for a layman to go out to act as business man at Tunduwa, and Andrew Young volunteered for the post. His acceptance was very hearty, and as soon as his outfit was ready he proceeded to Rotterdam to join the S.S. *Afrikaan*, which would carry him to the Dutch trading station at Banana on the West African coast.

Previous to leaving England he went up to Cliff College, in Derbyshire, so that through a week's intercourse he might know personally the people directly responsible for the business direction of the Congo-Balolo Mission, a friendship which in the case of Dr. Harry Guinness himself, was deepened in later years in Congo.

From this point we begin to draw upon a long and

almost uninterrupted series of letters written from Africa, Asia, America and on many seas, which went to his boyhood's home for a space of twenty-five years.

In the first of these letters there emerge some of those traits of character which were to be constant throughout Andrew Young's missionary life. The faculty of observation, the love of nature, and the delight in scenic effects which were to relieve a mind otherwise too apt to introspection, are clearly brought out. As one follows his course one sees that it was when placed in situations where this safeguard of outside interest was removed that he was in danger of breakdown. The descriptions of Madeira, Teneriffe, and other places of interest are, for a youth of twenty-one, remarkably full, whilst the phrasing is felicitous and easy. A still more constant factor is the certitude of his religious convictions. "Jesus as the Saviour of sinners," to quote his own expression, was so evidently the one sure way of self-conquest, self-development and persistent peace, that to the young Christian it seemed strange that others were oblivious of what must surely be so obvious. To the young Scot for whom religion was as much a matter of course as food or sleep, the unconcern of his Dutch fellow passengers with regard to religious issues seemed incredible. A Dutch engineer, travelling as a second-class passenger, after a trip ashore at Madeira, where he had been drinking heavily, narrowly escaped drowning. "The following day," writes Young, "Moody and I got into conversation with him about the previous day's proceedings and tried to show him the danger of the course he was pursuing. He did not seem to have any religious creed and knew little of the Bible. I tried to

bring before him Jesus as the Saviour of sinners, and I pray that he may be led to see his need."

The young traveller's religion does not cripple his interest in the life about him; it only affects his sense of values so that "the highest that seemed too high, the heroic for earth too hard," reduces ship's gossip to its proper worth—and what that is, let any seasoned voyager by ocean liners bear witness.

It is amusing to see the future medical calmly following up symptoms until he has traced them to their underlying causes, rather than allowing any sentimental or conventional clichés to sway his judgment. "These Dutchmen are fearful smokers . . . they also go in greatly for drinking beer and wine at their meals, this being the natural result of so much smoking." There is a touch of the quiet fun which we always expected from the grown man in his next dry comment: "Some of them can also consume an astonishing amount of food at a sitting." The "at a sitting" has the little sting of healthy relentlessness that colleagues and patients knew in later years. Patient with our foibles he might be, tolerant even of our ingenious self-excusings, but the mind behind the kindly, twinkling eyes was quite clear as to the causes which our self-esteem would fain cover over with decent draping. As the unregenerate would put it, he was "no fool". Also one is thankful to record that he was quite human—even at twenty-one, when it is difficult to be godly and not censorious, to be filled with a sense of mission and to retain at the same time the kindly delights of homely, healthy association. Only a line or two after his "at a sitting" the boy who had not long ago left Langholm breaks out: "I could do fine with a good bowl of rice and raisins of mother's make."

Yet another of the constant factors of his life comes out in this letter—the place given to study, study as distinct from mere reading. When, years later, Andrew Young and his wife first settled amongst us in Sianfu, they came in for some good-natured chaff on account of a method of Bible study which entailed the cutting up of Bibles, pasting the particular portions to be studied in a manuscript book, leaving space for written comments, further clippings, and a complicated system of "railway lines". I believe it was connected with a system then being used by Dr. Campbell Morgan in his very successful Bible study classes at Westminster. The opportunity offered by the sight of scissors applied to the Bible was too good to be lost, and those of us who had not been initiated in the Westminster methods of study and in "dispensational teaching" had a joyous fling. Young used to be amused by our clumsy gambols and his kindly eyes would only twinkle. But Mrs. Young was always more than a match for us. We were allowed to go on for a minute or two, and then with one rapier flash of wit she would have some unfortunate—generally myself—deftly impaled, and, amidst a general roar of laughter, we cried "Pax!" for that session. Young would look across at the vanquished member in an elder-brotherly way which said quite clearly, "You *would* have it." The railway lines and the scissors were, I think, only a passing phase, but the Bible study itself was a lifelong interest. By his thirty-fifth year he must have so absorbed the actual text of the English Bible that for a comparison of passages any system of transcribing and parallelism was superfluous. Nor was it only the text. The main outlines of religious development in the Scriptures were clear in his mind; whilst the great doctrines, as taught by the evangelical school generally, and the Shorter Catechism in

particular, were familiar country where he was thoroughly at home. I think he sometimes wondered at men's delight in theological—as distinct from strictly biblical —reading. He was far from being intolerant, and by no stretch of imagination could one see him starting out on a heresy hunt or a shibboleth inquisition, but he was, I think, genuinely sorry that, when the source of the best was to men's hands, they should spend so much time upon what he considered second-hand material.

That he himself owed much to such teachers as A. T. Pierson, Campbell Morgan, D. L. Moody and others, he would gladly acknowledge, but it was always because he saw in them fellow-delvers into the rich fields of Scripture; he approved their method because it meant induction, induction drawn from the data of Scripture. Speculative theology which attempted an interpretation of experience as a whole, left him unmoved. Once during a rest cure which he prescribed for me, I remember joyfully absolving myself from any literature in the Chinese language, and indulging in an orgy of English reading. The bed was a happy gathering place for volume after volume of Dale and Fairbairn and Denney, which I found in my host's library. The next week Young and I took the road together in a journey to the rail-head, and as we tramped or rode together, or fed together in some inn yard, I tried to pass on my enthusiasm for the man I had been reading. He was quite kind about it. He was much too unselfish to grudge to another any respectable enthusiasm; he was a good comrade who "played fair" so that the other man should have his share and a good bit over of the conversation. But the question would at last crop up: "But why do you need to go all that roundabout way? After all, these books only tell you with many words

what the Bible tells you with few." The words are not verbatim, but the sense is exact.

And what became later the settled conviction of the man, was the serious delight of the boy; there had never been a break. On the *Afrikaan*, in 1890, "Ellery, Moody and I have Bible study for nearly two hours every day. We are studying Second Corinthians and the Psalms, going through the latter at the rate of about twelve a day. They are mines of wealth. How little we really know of the Word of God, and how much there is to reveal. I have been reading a book containing the report of a conference on prophecy, chiefly relating to Christ's Second Coming, and have got a great deal of light on Scripture regarding that, which is very cheering." "Which is very cheering." There speaks the clear-eyed sanity that informed the whole of the man's religious life. For, saint and mystic though we grew accustomed to regard him, his religious life was at bottom simply a common-sense application to the whole of experience of those principles which he believed were fundamental in the life and teaching and sacrifice of Jesus Christ. Such being the case, if "light upon the Scripture" made it clear that the return of his Master would further the purpose for which that same Master had lived and died, such discovery could not but be "very cheering" to the honest follower committed to his Lord's programme. But, cheering as it was, the doctrine was accepted not for itself; it was valuable only as it related to Jesus, and not at all as being the pet tenet of some school of thought whose system must be upheld though the skies fall.

Nor in the case of Andrew Young is there any fetish of logical consistency. One thinks of that other great, brave spirit who still serves God on the edge of an African

Forest,[1] whose immense scholarship and incisive intellect were all focused upon one aching point of dogma for many years—years wherein he forced his uncomfortable knowledge upon the attention of the critical theological school of Europe and America. Urged by the question of consistency, Schweitzer asked, "If Jesus believed that His Second Coming was to be in the lifetime of His first disciples, then was He not mistaken, and could His life be regarded as other than a failure, His mission as ending in other than a cul-de-sac?" Happily for the troubled theorist there came to him from Africa men who had gone out into the life of faith *and* works, men like Andrew Young; and these, returning to Germany, told Schweitzer of Africa's sore need of medical aid, and so led him out of his former bondage to logic, into freedom through service.

The balanced mind and the devotion to Jesus which were Andrew Young's leading characteristics show clearly in his attitude to special dogmas. What he was anxious to do was to bring men to Jesus Christ to see Him for themselves; the rest he trusted to his Lord. Jesus could be trusted to make His own impression. Particular aspects of the Christian faith might not immediately appeal to a man, might not even do so after several years. For Andrew Young the main business in life is given in the words used above, "I tried to bring before him Jesus as the Saviour of sinners". He was doing this in 1890; he was doing it in 1922. Like his great namesake, whom he so much resembled, his plea was "Come and see". Once let a man live like that, and there was no need for any attempt to force him to assent to special views as to the Parousia or any other subject. The Saviour would draw him.

[1] Albert Schweitzer, "On the Edge of the Primeval Forest."

In common with most letters written by young missionaries on their first voyage out, there is a great desire to comfort the folks left at home. The feeling is very natural, and one which the missionary shares with all decent people. Much of the early correspondence of the business man coming out East for the first time will consist of attempts to cheer his home folks. Where distinction in character shows is in the means used. Most of us tell our friends that eight years will soon pass and we shall be home again. Our young Scot of twenty-one, with his face set on his lifelong quest, is more fundamental. "The Cross He has seen fit to lay upon us is separation from each other. Let us bear it joyfully for His sake. . . . How apt our hearts are to cleave to the things seen and temporal. Let us try to rise above them and live looking for the blessed hope and glorious appearing of our Saviour, which may be very soon." The shy reserve which was the man's habitual armour makes this last sentence the more weighty; he was the last man to mouth pious phrases because they represented the conventions of a school. There are times when words not very different from these quoted make us shrink with distaste and even disgust, because they are so evidently mere phrasing, running smoothly over the glib tongue of some shallow speaker; but here they are informed with life, they are wrung out of a real experience, for he who wrote them was leaving his exceptionally fine parents, whose love meant so much to him, he was heading for a strange land and a lonely life, and in his need he dived into the wells of his faith and spiritual experience and from their depths brought up the greatest truth he knew.

For the rest, he got the maximum of interest out of

his voyage. The gleaming lights of flying fish, the wonders of spouting whales, the majesty of Teneriffe, the meannesses of men cooped up on ship-board, are all observed and thought upon. The port of entry was Banana, and an enforced wait for the tide enabled him to get the low line of the coast, the luxurious palm-fringed shore, and "the mouth of the Congo River so long looked forward to", well into his mind. One needs to be twenty-one and to have a mission, to be enthusiastic over West African coasts.

The "Dutch House," the head-quarters of the trading station, was a big shock to the God-fearing, clean boy from Langholm. No description given beforehand can prepare the carefully brought up traveller for the realities which meet him in such places as the old pre-war Port Saïd (one of the war's few blessings was the cleaning up of that former internationally misgoverned cesspool), the old Barbary coast of 'Frisco, or the gambling farm of Sandakan in North-west Borneo. Evidently what hurt the spirit of Andrew Young was the *youth* of some of these Dutch employées; that they should be steeped in evil so soon, before they had ever had a decent chance. As is so often the case, these youngsters—gamblers and drunkards though they appeared to him—were thoroughly good-natured, and helped the party of dazed strangers on their way to Mukimvika, fifteen miles away.

Under a heavy lumbering sail they set out at four o'clock in the afternoon, and went well enough till the wind dropped. Then came one of those glorious moonlight nights of Africa when the body drinks in the grateful coolness, and the imagination is laved by silvery radiance. The myriad strangenesses of the first African crowd that had surrounded the ship at Banana were past, the crew of the native boat had settled down to its steady oar

work, the outlet offered by an acute observation was closed, and the soul was utterly receptive. Who shall say what were the long, long thoughts of youth that night as Andrew Young was borne along the great brown waterway of West Africa ?

The days of preparation were ended ; the getting ready was over. Home and school and kirk had had their way with him. The great adventure of life was at the threshold.

CHAPTER II

From Transport Agent to Medical Amateur

ANDREW YOUNG entered Africa as a missionary without professional training; he left it with the determination to obtain a professional equipment before returning to the mission field. Between the arrival and departure there lay a whole education as to missionary facts and policies; an education gained in the school of experience. In following the course of his African story it becomes increasingly clear that whilst the missionary in primitive countries needs to be an all-round man, he will, sooner or later, realize the need of technical facility in some one branch of service. Boat-building, brick-making, labour-recruiting, account-keeping, school-teaching and bazaar preaching, were a few of the duties which fell to the lot of the Congo missionary; he turned his hand to them as best he could—in some instances without specialized training in any one branch—only to realize sooner or later that he was a jack-of-all-trades and master of none. For men willing to learn the lesson of experience, however unpleasant such a lesson may be, perhaps no two aspects of this mixed work more clearly forced upon them the need of thorough training than did the preaching and the healing.

The idea that anyone who is genuinely converted and who "knows his Bible" can straightway proceed to the

mission field " to preach to the heathen ", may sound plausible in an enthusiastic gathering at home, but it may spell tragedy for the man abroad. His first rush of enthusiasm has carried him over the stage of language study ; he has commenced to " preach to the heathen ", and he finds confronting him, not the fires of persecution but the polite bewilderment of puzzled hearers who gently meet his stereotyped statements of a truth which has gripped him, but which he has never troubled to analyse, with their persistent : " Yes, but why ? " And when the months grow into years, with the untrained missionary still seeking to give this " Why " its answer, we need not be surprised that he sometimes feels how ill-advised he was to belittle the once suspected college training, which could have provided him with an intellectual apparatus that would at least have eased his burden and might well have greatly increased his usefulness.

With regard to the body-healing aspect of missionary work, conviction as to the need of special training is apt to be reached much sooner. The very success of the missionary's early efforts to give relief only make clear to him how double-edged may be the instrument which he wields. Castor oil and quinine, first aid and bandaging, may meet the requirements of his first applicants ; but these proceed to carry the news of their good fortune to others, and the amateur physician is then faced with disease, deformity, and mangled bodies before which his simple remedies are impotent ; the would-be patients and their friends suffer disappointment hard to bear ; and often, as a result, a general lowering of enthusiasm is perceptible throughout the mission's little world.

Out of such experience there comes the conviction

that even as the missionary dare not withhold such medical remedies as he has when no professional aid is available, so neither dare he delay in making it clear to the churches at home that Our Lord's injunction "to teach, to preach and to heal" is not being obeyed until trained missionaries find their way to the field. The growth of this conviction—the need of *trained* workers—is the thread which guides one through the six years' story of Andrew Young in Africa.

Mukimvika was an interlude of two days only, until the S.S. *Mariaan* came pounding up river *en route* for Boma and Matadi. How strange to-day reads the comment: "Boma is not a very imposing place for the capital of a large country (The Congo Free State). The Governor-General and other big men live there, and if Stanley comes out as Governor, as it is said he will next year, he will probably live at Boma."

Boma might not be imposing, but how it brings up one vivid picture of past history; that of H. M. Stanley, still young, but with hair blanched by the strain through which he had passed, arriving after the long, aching interval of silence, with the story of his white comrades dead in that remorseless African jungle which lay between the Nyanggweé where Tippu Tib was first encountered, and Boma, which represented the safety to which he alone had at last won through.

Stanley had returned to London in 1878, and his "Through the Dark Continent" had appeared the same year, and now in Boma they were awaiting his return to Africa to act as Governor of the State for which he had laboured from '79 to '84. But after his

Emin Pasha relief expedition was over and he had had his almost royal reception in London in 1890, Stanley married Miss Dorothy Tennant and settled down to English life.

The unexpected offer of a lift on a Dutch House launch saved our young traveller's pocket to the extent of fifty shillings, the price of a river steamer ticket for the hundred and ten miles to Matadi. A delay in the capital whilst waiting for the passenger steamer would also have involved an hotel bill " which is rather expensive ; thirteen and sixpence a day ". O happy far-off days of Arcadian simplicity when the good Queen Victoria still reigned over us, and the Number One hotel of an African state's capital was content with thirteen and sixpence a day !

Two aspects of African life had by this time impressed themselves upon the newcomer, that ships and men seemed to make a practice of being two or three hours late, and that drinking and gambling were very prevalent. The wait at Boma only served to strengthen both impressions.

On the trip from Boma to Matadi they spotted a hippopotamus. One of the party had a shot at it, but with very little effect as far as they could see ; and somehow one gathers that the latest recruit had a sneaking satisfaction that the hippo was to be left to enjoy Congo wallowing for a while longer. In later years he became a fair shot and had occasion to be grateful in a change of fare in the shape of good venison after the much tinned meat and the ever-present eggs. But with him it was always a matter of food supply ; he took no pleasure in hunting for hunting's sake.

At Tunduwa he struck the first field work of the Society he was to know so well in after years—the Baptist

Missionary Society from England. This station was known as Underhill in the Society's records, being named after one of its former secretaries. Mr. Forfeitt of the B.M.S. was then at Tunduwa, and there was also a colleague named Pinnock, a married man who hailed from Jamaica. At Tunduwa he met also the man he had come to relieve, Mr. Todd of the Congo-Balolo Mission at Matadi, which was four miles farther up river, and which was, as far as the Lower River work was concerned, to be the new head-quarters of the Congo-Balolo Mission. As there was not at the moment any accommodation for Young at Matadi, he had to stay for a week or two in Tunduwa, but on the night of his arrival he and Todd sat far into the night discussing plans and hopes. For Todd, harassed and over-driven, it was a sight for sore eyes to see a new arrival in the pink of condition. After an hour's talk with Andrew Young the average man would feel that he was dealing with a sound worker who would say little and do much. In that region of early Dutch influence the motto of the greatest Hollander of all, " I will maintain," might well have been descriptive of this quiet purposeful soul. William the Silent would have rejoiced over Andrew Young.

The following day the two men went to Matadi to look out for a suitable site and to " knock up a little iron house, the materials for which we have here." Presumably the " little iron house " was to be that apotheosis of ugliness, the heat-retaining corrugated iron building. No wonder that Bell and Young and other ex-Congo workers who migrated later to China appreciated the much cheaper but cool and comfortable Chinese mud-brick houses which hasty deputations from London dismiss lightly as " rabbit warrens." At Matadi,

Young stayed with another "coloured gentleman from Jamaica", who was the transport agent for the American Baptist Missionary Union (to be referred to subsequently as the A.B.M.U.). Matadi was a bustling place at the time, in full swing with railway construction, since it was the base for the new line of railway which would yet take ten years to complete. It was immensely interesting in its activities to the man fresh from home. What he found even more wonderful, however, in Matadi, was to hear the Gospel preached at a service on Sunday by the Christian head carrier, whilst the hymns sung in the Fioto, or Ki-Kongo dialect, to the old lilt of Sankey's tunes, affected him as they must do anyone with religious sensitiveness and power of imagination.

On the Monday morning, Todd, Young, and Ellery, his fellow passenger on the S.S. *Afrikaan*, started building a 24 × 23 foot hut, which was to be divided into two rooms ; one being the store and the other the newcomer's domicile. On the Congo bank, thirty years ago, one would not have thought that such an undertaking would have required the sanction of the Circumlocution Office, but on the second morning of their work the three missionaries found themselves confronted by a State official who demanded to see their permit to build. Having no idea that such permission would be required, they had to stop work whilst Ellery went down to Boma for the requisite document. Thus an additional five pounds—price of the return fare—had to be added to the expenses of the hut. Evidently in 1890 Messrs. Tite, Barnacle & Co. already had their grip on the Congo Free State. Building being thus stopped Andrew had to move back to Tunduwa, where the Forfeitts put him up whilst he began his transport work in the C.B.M. (Congo Balolo Mission). He finds time to put in some scenic descriptions, his

impressions of the negro children, of experiments with cassava and other foods, his ideas of various animals he had seen—monkeys, a serpent, an alligator—devotes a paragraph to the jigger pest, and then closes his remarkable letter of twenty-four finely written sheets by apologizing because he had not told his parents much about Africa.

Transport management and frame-house building whilst the glass registers 110 degrees in the shade, is an experience which is to-day far more widely and intelligently understood by British folk than before 1914. Mesopotamia and the oases of the Senussi front, to say nothing of the terrible East African campaign, brought to tens of thousands of otherwise home-staying Britons the knowledge of what Empire building means outside the pages of Kipling, Stevenson and others. But Protestant missionaries have known it for a century. The useful and comfortable buildings of to-day which one may see in Calcutta and Peking, have to be considered in the light of the hardships of the pioneers. And the pioneer story is still being enacted at the frontier posts of missionary enterprise. Andrew Young was surprised to see the comfortable homes in Tunduwa ; but in Matadi he was soon to realize the beginnings from which those homes had been evolved, and to appreciate what the Tunduwa residents had been through in their early days.

There is no need to-day to detail those features of African life which seemed strange to the new-comer in 1890, but which have become so well known through much descriptive writing since that day, though Andrew Young's fresh and delightful writing is worth reading

for its own sake. But, as showing the quality of the man's mind, it is interesting to see how quickly he fastened upon two of the factors of Congo life which meant retarded progress: (1) The close corporation of vested interests run in co-operation by the local chieftain and the witch-doctor, and (2) the economic position of woman. The first of these factors worked by a fairly well-thought-out system of mass suggestion, using as its instruments superstitions ready to hand. That the manipulators themselves were not always above the power of such suggestion, added to its power rather than decreased it. The second factor, the economic condition of the Congo women, was a fatal weakness in the country's development. The purchased wives were the sole cultivators of the soil, yet they, the actual producers, were never able to give *direction* to their work; whilst the owner-husbands brought no intelligent collective organization to the general movement of agriculture. Nor was there even a partial remedy for this state of things through the " magic of possession " being granted to the woman field-worker, since the wife who is only one of a half-dozen can have little pride in the history of the family acres.

In settling down to his work, like others who have had to deal with labour amongst primitive peoples, he found that the carriers were apt to be troublesome. His native good sense and fair-mindedness helped him, however, to get behind the apparently meaningless obstinacy and perversity of the carriers, and to discover some of the actual facts behind their vagaries. Given six hundred pounds of goods to be carried, and a file of ten men to carry them, the willingness of a carrier to take piece A, weighing thirty pounds, and his refusal to accept piece B, of equal weight, in order to make up

his contracted sixty pounds, will, when viewed from the counter of a store-room, seem sheer stupidity. But Andrew Young had not done his forty-mile tramps in Scotland for nothing, nor had the eyes then trained to see the lie of the land grown less observant. "The roads here (of Congo) would be considered very bad footpaths in Scotland, many of them rocky and covered with sharp stones. Consequently they are hard on boots, and even on the hardened negro feet. We are just surrounded by steep hills, and the paths up them are pretty hard on a man carrying sixty pounds." Weight is not the only consideration for a carrier on such roads. Compactness, balance and "feel" all come in. For, once the particular carrier has accepted his burden, he has to make the best of it for the long tramp, and, native of the country though he be, the sixty pounds weight, carried in a temperature of 130 degrees in the sun—and it may be little of shade that he may find on his path —will be apt to monopolize most of his outlook till the contract is carried out. So the wise transport agent will not storm at the carrier for being troublesome in his choice of packages, but will try to get at the reason for any unwillingness he may show.

The new-comer settled down to his daily work, and the hot season settled down also. It says much for the wiriness and fitness of the recruit that after six weeks of it he had never had an hour's sickness. He had constantly to trudge the four miles between Tunduwa and Matadi, where "the hill tracks seemed as steep as the sides of the Monument", and the rocky surface played havoc with shoe leather. Although he tried so to arrange his work that he could do the trip in the cool early morning, he was at times obliged to do it in the hottest part of the day, when even in the shade the

glass registered 110 degrees. No wonder that he lost eight pounds weight in a month. Also, by this time he was finding out what it means to oversee nine Congo workmen as a regular staff; men who had apparently no glimmering of a sense of responsibility between the lot of them. As he had picked up only a few words of the language, it was impossible to keep them at work by sweet reasonableness. Display of temper was also out of the question; it is the one fatal course of white men, who, in the last analysis, have to rely upon the moral prestige of a self-control beyond the native's attainment. There remained only an increasing watchfulness, and the very slow establishment of ascendancy through a consistently Christian life. "If one is watching them they put on an appearance of work, at any rate." Under such conditions, and in a place where it is badly needed, there comes out that commonsense view of his Christian religion which was one of Andrew Young's biggest assets —that Christianity, if true, must be meant "to work" under *any* condition. A religion which will only fit the needs of a European community living in civilized conditions may make good this, that or the other claim; the claim it cannot make good is that of being regarded as universal; so that, embarrassing and unexpected though some Congo problem may seem, a solution there must be if the Christian will but patiently seek it. Loyally and unswervingly Andrew Young prosecuted that search for many years. *The more important values of his Christian life lay not where he was unique, but where he was ordinary.* Not in its emphasis upon the gracious and exceptive features of the man's life is found the justification of his biography, but in such power as it may have to show his grasp upon that Christian heritage common to us all, for "the justification of a biography is not that it

emphasises the exceptional, but that it illustrates the value of the permanent". It is not the perfunctory deliverance of some truism, but the *personal* discovery of a principle which prompts Andrew Young to say: "Under these circumstances, I think, in transport work one needs a double share of grace to keep up one's spiritual life. But He giveth more grace, and I am sure that in answer to your prayer and mine the Lord will always make His Grace sufficient for me, and His Strength perfect in my weakness. May He enable me so to deal with these men as to impress them favourably by the religion I profess."

However, amongst the general ruck of his labourers he discovered one bright Congo lad who was worth three of any of them, and promoted him to act as cook and general bottle-washer. The promoted domestic used up soap at an alarming rate, and scrubbed clothes so vigorously that "clothes that are washed often do not wear long"—may Indian dhobis and Chinese wash-coolies bear their witness also—but his efforts made the missionary's life less uncomfortable than it had been. One is delighted also to find that Andrew is searching anxiously for a monkey to keep as a pet. He had seen their worth whilst living at the Forfeitts'. "They really are jolly little fellows and do cheer one up." Evidently there was no fear of the young transport agent becoming dehumanized.

The Matadi house was at last sufficiently fitted for Young to live in. Only his shipmate, Ellery, as raw as himself to Congo lore, helped him in the building, as Todd had had to leave them to go up-country. They had no tools of their own, but managed to borrow. To the builders' dismay they early found that the wooden framework on to which the corrugated iron sheeting was

to be nailed, was up-country, and they had to knock the frame together as best they could, "fit or not fit". Then Ellery had to leave for his own station, and Young was left with his Congo boys to finish the house. The amateur had to be "joiner, mason and slater, all in one". He ran out of nails, and although the Belgian State officials had abundance in their stores, they refused to sell him one; not even his best French could charm them into selling. Finally, by pulling his boxes to pieces, he assembled enough nails to get the iron sheeting attached to his wooden framework. The dissected boxes he turned into "flooring", and then moved into his "house". After the usual misfortunes of the amateur he succeeded in baking bread, and even had ambitions as to starting a fowl-run.

The construction of the new railway brought Kroo boys from Liberia to act as coolie labourers on a two-year contract, whilst from Accra, Lagos and Sierra Leone came artisans, clerks and the small storekeepers who are always to be found on the fringes of construction camps. Evidently life was not made too easy for them, and the missionaries tried to bring their Gospel message to men thus separated from home ties and living in unfavourable conditions. In this work Young bore his share. It was not very satisfactory, as they had to speak through an interpreter, who himself had none too sure a grip on the several dialects. Much more cheering was a service held for the railway workers from Sierra Leone. "There are many very intelligent fellows amongst them, and they understand English as well as ourselves. We have a very good attendance, as many as the place will hold." It was probably on account of the whole-hearted way in which he threw himself into such work that he received one day a letter addressed to "The

Rev. A. Young". He regarded the address as a huge joke.

Soon after setting up house for himself he met with that frequent problem of the missionary, though one which appears but little in missionary literature, the problem of the down-and-out white. The incident is given here in full because it is typical of what befalls so many missionaries, especially medical men, and because Andrew Young repeatedly came across similar cases in Africa and in China, each case involving a renewed struggle between his shrewdness and his compassion. He saw through the lying and the shuffling, the cant and the humbug, yet, whilst these nauseated him, he could not refuse the evidence of his senses as to the reality of a fellow white's present humiliation and distress in a far-off land.

Walking one day some miles from home, he saw a shabby-looking white man throw himself down by the wayside. According to the man's own story he was a sailor who had come out to Banana on a Norwegian vessel. He had come up-river on a Belgian boat, but had been turned off at Matadi because he was sick. Young led him to the English traders' place at Nkala Nkala, but suspecting that their reception of him might be doubtful, he invited the man to look in at Tunduwa later. When Young got home the sailor was already sitting outside the door waiting for him, the trader " having refused even to see him "—to the young missionary's indignation. (How well we know this stage, when the plausible white beach-comber first foists himself upon us !) With the hot season in full swing, the little room of twelve feet square, with one tiny bed, was no place for two men. And the young missionary's stores of food were barely sufficient for his own needs. But day after

day the new-comer hung around. According to him, his father was a drunkard, and though "he himself did not taste drink", his unsavoury stories of life in Manchester slums soon gave a feeling of discomfort to his good Samaritan host, who was "afraid that he is apt to exaggerate". "He seems to take it pretty easy here; I must confess I wish he would get something to do." He concluded that the man's arrival was an opportunity of showing patience and kindness, but it was evident that he was not hoodwinked. However, after a week or ten days he writes, "The English sailor got work on the railway and started to-day. He was in to-night and seems well pleased with the place. I am glad, both for his own sake and mine, that he got work, as two were rather many in this small twelve-foot square room of mine."

One is glad that his first African attempt at helping a lame dog over a stile had this pleasant chapter in it, that he was not faced too soon with the disillusionment as to fellow-nationals which is apt to come all too soon in the tropics. Months later, when this sailor had worn out his employers' patience in Matadi and had made himself a public nuisance through drink and rowdyism, he was sent down under military escort to Boma. There he was dismissed with a caution, but went from bad to worse, drinking whenever he could, and the last one reads of him he is again in prison, "for some offence or other". By that time, however, Young, though deeply disappointed at the failure, was more experienced and less knocked over by it than he would have been if the poor wretch had, immediately after his good Samaritan's care for him, displayed himself only as he was—a mixture of hypocrisy, weak will and intermittent maudlin desire for improvement.

With his new store built, his work organized, and the daily journeys to Tunduwa no longer necessary, Andrew managed to work in some language study, and so shortened the irksome period through which he had to pass before he was able to preach to the Congos in their own language. His desire for such work needed no stimulus, but if it had done so it would have received it on Christmas Day, when he first met one who bore a name which had already become famous in African missionary history. He had gone to Tunduwa to spend the day with the missionaries there. " I met two other missionaries. One of them was Mr. Percy Comber, who had come down-country to take his sick wife home, but she died at Banana just about a fortnight ago, having only been in the country about six months. We had a native service in the carriers' shed, Mr. Comber speaking to a large assembly. On Christmas evening we observed the Lord's Supper together, when Mr. Reid spoke, chiefly upon our Lord's Resurrection, and the hope it brought to the believer." And Percy Comber with that message in his heart went back to his desolate, lonely home and to his work.

Young got back to Matadi the next day, to experience his first dose of African fever. It is interesting to note how this future medical carefully observed and kept track of the various symptoms. He managed to crawl up to " the State " (the public bureau for labour) to see about some carriers, got back with difficulty, drank hot tea to induce perspiration, took ten grains of quinine, and went to bed. The next morning he had to organize two caravans, and " with difficulty got them off " before nightfall. That night he naturally had a rising temperature, but a day in bed put him right. " Thus passed my first experience of fever, and I should not much care

if it were the last, as I can't say I enjoyed it particularly well." This last sentence is a good specimen of Young's grade of grumbling. He could fire up with indignation at injustice to others, he could work himself into a passion of pity for suffering not his own, but where he himself was concerned : " I cannot say that I particularly enjoy it."

A visit which he paid shortly after this fever bout, partly with an idea of recovering his strength, is so well described that it is given here verbatim as a specimen of his excellent powers as a letter-writer. Month after month they went off to his parents, those letters written in the beautiful caligraphy—flowing, minute, yet quite clear—which it is evident that both Andrew Young and William Rae learned at Langholm Academy, handwriting which it is a joy in these typewriting days to read.

" On the day after New Year's Day I paid a visit to Palabala, about nine miles from Matadi. It was my first real experience of travelling in the African bush. I started about two o'clock in the afternoon from Matadi, the day being rather cloudy and favourable for travelling, as when the sun is shining strongly it is almost impossible to travel any distance here. The first mile and a half or two miles was one straight climb uphill, but as it was not very steep I did not mind it much. Part of the road led through some pretty high grass, some of it reaching, I am sure, to eight or nine feet, and it will probably grow longer than this, as the rainy season, in which things grow, has little more than started. On reaching the top of the hill I found that there was a very steep descent to the river M'poso, which has to be crossed in going up-country. On getting across it I came to the real difficulty of the journey, Palabala Hill. (I ought to have told you that Palabala lies about 1,700 feet above

the sea.) It is a good deal higher than Whita, so you may know what climbing it under a tropical sun would be like. I thought I was never going to get to the top. Up, up, up, an hour's straight climbing. I was glad when at last I reached the top of the last ridge, and then I saw my destination away in the distance. My way now lay through bush all the way. Tall grass rose away above my head on either side of the path; and low trees also. I was reminded of old Scotland by what looked very like the breckons we have on the Scottish hills. After I had reached the top of the hill I found I had still about an hour's walk before me and it was thundering and looked very like a downpour of rain. So I hurried pretty briskly along, and got to Palabala just in time to escape the rain, which soon commenced to pour."

Upon his return from Palabala he was overtaken by the ever-present enemy "the jiggers". His boy had to do rude surgery with a pointed piece of wood to get out nine or ten of them. "They make a good few little holes in a person's feet. . . . The worst pain is taking them out." Just so! He had trouble with the mosquitoes, and a new experience, prickly heat, of which "the itch is something fearful". A sentence follows which, coming from some men would sound unconvincing and conventional, but from this man, who related all phases of experience quite simply to the one Christian interpretation, the words read naturally. Was it not for a Christian the common-sense way of regarding life? "In spite of all these things, however, the Lord has been very good to me in preserving my health to such an extent. I now feel as well as ever again. Praise the Lord for it." He soon surmised that there was more danger in Matadi to the health of the soul than to the health of the body, and so made a practice of rising at

five o'clock, or half-past five at the latest, in order to secure an hour for devotions, as his men began work about six o'clock, and he himself had to breakfast and be on duty as soon after that as was possible. However wearied he might be in his later Chinese experiences, he always maintained the practice commenced in his Congo days of rising early in order to secure time for his morning devotions.

He found that a Congo-Balolo transport agent had at times to act also as medical officer, since his workmen frequently got sick, " especially when there is a little work on hand ". Almost all the ills that can afflict a Congo man may be classed under one heading, " Vuma Yela," which in familiar phrase at home would be called " a sore tummy ". A pleasant-tasting medicine, he found, would promptly bring on an obstinate relapse. " I therefore generally gave them a good dose of castor oil, as, if they know they will have to take this, they get better as soon as they can, and don't get sick again if they can help it." (In China it was Epsom salts or, for the A 1 class of malingerer, calomel, though Dr. Young's heart was not quite so hard as that of his medical wife in this respect. One might obtain cascara aromatica from Dr. Andrew ; by Dr. Charlotte more drastic remedies were prescribed.)

As a housekeeper he evidently fancied himself, and grew dangerously near to unregenerate pride over his success in cooking porridge. " The thing I am most satisfied with is the porridge. I am making them just right, and have got just the kind of oatmeal I like." Incidentally his housekeeping sheds some light on his storekeeping. For elevenpence he bought a cock, a hen and two good-sized chickens, and started poultry farming seriously, as he found by experience that a tin of meat,

too large for one man at a sitting, would not keep good until the next meal. The elevenpence mentioned above represented the difference between the storekeeper's second-hand dress coat, ticketed half a crown, and the farmer's nineteen-penny roll of cloth which was given him as " change ". The thought of our serious member of North United Free Kirk trading cast-off glad rags (from the previous London season) to African chicken-farmers, is sufficiently arresting.

At a later date he makes the shamefaced confession that he has ordered *tea* from home. " You will be surprised to hear me talk of tea, but I have taken to it wonderfully since I came out here, although I do not take too much. Some of the missionaries out here take it three or four times a day, which cannot be good, as it tends to make a person nervous." O ! model youth, for whom " chota hazri " was a word uncoined, and to whom 9 p.m. tea was unknown ! However, he learned how to make use of the abundant limes that were procurable, and found the mango " a delicious fruit ", so one feels that he was making progress.

His pride as a housekeeper-cook was somewhat lowered later. In acknowledging hints from home on porridge-making, he has to confess, " I have not been making any lately, as all my oatmeal went bad and bred worms, as everything seems to do out here." But he is still not so chastened as to refrain from a parting crow, " I think, however, when I used to be making them (" them " being " those porridge "), the time for cooking which you mention was about what I took ; *anyhow, I had reasonably good results.*" He goes into bread and biscuit baking next, and what with a new oil-cooker, an added kitchen, and his flourishing poultry-run, he evidently considers himself in clover. The boy who delighted

in Henty had still enough of the Robinson Crusoe in him to glory in the facility for hammering difficulties into achievements. Being cautioned from home against taking too many medicines, he replies in his pawky way that "the caution is scarcely necessary, as I have not got too many medicines to take". In the same way he agrees with a Langholm theorist, that the "itchiness" which sometimes covers the body in Congo is a healthy sign, although rather an uncomfortable one, and then adds, "For my part, I would much rather that my health would take some other means of displaying itself."

He finds from experience how right is Livingstone's dictum as to the need of keeping up one's spirits in fever. "This is a most important fact in curing it. All worry and anxiety must be avoided as much as possible." For Young, the way to do this is clear: it is through "casting all our care upon Him".

His descriptions of Congo customs include one upon their burial arrangements. To any who are familiar with ancient Egypt, as seen on the wall paintings of Thebes and the friezes of Karnak, it is an interesting speculation how far the old Egyptian lore penetrated into the barbaric African tribes, and to what extent those tribes preserved such knowledge.[1] Young's letters describe the way in which a Congo man who wears only a wisp of cloth round his loins will have hundreds of pieces stored in his house—against the day of his burial. These are to go into the grave where his body—especially if he is a chief—is laid embalmed. The grave and its treasures being "taboo", no Congo man, however light-fingered, will venture to violate them. Instead of the natron preservative which one sees so commonly in the Egyptian

[1] *Cf.* the brilliant piece of reasoning in ch. 9 of M. Pierre Benoît's *L'Atlantide* (Michel, Paris).

desert—as, for example, in the Christian necropolis at Kharga or the cemetery of the old Roman garrison a few miles away—" the Lower Congo custom for people of importance was to smoke-dry the body of the deceased, rubbing it with oil and ochre, afterwards wrapping the body in cloth—using hundreds of pieces—until it assumes huge dimensions, and, according to the social prestige of the dead man, burying with him cloth and various valuables—representing his possessions in life and the gifts received from the mourners."[1] One custom in Congo he was to meet with later in China: people refused to live in a house in which they knew a man had recently died. " If they cannot sell the house to a white man they burn it." The Chinese do not go to such lengths, but they will take care to have the dying person brought out into the open courtyard before the end, and if by any mishap a house gets " haunted " it goes very cheaply. Probably a large proportion of the premises now used by inland missionaries to-day come under this " haunted " category.

One of the surprises of these early letters is the high opinion the writer forms of the Congo ability in debate, the orderliness of the proceedings, and the faculty for keeping to the point, which he says would put to shame many orators at home. He is speaking here of the full dress " palaver " court trial, but even so one would not have expected so high a testimony. The code of laws used, he describes as " regular but not always just ": for example, " you cannot accuse a man of stealing unless you saw him taking the stolen article. You may see the stolen article in the man's house, but you cannot accuse him of theft because you did not

[1] Description by John Bell, A.T.S., Author of " Matula " (R.T.S. 1903).

catch him stealing." There is a familiar tang about this description which haunts the reader, who wonders where he has met it before—until he recalls some of the methods of "la haute finance" of our own modern Western world.

For the biographer a closing passage of his April letter has interest: "I have never time to read these letters over, so don't let any literary critic read them, or they may be severely taken to pieces with regard to literary merit." It is remarkable how fresh and clear his letters are, how easily the main line of the story develops, and with what a sure touch the life about him is related to underlying causes; and all this from a youth of twenty-one, never previously away from Scotland, who is working hard all day at his various tasks under a tropical sun.

In connection with this question of correspondence it seems rather cruel that after fifteen months' absence from home he should have heard nothing from Scottish friends except through his regular home letter. He seems to have written widely himself, both to Langholm and to Glasgow, and to have drawn about three short replies only. Again and again the sentence crops up: "I have never heard from any of the Glasgow folk yet. Your letter is about the only one I get except business letters." I wonder if people at home realize the bitter sense of being thrown over that comes to men in Asia and Africa when month after month goes by and they are left without a line. Once in India I saw the way in which this silence affected a kindly, gracious man in the Civil Service who, when at the 'Varsity at home, had given time day after day, at considerable cost to himself, to cheering up men who were revisiting their old college. Sweltering later under canvas, doing settle-

ment work in a country district of Bengal, he saw mail day after mail day pass by, bringing him not a line from those who might so easily out of the abundance of their interesting life at home have spared him an odd half-hour and a letter.

In February the young missionary's first bunch of boys had run away, scared by a case of dysentery. By this time he had discovered—as all missionaries have to discover sooner or later—how careful one has to be not to spoil native boys. "If too much favour is shown them they take advantage of it, and become petted and self-willed. They think themselves high in favour with the white man, and are apt to be proud and overbearing towards their brothers who occupy a less favourable position." Those were days in which missionaries were often taunted with "spoiling the nigger". To-day, when business men have themselves had long experience in using native assistants, it is recognised that there is no royal road to success in management. Unceasing vigilance, firmness, patience, are all required, and above all the maintenance of the belief in the native mind that the white man's word is trustworthy and that he intends justice.

Andrew Young was soon to find out how this white prestige was threatened when he got into touch with the so-called hospital run by the Belgian officials of the railway. The treatment there is described as follows: The building was a wooden shed with a felt-covered roof; the patients lay on bare boards, "unless they were fortunate enough to have a spare blanket of their own." The man who called himself the doctor had one remedy, and one only, for every case—quinine. The patients' pay and rations stopped from the day they went into "hospital", and their only food was the Indian

corn with which we feed fowls at home. "Such treatment is enough to kill a man in perfect health, let alone a sick man. I was told on good authority that a hundred and fifty men had died at Matadi within two months, and I quite believe it. And these are not ignorant negroes, but intelligent men from the coast, some from two thousand miles away, brought from their homes by the fair promises of those who hire them for 'The Congo Free State', which was for the good of Africa and was to civilize it. These Belgians seem to think nothing at all of the life of a black man. If they get the work done they do not care at what cost of life it is done."[1] Since that day the modern world has learnt more of the danger of trusting any group of men with irresponsible powers when they have a dividend-demanding public in the background.

The drink traffic was a problem that forced itself upon the attention of all decent people in Congoland in those days (probably a number of the white employees in the various trading houses felt at least a strong distaste, if not an active disgust, for it). It was immensely profitable for business firms, since the cheap spirit labelled "gin"—a liquor that would have been condemned as unsaleable in any sophisticated community—exchanged for many times its value in native products. The absence of any protection for the native consumer

[1] Such was Andrew Young's experience. For the sake of a nation which has come to mean much in our later history, one is glad to record that Belgian officials of another type were to be found in Congo. "I have only known two railway doctors, and both were skilful and kind," writes the Rev. G. R. R. Cameron, of the Baptist Missionary Society, with regard to his long Congo service. This writer also points out that the accommodation which strikes us as so unfit for the sick was better than that available for the general Congoese, whilst pioneer missionaries and engineers had at times nothing better to offer their sick.

resulted in whole districts being demoralized. It is the incidence of these deplorable conditions about him that sharpened Young's pen in writing home about a Presbyterian Synod meeting of which he had read in his Langholm paper. He found that a motion had been brought forward to exclude any drink-seller from a place on the Mission Board of the U.P. Church. He was disappointed to learn that the motion had been lost, and comments indignantly upon any church member having part in a traffic the ominous consequences of which were only too plainly discernible in the life about him. And what he saw was a sorry picture. "Down here where the natives come so much into contact with the trader and the State (Belgian) Official, they are even more degraded than those in the interior [and he had by that time shed any illusions he might once have had anent the Arcadian simplicity of the happy, untouched African] where they do not so often meet with the white man. Going over among the native towns round here [i.e. in the trading official's sphere of influence] on a Sunday—the day off for the worker . . . most of the men are, I believe, generally drunk." As a white man, and as a Christian, he felt sick and sore at what was both a blot upon European civilization and a barrier to the progress of the country, whether social or religious. How far such a state of things was the result of crass stupidity on the part of the Europeans and how far due to calculated policy, we cannot say. Probably it was mainly the former. The desire of dividend-earning companies to get rich quickly precluded any thought-out scheme.

There is, however, a theory held even to-day by a certain section of Europeans that for the maintenance of their trade supremacy, a disintegration of the social fabric

in the country where such trade is to be pushed, is an advantage. Travelling in 1922 with a highly educated French river-boat captain, a delightful man in many respects, I mentioned the large amount of opium that was being smoked quite openly in the Chinese third-class cabin. "Ah, yes," was the reply, "but they do not smoke enough." Seeing my surprise he calmly unfolded the thesis given above. An opium-smoking, bandit-infested, divided China meant retarded industrial development, and consequently a continued dependence upon foreign imports. A regenerated China meant a rapid development of Chinese industrial enterprises in conditions of security and peace which would soon exclude the foreign import, stop the looms of Lyons and Roubaix, and result in industrial calamity to France. The argument, granted certain premises, was quite logical—and quite inhuman. The speaker would have none of my contention that a developed China meant a higher standard of living and an increased purchasing power. How far such considerations may have consciously influenced the European trader, or the Belgian State officials in Congoland in 1890, is a question. That it had a certain amount of unconscious influence is almost certain: which is one reason why the Congo Free State stood to gain when control passed from the private commissions of King Leopold to the public control of the Belgian Assembly, where some approach to an open ventilation of these questions was possible.

The bent of Andrew Young's mind to what was to be his life's work became stronger as the months passed. The desperate plight of these poor people in their bodily distress appealed to him increasingly. He began to make a practice on Sundays, after helping in the main general religious morning service, of walking up the hill

to the railway " hospital " to do what he could, unofficially, for the sufferers there.

His " medical " work was of course a medical missionary work : he held services regularly with the patients, and distributed large numbers of English tracts, which the patients could read easily, he found, and with which his friends and neighbours of the English Baptist Mission kindly supplied him. By April he is clear as to his future line of service : " If I am spared to come home after three years I should like to take a course in medicine as a medical missionary."

March, 1891, marked a great event in the history of the Congo. " Last Friday, for the first time, the scream of a locomotive was heard by the inhabitants of Matadi, and the engine commenced its first short run as far as the rails are laid—about two miles." Young's description of the effect of the moving iron monster upon the natives is very racy.

He was inclined to think occasionally that the coast boys working in the Matadi railway sheds were " Gospel-hardened ". They were glib enough in Christian phraseology, but he felt it was merely a convention with them. " Somehow it sounds awfully incongruous to me when a fervent ' Amen ' and pious talk come from breath which smells strongly of gin, and that is what you find amongst the coast men." Yet in spite of these feelings of discouragement, when in September the railway construction sheds had been moved four miles up-country to the Mposo river, he eagerly followed as a gospel preacher. Amongst the workers were some four hundred Sierra Leone men, most of whom understood English, and the majority of whom Young believed to be Christians. So he left the

Matadi Sunday service to the A.B.M.U. missionary and tramped to the new centre. He got about sixty to his first service, some of them members of the Church Missionary Society at Sierra Leone. They had a great time together and the men were eager that he should return the following Sunday. There was need of all that he could do to counteract evil influences. A bar had been opened specially for Sierra Leone men, who were greatly addicted to drink. "I had occasion to be in there one day and it was almost like hell upon earth, with these men yelling and carousing. I was glad to get out when my business was done."

In October there was a report that the State intended removing the tax on liquor,[1] which, although heavy, was not, Young thought, heavy enough. "The King of the Belgians, who rules the State, professes to be friendly to missions, but does not look like it in his actions." The missionaries considered that they, on the contrary, were taxed far too heavily, especially as they were bringing money into the country and making nothing out of it financially. "It would be a good thing if the State would break down, and some other power take the Government into its hands." This was before the days of ruined districts and the rubber shame, when thousands in Europe hung their heads at the thought of the wretched country delivered into the grip of the Leopold who knew no shame for himself.

During Young's third year in the country the Belgian Railway Company found that its supply of labour was drying up—one can hardly wonder, reading between the

[1] And this notwithstanding the statements of reliable writers that "from the first the Belgians did more to restrict the gin trade than almost any other nation." If such conditions were to be found where there were efforts to restrict the traffic, one wonders what were the conditions in areas where no such attempts were made.

lines of these letters—and reports appeared in the newspapers from home that " The King of Dahomey is making raids into French Congo in the interest of the railway company." On this subject Young writes: " Well, I do not know how they were procured, but I do know that there are a good many—about two hundred men, and women too—from the King of Dahomey, and I believe six or seven hundred more are coming by the next boat. They are nominally engaged for seven years, *which really means that most of them are there for life.* They are the wildest, most untaught set of people I ever saw."

It was in October, 1892, when returning to Matadi from one of his numerous trips in search of workmen, that he found there had been a fearful accident upon the new railway, which, amongst other results, had nearly destroyed the house upon which he had so long laboured. Two railway wagons loaded with eight tons of gunpowder had only just cleared the nearest corner from the house when there was a fearful roar of an explosion, the powder having been probably fired by a spark from the engine. The engine-driver was found in a terrible condition, and died two hours later. Six or seven men who had been sitting on the top of the gunpowder barrels were blown to fragments. The shock was felt for miles around Matadi. A month later an even more terrible accident occurred through a train going at full speed dashing into a truck of dynamite which was being unloaded. Four whites and sixteen coastmen were killed and others terribly wounded.

In October this future missionary to China saw some five hundred Chinese disembark from a steamer which had come direct from China to Congo bringing workmen for the State railway construction work. This was quite a new departure, and great things were expected from

the newcomers as they had a name for diligence and hardiness. A previous experiment of bringing negroes from Barbados had been a failure, since they could stand the climate no better than could Europeans. These experiments became all the more necessary as the feeling between the State officials and the country people grew steadily worse. In whatever direction travellers went they noticed the growing exasperation. "We came past one place where the townspeople had closed the roads, though they had nothing against us personally." The Zanzibari mercenaries of the State looked upon the country folk as their lawful prey in the same way that China's "armed coolies" of to-day regard the decent peasantry of the land. More and more frequent grew the cases of brutal assault by the Zanzibaris upon the local women, assaults that were usually followed by reprisals from husbands who "saw red".

Long before this date however, as early, indeed, as March, 1891, Andrew Young was realising afresh the need of bringing the whole resources of the Christian Church under contribution if the expansion of Christianity was ever to be more than sporadic. He still believed that such expansion was not only possible in itself, but vital for the very life of the church, and this in spite of his clearer ideas of the enormous obstacles to be faced. For Congo was only one part of the problem. Whereas on the Congo the main enemies to be faced were inertia and ignorance, active and intelligent opposition were to be encountered on the Ganges and the Yangtze-kiang. Yet he believed that the evangelization of the whole world was possible *provided that* the total

Christian resources were marshalled. And looking back on his Church experience in Scotland, he sees that they are not marshalled, and he grows hot about it. This pioneer who never spares himself has no intention of sparing the men and women at the home base, if he can by any means break through their heavy complacence and sting them into a self-accusing activity. Hearing of a prayer meeting for missions that his friends had succeeded in introducing in the local church, he writes: "A prayer meeting not once a year, but once a week *is* needed; nay, there ought to be a special prayer meeting for missions in the house of every Christian every day, and until this living interest is manifested by the Church of Christ in its great work, missions will never be successful as they ought to be. . . . When the members of the Church realize that the sum total of their duty is not (merely) to get under an able and eloquent minister . . . but that they are bought with the precious blood of Christ in order that their whole life may be devoted to the furthering of His cause, then when *such* is the attitude of the Church, will the Kingdom of Jesus be rapidly extended. . . . How much there is to admire in the attitude of the early Church . . . how the spreading abroad of the glad tidings seemed to be the one thing which bulked largely in their minds."

In a work as limited in space as this present volume, one can only here and there quote Andrew Young on this question, but for a true perspective of the man's life the reader needs to remember that in every letter he writes this is the major theme. The accurate observation, the pungent criticism, the humour and the pathos which make up the bulk of the correspondence, are all woven around this central idea—the supreme urgency of extending the Kingdom of God. Having

once given his strength and powers to a certain work, he had no idea of accepting defeat nor of enduring unnecessary delay.

It was in the first week in May, 1891, that Dr. Guinness, the Director of the Congo-Balolo Mission, reached Tunduwa. On the same boat were recruits for the A.B.M.U. and for the Swedish Missionary Society, so that the largest party of missionaries assembled at any one place on the Congo up to that time met then in Tunduwa—twenty-one all told.

Dr. Guinness's purpose in visiting the Congo was to survey the ground with a view to the Mission's future extension and usefulness. With this end in view he visited the various stations, holding sectional conferences with the missionaries wherever possible. As a medical man who was also concerned in missionary enterprise, he was further anxious to study tropical diseases, and in particular that known as sleeping sickness, a disease then little understood, which was taking heavy toll of the Congo native life.

The complicated arrangements for such a tour made heavy demands upon Andrew Young's time and business ability. His knowledge of Congo conditions, not only around Matadi, where he could work with facility, but in distant centres where the local conditions were strange to him, was severely taxed. It was in connection with this work that he undertook the earliest of those forced marches which grew to be such a feature of his life both in Congo and in China.

The cold, dry season which came on in May tried him more than the heat. The temperature on the Congo in June he found to be about the same as that of Scotland in summer. The cool breezes at night "almost blow through one". He had to take a caravan up country, to

Banza Manteka, to meet Dr. Guinness, who had gone ahead on a tour of inspection. On the first day out he walked twenty-five miles over a very ragged and steep road. One of the hills he had to climb was much higher than any of those near his home in Langholm, but he found that he walked with less fatigue in Congo than over the Scottish hills. " I did not feel the least tired. I pitched my tent by the side of a stream, looked after 'chop', fixed my bed, and, in fact, made myself comfortable. We had a small service, one of my boys taking it before retiring to rest." He had come, however, without a mosquito net—to any old hand in the East this sounds almost incredible—and was bitten and tormented all night. On the second day he hurried, arriving at Bembesi at midday, and before nightfall reached a Free State Rest-house (the " dak bungalow " of the Congo) by the Luvu River. Here he met a Banza Manteka caravan going westward, the head-man of which was a Christian. Young was greatly cheered to find how quickly and naturally this head-man entered into conversation with some of his own carriers on the question of Christianity, for by this time, though he could not himself conduct a service in the colloquial, he could follow the drift of an address or conversation. Starting from Luvu at 6 a.m., he reached his destination at 10 a.m., having marched a hundred and ten miles over rough hill paths in little over two days. No wonder he thinks gratefully of his boyish tramps in the Border country at home.

Banza Manteka was the centre of a very real Christian movement, although the people of the district were of a distinctly lower type than those about Matadi. In five years a church of two hundred and fifty members had been gathered, several of whom were doing good work

as evangelists, and a church building which could hold about five hundred people had been erected. "It is wonderful what a change has been wrought in the people, who are naturally much worse to deal with than those farther up the river. Before the revival they were the greatest thieves, liars, and swearers, but now you may leave your boxes open all around and you will not get anything stolen, which has been proved in many instances."

There was considerable sleeping sickness in the district, which was one of the main reasons for Dr. Guinness's continued stay there. The whole party finally went on to Lukunga, three or four days farther up-river, where they had a nasty experience in paying off their carriers. A quarrel amongst these latter about the division of some cloth led to a free fight, and the whole twenty of them went into it with sticks, "good and hard". "In these cases," says Young, "actions speak louder than words. If we had not forced them apart and pushed them all over the place, they might soon have taken to knives, as each of them carries his knife, and when the passion of these untutored heathen is roused they will use anything, regardless of the consequences. After some trouble we got them pacified and sent off." Once separated, the late combatants went off together in quite a friendly fashion.

Young was much impressed by the Lukunga work of the A.B.M.U., and says, shrewdly, that it had evidently been purified by some persecution from without which it had had to endure. He appreciated the Christianity which cost its adherent something. He was particularly taken with the power of self-propagation in the work in this district. Members of the congregation did not leave preaching to the official evangelists—as at Banza

Manteka—but recognized it as a duty for themselves individually. In this way the gospel spread over wide areas, unvisited up to that time by the British missionaries, and " every now and then Mr. Hoste or Mr. Ricketts (the missionaries of the station) find it necessary to go out to some of the more distant towns to baptize some converts "—towns which they previously had not visited. Communion was celebrated every Sunday, the church building was overcrowded, and it was proposed to erect a new and larger one immediately.

Young left the party at Lukunga, and on his return journey to Matadi, with no European companions, he was caught in a heavy rain storm, which, in the dry season, was quite unexpected and against which he had no protection. A sharp bout of fever was the result, but as he came across no tree under which he could find shade, he tramped on, aching in every limb. He managed to buy a paw-paw (a kind of melon) from a carrier, and then, feeling weary again, " I took a leaflet which I happened to have in my pocket, containing a copy of a hymn you know—' Ye're a' welcome hame,' to the tune of ' The Auld Hoose '—and I shouted and sang at the pitch of my voice ". (To the Congo carrier, as to the Chinese coolie, all foreigners are mad to begin with, so that any further antics do not disturb them.) He persevered " until the singing seemed to act upon me so as partly to dispel my weariness, and I moved along a good deal more blithely than I had since morning." Here we have a vigorous illustration of Livingstone's teaching, that in fever one must keep up one's spirits. He held a service for his men at the midday rest by the roadside (at half-past two in the afternoon !), and he kept the fever at bay by his determined cheerfulness, reaching Banza Manteka about half-past eleven next

day, an hour after meeting Mr. G. R. R. Cameron of the B.M.S. That evening the fever came on again, and in order to break it up thoroughly he took fifty or sixty grains of quinine, " and it knocked me off my head a bit, so that I had to keep to my bed all next day. I was all right, however, the following day, and ready to start."

After looking into the whole situation of the Congo-Balolo Mission, and after full discussion, it had been decided that Dr. Guinness should recommend to the Home Board that Matadi, not Lukunga, should be made the head-quarters of the Mission. (The field of the Congo-Balolo Mission was far up-river. and even the Matadi station was not needed after the completion of the railway, though it held an important place in the Mission's counsels in Andrew Young's day.) This meant that Young would be permanently at Matadi and would be given a decent house in place of his corrugated-iron shack. He was evidently much more enthusiastic about Matadi after having had an opportunity to compare it with other stations, and quite happy about remaining there. The one thing he regretted was that his transport work would be so increased that his opportunity of " direct missionary work " would be curtailed. He looked forward with glee to the arrival of the building materials promised him. " I wish they were here. . . . I thoroughly enjoy building when I have plenty of material." (No breaking up of personal boxes now in order to find nails with which to fix a sheet of iron to a post.) A new man was to go to Lukunga on transport work, who could also act as " emergency " in case Morgan or Young should be sick or need a change.

In August he was still feeling the biting winds keenly, and piling on all the clothing he could, " wearing as much clothing in tropical Central Africa as I used to do

during the cold winters at home—thick lamb's wool underclothing as well as thick woollen outer clothing." One wonders what the Congo natives do in such circumstances.

Just before Christmas, 1891, there occurred the first breach in the ranks of the Congo-Balolo Mission when Mr. McKittrick, who had come out as the leader of the Mission's first party, died of the dreaded blackwater (hæmaturic) fever. A day or two later came the news of another victim, Mr. Luff, who had died of the same disease on the 19th of December, at Stanley Pool.

In February Dr. Guinness returned from his tour. He had had repeated bouts of sickness, and had lost two stone in weight. McKittrick had died by his side on the road, and soon after leaving Wathen he had received news that Percy Comber, of the B.M.S., had died there. Percy Comber was the last of a family of four—three brothers who had laid down their lives on the Congo field, and a sister who had died at Cameroons. Mrs. Percy Comber had died a year previously after only six months in the country. Dr. Guinness had no sooner reached Matadi than news came of yet another death, this time of a Swedish missionary. The way all this affects Andrew Young is seen in his words: "May those of us who remain be stirred up to greater faithfulness . . . may we be enabled to do our Master faithful service. Pray that the breaches may soon be filled up and the numbers largely increased."

On leaving Africa, Dr. Guinness left Young a "Materia Medica," and a work on therapeutics, whilst a medicine chest had already arrived for him from home. "I intend studying the books carefully in order to understand thoroughly how to use the drugs and so be able to help those round about." It is evident that the trend to

future medical work is now fixed. An outbreak of sickness amongst his staff, which kept him busy both as doctor and nurse, only served to strengthen his resolve.

The new house was up by March, and he moved into it after sixteen months of his iron shack. How much toil and patience that house represented he alone knew. The Accra carpenter had needed unceasing supervision. Young himself had no practical knowledge of building, but a Mr. Kuno, a member of a small American neighbouring mission, having technical knowledge, offered his services, which were gratefully accepted, and so the house was built.

One of the A.B.M.U. missionaries, a man of his own age with whom he had often worked, died in March, another victim of hæmaturic fever. At the same time Young learned of the death of C. H. Spurgeon, and entered keenly into the sense of loss experienced by the fighting ranks at home. "May God Himself raise up a like faithful ambassador of Christ to take his place, and may He help us all to work faithfully while our day lasts" is his prayer.

On his twenty-second birthday, in April, 1892, he who had so often wondered at his own good health went under with a fever, which began in the ordinary way. The temperature, however, ran up to 106 degress and there was violent vomiting. By Saturday it was still above 105 degrees. Three neighbouring missionaries nursed him, and it was "owing to their prayers and work, and to your prayers also", he tells his parents, "that I have got through it". After three weeks he managed to get across the river to Vivi—a pleasant spot on a high plateau—for a change, and was welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Walrath of the Bishop Taylor's Mission. The

lady, fortunately for the convalescent, was both a qualified doctor of medicine and an excellent cook, and he was tempted to eat again. " I have never had such food since I came to Congo," says the poor man who had lived so long as a bachelor in an iron shack. Glad to increase his usefulness in any way possible, he took advantage of his stay in Vivi to take cookery lessons from Mrs. Walrath. His chief concern was to keep his folk at home from being anxious about his state, and to discover the lesson which he was sure God wished him to learn from this sickness. " Out here, with so much business, building, and so on, one's spiritual life is apt to get languid, so the Lord in His love has sometimes to lay us aside for a while in order to draw us nearer to Himself. That is undoubtedly the end He had in view in laying me aside, and I thank Him now that He did it. He doeth *all things* well."

How small the world was growing even in the spring of 1892 is shown in reading of the H.B.M.S. *Thrush*, " whose late Commander had been Prince George of Wales ", being sent up to Boma by the Governor of Sierra Leone to demand from the Belgian Governor of the Free State an account of the treatment accorded to Sierra Leone workmen by Zanzibari soldiers at Matadi. The affair had arisen from the determination of the Sierra Leone men to return before the expiration of their term, as they were thoroughly sick of the treatment they were receiving from the railway people. Young and a Mr. Leger of the A.B.M.U. had housed and doctored some Sierra Leone men who had been badly injured by Zanzibari musket butts. The Zanzibaris had been within their legal rights, but their wanton cruelty had sickened the two white witnesses. Two of the Sierra Leone men had managed to escape, and now, safe in British

territory, had hugely exaggerated the account of their ill-treatment. "They had been met with a hail of bullets." (Young says only one shot was fired, and that a blank cartridge.) The result, however, was the appearance of a British man-of-war in Boma. Think of it! What would not British merchants and travellers in China, who have to dodge brigands and soldiers when they can, and take their medicine when they can't, give for such prompt assistance as was rendered these African subjects of Britain? Young and Leger having been cited as witnesses by the Sierra Leone men, the Belgian Governor sent a small steam launch to Matadi to bring them down to Boma. They regarded this chance of a "joy ride" with great glee. "We were quite ready to go, especially as we had some business to do down there and did not at all object to going down at the State's expense." (They were so heavily taxed by the State at every turn, and here was a chance of getting a bit of their money back.) They made their declaration in the presence of the Governor and the Commander of the man-of-war—Prince George of Wales' successor—and the Commander very kindly invited them to visit his boat the next morning. This they did and had a royal time. One can imagine the very human delight of the two men—who had month after month met with the scant civility of the Belgian officials in Matadi, being made to realize constantly that they were regarded as intruders—"foreigners"—when they were thus made welcome on an English naval vessel, a bit of England on this far-off river, and to know that the old country did keep some guard at the river's mouth. Doubtless it was all very human; and one is quite sure that it did them ever so much good.

In June Young went down to Mukimvika, near the

coast, for convalescence. He had to stay a week at the hotel in Banana, and thoroughly disliked it and its elaborate food. Some of us, less regenerate, can remember yet the way in which we wallowed in a " pukka " foreign hotel after years in the interior—well-trained waiters, iced lemon-squashes, afternoon tea, fresh magazines from home, and an orchestra. But these things, or such of them as Banana offered, were wasted on this visitor from Matadi. It is some consolation to know that, having fled from Banana to the missionary house at Mukimvika, he thoroughly appreciated " the nice warm tea " which the brethren there had prepared for him ; no afternoon tea in an hotel lounge, but a sensible, sit-down affair with solid comforts attached.

Wandering around Mukimvika gave him furiously to think. " It seemed like yesterday when I had gone over the same spots before. The twenty months which had elapsed between just seemed like nothing. Yet so many things have happened in them." He realized in Mukimvika that he had become somewhat of a ragamuffin. " Mrs. Harvey was so kind as to mend some of my torn garments, no small service, as I seem to have a talent for tearing them on every possible occasion, which unhappily is not made up for by a talent for mending." He enjoyed the change and rest of this visit greatly, and finally left with all sorts of baggage ; sweet potatoes, no less than five monkeys, and the good things with which his kind hosts loaded him up.

And so back to Matadi, where he was now quite one of the old hands. So thoroughly had he entered into the evangelistic side of the Mission's work that it is not surprising that the Belgian officials in business correspondence at times addressed him as " Le Révérend Père de la Congo Balolo Mission ", though it always seemed to

amuse the young missionary himself. The Customs insisted upon copies, written out in French, of all invoices for goods coming into the country, and as the Mission often had two or three hundred packages on the monthly boat, he, as transport officer, had a great deal of translation work, and was thankful for a sound knowledge of French. By this time his own grasp of Fioto (or the Ki-Kongo language) was thorough, and he did most of his work in it, besides preaching in it daily.

It was whilst he himself was thus glorying in his power to preach the Good News he so loved to the people around him that he received word of a spiritual revival in Langholm, and that, amongst others, his brother Jamie and sister Janet had realized the blessings of Christian conviction. He writes: "I am broken up for very joy by the news. It is the best news I have ever received since I received the news of a free Salvation for myself."

In October he planned to go to Lukunga for a month or more in order to organize an improved transport service, as it was growing increasingly difficult for the missionaries there to obtain carriers. Carriers, as a class, were falling so much into the power of the State officials that they scarcely dared to take service with other people. Arrived at the Lukunga district he visited an outstation, Banza Nsanda, which was in charge of an evangelist named Lutete, an able and devoted worker of proved courage who had braved death repeatedly for his Master's sake. On one occasion an incensed opponent came along with his gun, vowing that he would shoot the evangelist if he dared to ring the chapel bell as a call to worship. "All right, shoot away, I shall ring the bell all the same," was the reply. The bell was rung and the enemy, on coming forward to the door in order to enter the church on his hostile mission, fell down on the doorstep and died.

Opposition only helped forward this church's life. Within two years one hundred and forty members had been gathered together out of the district, many of whom had to bear persecution similar to that faced by their leader, who in spite of his remarkable experiences remained "such a humble-minded fellow. He does not seem to have the slightest atom of pride about him."

This stay with Lutete was an immense refreshment to the man whose time had perforce to be given up so much to business wrangles over transport and taxes, and who saw so much of the seamy side of life at Matadi. One of the things which greatly cheered him was the testimony given by some of the candidates for baptism who dated their first interest in the Gospel from some occasion when they heard it preached whilst acting as carriers. Such testimonies brought great happiness to the missionary whose work consisted so largely in the organizing of caravans.

As the Mission grew, the need of a larger launch for the work on the Upper River became imperative, since the little *Pioneer*, which had done hard service for some years, was found too small and too slow. The new steamer would have to be sent overland in parts. This would probably necessitate hiring carriers for about two thousand loads, so that Young had to extend his transport arrangements and also go up to Lukunga and there erect a new house and store. But before doing so, in order to strengthen the transport service in the Matadi district, he made his way in February, 1893, to Diadia, on the north bank of the river, where he managed to obtain land and to secure the friendship of the native chiefs so that he might start a new transport station. The new station became known as Kinganga. It was on this trip that he came across the Snapes, of Bishop Taylor's

mission. He found Mrs. Snape looking very weak and ill, and this led him into some plain speaking on the question of " self-supporting " missions. Bishop Taylor's workers had no allowance, but were expected, as far as they could, to make a living off the soil. " This may do elsewhere," writes Young, " but it is utterly impossible on the Congo, where it takes all the strength of the missionary to do his missionary work if he is to accomplish anything. The result is that the Bishop's missionaries are often in very straitened circumstances, almost face to face with starvation. This was the case with poor Mrs. Snape, and I believe that the real cause of her illness was simply want of food."

In view of unavoidable loss of life experienced by missions which took such reasonable precautions as were possible, these strictures cannot be considered as unduly severe, for it was in this same month of February that news of further deaths amongst mission workers reached him, leading him to write : " Truly mission work here is costly, but it seems to me that the result to be achieved justifies the cost. It is the Lord's will that the Gospel should be preached to every creature, and we live but to carry out that Will." Looking back on the Congo missions to-day we can agree with this statement, though the reading of these letters of the 'nineties is at times sad, sad work.

One is thankful for the note that Bishop Taylor's mission was afterwards given up.

In April, when Young had further business in Diadia, he had, for various reasons, to make a forced march, going from half-past five in the morning until eight at night, with only a short midday rest for chop and—as always—tramping it himself, whilst for the last two hours he went by torchlight, the darkness being dense.

He did *forty miles* that day, and the next day hurried on again until he reached Diadia.

These Diadia journeys were not without adventure. The wild animal life of Congo had become so regular a feature of Young's daily experience that he gradually omitted reference to it, or did so very casually. As an example of the casualness, take this account of a journey on which he found difficulty in obtaining carriers and food on the road owing to "the neighbourhood being infested with wild elephants". I remember in North Borneo visiting an exasperated rubber planter who referred in the same disrespectful way to the pest of orang-outangs which had lately been playing havoc with his young coco-nut trees. These utterances would be regarded as sacrilegious by a horrified big-game hunter anxious for preserved areas, and indignant over ruthless extinctions. It is instructive also to remember that in addition to the hunter and the planter and the missionary, there is also the elephant. And there is the elephant's point of view.

On the Diadia trip, however, the animals met with were neither apes nor elephants. The first attack was from "driver" ants which they had unwittingly disturbed when camping in an empty and disused native hut. The second was from a hippopotamus. They had started late in the afternoon to cross the river, and it had grown dark ere they approached the opposite bank. Suddenly they were startled by a blowing sound, followed by a subdued roar in the water close to them. The boys were terrified, and stood not upon the order of their going. "The moment the canoe touched land they were out of it." The hippo was an enemy they knew of old, and knew only too well, as he was often the aggressor, attacking canoes and breaking them to pieces with his powerful jaws.

The opportunity of preaching on virgin soil supplied by the establishment of the new Kinganga station meant much to him. He felt that whoever might permanently take over this work which he had established would have a fine field of labour. But preaching and transport and adventurous travel were all alike ruthlessly interrupted when he was laid low by a severe attack of hæmaturic fever which nearly cost him his life. When he could be moved he was sent down to the coast, and from there by the first available boat made his way home.

CHAPTER III

The Congo Adventure

Teaching, Preaching and Healing

Whilst on furlough Young had informed the Congo-Balolo Mission Board of his idea of taking a medical course. Dr. Guinness had however so pressed the claim of the mission for an experienced transport worker that Young reluctantly put aside, for the time being, his plan of working for a medical degree.

Upon his return to Congo the Mission asked him to give some months entirely to the evangelistic work around Lukunga until Morgan, the transport man whom he was ultimately to succeed there, was able to hand things over. It is important, in understanding what follows, to keep in mind that during his second term on the Congo such business management and transport work as he had was wholly subsidiary to preaching, church organization and medical work.

He was appointed not to the Matadi he knew so well and where his health had been so wonderfully good, but to Lukunga about a hundred and eighty miles away in the interior, which seems to have been a death trap for the C.B.M. and the A.B.M.U. alike.

During the last days of July in 1894 he was on board a boat which made its way between the horrible

mangrove swamps at the mouth of the Congo River between Banana and Quassanga, and soon found himself once more in Matadi. It seemed strange to be a visitor in the house he himself had built, and to see his old work being run by another man.

Near Matadi he met a friend of his first term, Mr. Harvey, of the A.B.M.U., who made a deeper impression on him than any one missionary in Africa. It was on a short trip which they made together at this time that Mr. Harvey told him of one of the Christians from his own station at Banza Manteka. The man had been seized with sleeping sickness. When he saw that there was no hope of his recovery he went to the missionary and offered to go to England in order that the doctors there might hold a post-mortem examination of his body, to try and discover the cause of this disease; and taking leave of his wife and child, he went. "To any one," comments Young, "who knows the superstitious horror that the Congos have of cutting a dead body, this will convey some idea of the power of the love of Christ which could constrain a man to make such a sacrifice."

At Palabala, an A.B.M.U. station near Matadi, Young felt that the work was less prosperous than it had been formerly and that there was evidence of neglect. And as he proceeded farther on his journey to Lukunga, meeting here and there some native evangelist or foreign missionary, and hearing their stories, he realized afresh how strong were the forces which the Gospel had to combat.

This time he had returned to the country from a land where, in spite of the many failures and shortcomings of the organized Church, there is yet a Christian sentiment spread abroad which makes impossible on a large and

unrestrained scale certain dark aspects of life which seemed more vivid than ever in Africa, And his responsibility for order in the Church was more direct now. His preaching was the only foreign preaching which his mission could hope to give to that district. And how feeble it seemed to this merciless self critic!

It is to be noted here that his work for the first time was almost entirely evangelistic. He was neither doing transport work nor his amateur medical work, but preaching and teaching continously. The "business" work which he had in his earlier term deplored no longer acted as a safety valve. That work, which he had at times deemed uninspiring, had, within its limits, truly held an inspiration; the inspiration of tangible, visible, actual results. Two hundred cases unloaded into the store meant a definite contribution to the whole work of the mission; a caravan safely organized and started on its way meant another small triumph over those perversities of temper, inertia, and circumstance whereby Africa manifested her opposition to the New Kingdom—a Kingdom of the Spirit. After days of such work the man went to bed healthily tired. He might cry "How long, O Lord?" anent the whole question of Gospel penetration into this dark region, but at least he had little to worry over as to his particular work's thoroughness. But now, engaged in evangelistic work, he sees little that is tangible in the way of results. He was far too much of a Christian, a gentleman, and a thinker, to descend to cheap efforts of mass suggestion, in order to obtain "statistics" to forward home for the uncritical lip-smacking of readers who demand "results" at all costs. He had said at an earlier date, referring to the lack of response to appeals for Christian living addressed

to the assemblage of Coast men at the Matadi services: "I suppose one could get these people to stand up and profess Christ in the meetings, but what value would it have, what amount of reality would be at the back of it?" And so now, when his whole time is given to work directly psychical and spiritual, he will not use the cheap way of the mob persuader, he is true to his commission "to persuade men"—men, not an hysteria-affected crowd the members of which would bring to the consideration of the question immediately facing them only a limited portion of their personality, having whole areas of their normal judgment under inhibition.

Naturally he saw little result of his work at first. He was not a man of "magnetic personality," it took time for his African hearers to realize how sterling were his qualities. And until the time came when they brought to the consideration of their teacher's message a quiet, sympathetic hearing, he saw no souls saved. Day after day passed and the sky was brass, physically and metaphorically. Was the fault not in him? "We are not straitened in Christ, but we are straitened in ourselves."

Had God found him an unprofitable servant, to the point of uselessness? Was he unemployable?

It is easy to say that such thoughts are unwise, largely the outcome of physical unfitness, the result of a lack of historical perspective and a philosophical training. To a certain extent such criticism is true. But these harrowing thoughts, weakening though they may be, have a function—though like certain medicaments they are dangerous if indulged in unduly—they preserved the worker in the mental field from a too easy-going complacency. "We preach the word and leave the results

to the Lord " is a phrase that may belong to simple faith allied to a good work on well thought-out lines. And such a trust makes for a wise preservation of energy. But the phrase can be, and alas, at times is, whether at home or on the mission field, merely a fatuous, meaningless cliché used as a soporific by those whose work has become mechanical, having no adaptation to the immediate situation, and with no ring of personal spiritual conviction about it. To avoid this latter state even the costly nerve-wearing questioning described above is worth while. And thus so devoted and earnest a soul as Andrew Young found himself attacked, even as his Saviour centuries previously had been, by the great enemy who " did his best to spoil my work for the Lord by whispering into my mind evil and distrustful thoughts." The very sensitiveness of this disciple's soul, by virtue of which he had his communion with heaven, left him open to the attacks of the Prince of the Power of the Air.

By November, 1894, he was in the dark valley fighting Apollyon for his very soul as Bernard and Martin Luther and many another saint had fought before him. " I have had a dark time spiritually this last month, and during that time I have had such a vision of my own heart and life as I never had before. I have been shown by the Spirit of God what a wretchedly low life I have been living spiritually. I saw that instead of a desire for the glory of God having been my motive there was a desire to get people to think well of me." This unassuming man who shrank from the faintest show of recognition and had almost a genius for self-effacement ! The clouds lift, however. " But I thank Jesus that according to His own promise He did not suffer me to be tempted above what I was able."

"Is this torture of a soul necessary?" one asks. What is gained by it? Where is the spiritual advance? Andrew Young found his answer to these questions, and to him the gain was worth the suffering. "I am glad now that He opened my eyes because it shows me how I need Him, and how hopeless it is to go forward in one's own strength." The growth of a soul, like all growth, has its pains. A fortnight later, however, the clouds had cleared and the sun shone. "What a blessed thing that through whatever varieties of experience one may pass, and however one's feelings may change, Jesus always remains the same, unchanging, unchangeable in His affection."

A part of the direct pastoral work which cost him a great deal was the disciplining of church members. Preaching the Word and seeing men and women enter the church was not all; there was also the oversight of the flock. Reproof, rebuke, exhortation were needed to guard the young church's purity. And also at times there came the heart-breaking need of expulsion. To a tender heart like his, for whom membership with the church of Christ was a treasure second only to union with Christ himself, such a duty meant torture. Some in the church had to be suspended from membership. One woman had to be put out of the church for immorality. There were curiously difficult cases involving questions of trivial law and custom which needed very careful handling, and he had to do a great deal of "palaver" work (the lawsuit work of the Congo) in which he practically acted as a magistrate for his people. "One realises in dealing with these churches just emerging from heathenism, as one cannot possibly do at home, what Paul meant by the words 'besides that which cometh on me daily, the care of all the churches'."

Fortunately for his mental comfort his medical work now began to grow, keeping him so busy affording immediate relief to suffering bodies that the respite from self-questioning which had previously been supplied by his transport work was to some extent found anew. Happily also this medical work brought gleams of humour with it, as instanced by the following: "A great many people, unexpectedly enough, suffer from nervous troubles, and bromide of potassium works wonders with them. Sometimes when the natives get hold of one of our commoner remedies they take to treating one another. One man had learned that mustard was good for inflammation of the lungs, and on a friend being seized with a severe attack of this, the first named tied his friend's hands securely so that he could not move them, and plastering some mustard on a cloth, slapped it on the bare skin on both sides of the chest, and I think let it remain there all night! You can imagine the poor fellow's sufferings, lying there the whole night unable to move. From what he told me, his chest measurement the morning after must have been about double what it usually was. It cured his inflammation, but that was distinctly a case in which it could have been said that the cure was worse than the disease."

By January he had been asked, and had consented, to take over the entire medical work of the Lukunga station, as Dr. Jackson, who had had the work up till then, had gone home, and Mr. Hoste, the missionary in charge under the A.B.M.U., had his hands full of other work.

Sleeping sickness had become a scourge amongst the church members. "The death roll of church members last year was exceptionally high. In fact, as many were carried off last year as in all the six preceding years put

together. Sleeping sickness has accounted for a good many. I am afraid that my house-boy, Toto, is going into it. He displays symptoms of it already. The cause and cure of this disease are both a mystery to medical men. It only attacks natives and is always fatal, so that one can do nothing except mitigate the symptoms. These are generally fever, an intolerable itching all over the body, and an irresistible tendency to sleep, which increases as the disease progresses. In some cases the patient goes wrong in mind before the end. Some of the brightest Christians, both here (i.e. in Lukunga) and at Banza Manteka have been removed by it."

In February he follows this up by reverting to his old idea of coming home for a medical course. His previous desire he had put aside, as we have seen, in deference to Dr. Guinness's contention that the transport work required him more than ever, and so had returned to Congo. But he found that the need could be otherwise met, and the way seemed clear for him: "I see more than ever how much need there is for a skilled medical man among these people. . . ." Meanwhile the church at Lukunga started a Total Abstinence Society, whose objects included not only abstinence from foreign gin and rum, but also from the native palm wine. In one church at least this had even been made a condition of church membership, so demoralized had the community generally become through the ravages of drink. With regard to the palm wine pledge (which was evidently an innovation) Young wrote: "It is not so much palm wine drinking in itself as the customs with which it is connected that are objectionable, and the way it brings the Christian into close contact with the heathen." The idea underlying the pledge was, "it is good neither to eat

flesh nor to drink wine nor to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth or is offended or is made weak." Evidently a palm wine party in Congo, like the old-world feasts at Corinth, meant such a general lowering of standards as to make it almost impossible for the Christians present to steer clear of the license which followed in its wake. The only safe course was to keep away altogether. Yet the question was far from simple. "It (palm wine) is really their only beverage besides water, and it is very refreshing. If always taken fresh it would be all right, as it is not intoxicating until it ferments. But it is nearly always drunk when fermented, and is the cause of a good deal of drunkenness."

The preacher's enemies were occasionally found in other than the spiritual realm. In November he was driven out of one town by the populace, who gathered round him in an angry mob, with guns and spears. Two weeks later, in another town, he recognized the mob's leader, who was at the moment peacefully selling kwanga, the large puddings made from cassava. When recognized, the man evidently felt in a tight place, since Young, with the law on his side, a plenitude of witnesses for the law court, and a friendly population at his back, could have sent him to jail. Instead, he explained to him Christ's teaching of returning good for evil. "Before he went away I gave him a present, at which he seemed quite nonplussed. I told him that that was how God had treated us when we had hated Him. He had given His well-beloved Son to die for us that we might be saved. I trust that this occurrence will be the means of blessing to that man and his town."

By November it seemed probable that the Mission would be so well supplied with transport workers that

Young, who up to that time had been freed for evangelistic work, might be set aside for such work altogether. " I don't know what I will be led to do after the transport needs me no longer, and, after all, it is not much use looking so far ahead. The Lord has promised to direct our steps—that is, a step at a time." The sooner a missionary learns this lesson the better for his peace of mind.

As matters went, however, he was after all given the Lukunga transport work when Mr. Morgan, who till then had been in charge of it, was removed to Matadi, and there took over Young's old work. It was a heavy task that the Congo-Balolo missionary in Lukunga now undertook. He was medical officer, he had gradually undertaken a large amount of church work which he could not now discard, and he was once again storekeeper and transport agent. Morgan and he had a busy week taking stock, as there was over a thousand pounds worth of mixed goods in the store.

But there was a further complication. The Congo-Balolo was not the only mission in Lukunga. The American Baptist Missionary Union had a large work in the town under the superintendence of Mr. Hoste, an Englishman—a brother of the present Director of the China Inland Mission. He had been in Lukunga for ten years without a break, and was worn out. He was urged to take a holiday at Las Palmas, in the Canaries, since it seemed impossible to send an A.B.M.U. worker to replace him should he take a full furlough. His friend in the Congo-Balolo Mission realized his state, but writing of it, says : " Just now, however, there is nobody here to take his place, or I believe he would go to Las Palmas." At a later date Mr. Hoste consented to leave for a three-months' change, but this was only possible

because Young, in addition to his large Congo-Balolo load, agreed to take over Mr. Hoste's burden in the A.B.M.U. interests.

In March, 1895, he gives a description of his day's work. By this time he had decided to resign from the C.B.M. and its transport work, and to get home as soon as he could for full medical training. Meanwhile he held the fort alone, doing church, medical, and transport work on behalf of both missions. "I am getting any amount of practice in medical work just now, and with the work as a whole am pretty well kept going from morning till night. My day begins about half past five, and from then till seven o'clock I devote the time to private devotions and preparation for the morning service. Then, after breakfast, if there are no carriers to attend to, I have another hour of preparation. We have service at half-past nine. There is not much of an attendance at these weekday services, chiefly workmen and boys belonging to the stations, as the people in the towns have their work, such as it is, to attend to, although a few of them are generally here after medicine. After the service I attend to the medical work, which occupies me till nearly twelve o'clock, which is our dinner time. I tell you, it would almost turn your stomach to look at some of the ulcers and sores that are brought here for treatment. They are just a mass of putridity and corruption. I think many of them are due to the taint handed down to them by parents, and are the result of the sins of the forefathers. I think these people suffer far more from their climate, as a general rule, than we do. In the cases of many of them it just seems to be husband and wife time about with fever. It does not, however, seem to prostrate them nor leave them so weak as it does in the case of a white man."

On his twenty-sixth birthday he wrote that his parish was thirty miles in diameter, and involved long marches, generally going at top speed, to cover all his church and medical work.

In June, when the cold weather set in, he was kept busy with sickness, which attacked both natives and Europeans, particularly the former, who suffered in large numbers from pleurisy and pneumonia.

Mr. Hoste returned in August, but Young's burden did not seem to lighten, as he found that he could not free himself from the increasing medical work, whilst the church work of the A.B.M.U. steadily absorbed his sympathies. Mr. Hoste therefore urged him, since he knew the station's great need, to definitely join the A.B.M.U., to give up his dream of a medical course at home and to settle down in Lukunga.

One of the reasons which weighed heavily with him in considering this proposal was that he seemed able, more than most Europeans, to stand the climate. (In view of what followed this seems piteous.) An early mail from the United States brought him an official invitation from the Board of the A.B.M.U. to join their staff. His resignation from the Congo-Balolo Mission was carried through with all good feeling on both sides. That Mission now had all the transport workers it required, whilst Dr. Guinness, from personal knowledge, could realize how great was the A.B.M.U. need in Lukunga. Andrew Young's acceptance of the A.B.M.U. invitation marked the beginning of his close connection with the Christian churches of the United States of America, whose people he so much liked for their freedom from affectation, their simplicity and their heartiness—quite apart from the fact that Dr. Charlotte

Murdoch, who appeared on the scene later, hailed from Maryland.

In Lukunga the days sped by. His store-helpers worked as well as he could make them, the house-boy cooked and swept, load after load brought through the jungle by his caravans filled the store, which was emptied again as the stations farther up-country sent in their requests. Disputes between carriers, grievances amongst workmen, precautions against robberies, all took up time. The medical work grew more and more. It was increasingly difficult to confine it to certain hours of the day: who can close down when "emergency cases," brought in slung hammocks over many weary forest miles, come in outside "consulting hours"?

But greater than any other responsibility was that of an overseer of the flock of God, "the care of the churches," involving constant decisions which might, humanly speaking, make or mar a soul. It is easy to say that we must not take ourselves too seriously, that "we can only do our best and leave it". At twenty-six, with no colleague at hand to consult, lacking the guidance of precedents and the philosophy which the years bring, the burden was almost unbearable. Always by deed and word there was the main objective to be more nearly approached, to make Jesus known to these children of Africa. Each day seemed as full as it could be, and yet each day had to have a little more crammed into it. And the full days passed into weeks, and the weeks into months, until he seemed to have been for ever and ever by that brown, rolling river.

And then, having gone down to Matadi on business in October, 1895, covering the ground at double speed, he went down with hæmaturic fever in the old station where so many of his African years had been spent. He

was carefully nursed by the missionaries there, yet it was a wonder that he lived at all.

But God had work yet for his servant to do on this earth before his translation.

We are told that overwork never harmed anybody yet; that before the point arrives when harm would ensue, fatigue warns us and we desist. This, however, leaves out of account the reinforcement coming from desire or from conscience, which can so stimulate, so make a demand upon our reserves, that the inhibition of fatigue is negatived for a time at least. The "carrying on" of soldiers in the Great War, who practically slept on their feet, is a case in point; the sustained attention of the air pilot looking for a suitable landing-place, the extra strain put upon the nurse whose relief cannot take her place, are further illustrations. Andrew Young was similarly left without relief. The fatigue which gave him timely warning was disregarded, overborne by a sense of duty which held that the work *must* go on.

Many of us listen to that warning of fatigue as readily as we obey the dinner gong. We, of course, are "the reasonable people", who look after ourselves. Andrew Young was of other and sterner stuff. What happened in his case, not once but two or three times, was that the mind, in obedience to conscience, forced the body to use up all the reserve of which even his unusually fine physique was capable. And when muscles and heart and nerves had all done their utmost, and the mind still refused to accept the situation or to acknowledge a physical bankruptcy, the brain used its final flicker of strength to send a last reserve along the nerve. Fumblingly, almost blindly, and with enforced pauses, the limbs would obey the message thus sent. In later

years a decision that should have been made in two minutes would take two hours; an operation that, when he was fresh, would have taken him a quarter of an hour, would go on far into the night, as the piteous frame craving, pleading, crying out almost vocally for respite, obeyed the relentless will. Under such conditions, when the collapse did come it was utter.

Eight months later he was on the *Albertville* returning from a short time at home. Sick and near to death as he had been, his virile constitution seemed now quite restored. His mind seemed, if possible, fresher than ever. Certainly he showed advance in judgment and in grasp. There is a maturity and an increased note of competence about him, as he faces his post as a recognized evangelistic missionary of the A.B.M.U.

He sailed from Antwerp. The *Albertville* was a new liner and there was a great stir on board, for the heir-apparent to the Belgian throne, Prince Albert, was expected to go with her for the first few miles out in order to give the ship a send-off. It was about noon before the great man made his appearance. "He is quite a young fellow, rather nice-looking, and seemed very free and affable to all with whom he engaged in conversation." How little any of the passengers there thought of the part that unostentatious figure would play eighteen years later. The disrespectful Andrew writes: "We were heartily glad to see the last of him and his retinue, because their being on board made us about three hours late for *our* midday meal (the Prince's lunch had upset the ordinary arrangements), which we did not get till four o'clock." Such is the gratitude to be expected by affable, self-denying princes.

Before reaching Matadi (either at Mukimvika or Boma) he was staggered by the news that his colleague Mr. Hoste was only awaiting his arrival to start out for England, and that it was possible, if not probable, that he would not be able to return to Congo. As he had looked forward with such confident pleasure to working with Mr. Hoste, Young was extremely disappointed. Knowing, too, what Lukunga meant, he was appalled at the thought of being left in sole charge of all its A.B.M.U. work. But he speaks very bravely and simply about it all.

As he had to make a forced march to Lukunga to relieve Mr. Hoste, Mr. Bain of the A.B.M.U., Matadi, knowing the situation, insisted on Young's using a hammock (i.e. being carried by porters), a thing he had never done before in all his Congo travel. The reason he allowed himself to be persuaded in this instance is interesting. "I consented to take one because I felt that if I should happen to get sick at all, people would at once say it was because I had not taken a hammock and had overtaxed my strength. I feel sure of the Lord's protection as long as He has work for me here, but that makes me more, instead of less, careful, because I feel that my body belongs to Him, and has to be used and taken care of as being His property." The sanctified common sense of this wise man of twenty-six might well be copied by missionaries generally.

It was on this trip that he had a happy rencontre with a Belgian State official which evidently pleased him greatly. The relations between the missionaries and the State officials at that time so seldom got beyond a strained courtesy that one is delighted to find this little interlude. "Next morning we got up betimes, but some time elapsed before I could get started. After

walking and riding by turns for about three hours I came in sight of a State station at Congo da Lemba, built on the top of the hill on a very fertile plateau devoted to the cultivation of coffee, cocoa, and vegetables of different kinds. The Belgian official in charge seemed a nice fellow and welcomed me heartily, asking me to stay to lunch with him, which I consented to do. He took me round his plantation, where he has a lot of coffee planted out, as well as tomatoes, lettuce and other vegetables. He insisted on my taking some lettuce and fine large tomatoes on the road with me, which I did not require much persuasion to do, as I am very fond of the latter especially. He could not talk much English, but we got along fairly well in spite of that."

The missionaries may have been at times too quick to see evil where the Belgian motives were innocent. Most of them would have had little continental experience. The State officials on their side suspected the missionaries of fomenting an independent spirit amongst the Congos which made the enforcement of State regulations more difficult. Probably the missionaries, who at first had hoped that the Africans would be so greatly benefited morally and economically by the government of a *Free State*, realized that the hour must come, sooner or later, when witnesses of the unwarranted and unprovoked oppression of which the natives were the victims must raise their voices. But except in one or two most rare instances they exercised a wise restraint, and as far as their own convenience was concerned, they accepted the State's ruling without demur.

His new method of alternate walking and riding was approved by our Spartan friend. He had not anticipated comfort from being carried, and he had probably felt the sturdy Scot's distaste for what appeared an effeminate

mode of conveyance. But he had the good sense to acknowledge that he had been mistaken, and was shrewd enough to see where his work might be helped. "I found the hammock a much more comfortable and easy means of locomotion than I had anticipated. It was a good rest between times of walking, and when I got to the end of a day's journey I always felt quite fresh and not in the slightest degree fatigued"—that is to say he was all the fitter to undertake the immediate duty awaiting him.

In his China journeys he still tramped a great deal, but he generally did so leading a pony, or he had a cart near at hand. One of the points about a Chinese pony, as far as the itinerant missionary is concerned, is whether he will follow on a rein easily or whether he has to be incessantly "lugged" along by an exasperated owner. In the latter case he should be sold immediately, lest the missionary's temper suffer permanent injury.

On this journey he made a point of calling at Kimbunga, a station worked by Mr. Sjoholm, his old Swedish friend at Diadia, who had helped him when founding the Kinganga Station. Young's comment on the policy followed by the Swedish Mission is interesting, especially to those acquainted with the work of the Wathen and Yakusu stations of the B.M.S., where the policy deliberately adopted and successfully carried through was the one which Young here criticizes—a criticism in which he voices the opinion, in particular, of the "undenominational" missions. He writes: "Mr. Sjoholm is now in charge of Kimbunga, and is assisted by four others, two ladies and two men. They have been having a good deal of encouragement lately in the way of additions to their numbers. They, however, go on the system which has been discarded at Lukunga, viz.,

of keeping boys on the station in a boarding school and teaching them there. This is a very expensive system, and I don't think the results of it are very satisfactory.''

When Dr. Holman Bentley, one of the great statesmen of the B.M.S., founded the Wathen work, he laid his plans clearly before the Society, pointing out the expense and the ten silent *and apparently unproductive years* to be anticipated. The Society had the generous insight necessary, and accepted the scheme. Ten years went by with hardly any results, and *then* the teachers and evangelists, the well-trained products of those years, began to put in *their* work, and the Wathen Church, born of the Spirit, carefully nurtured, well equipped, has gone on its wonderful career ever since.

The sight of Lukunga called up strong emotion. "Next morning I was pretty early afoot, as I wanted to get in here as early as possible. About eight o'clock, I suppose, I came in sight of the old place about an hour away. As I drew near I saw Hoste approaching, he having come out to meet me. I need not say how glad I was to shake hands with him again, but I was sorry to see that he was looking anything but well. Very much changed he seemed from the time when I last saw him. As we went up he told me that he was feeling very much played out, and therefore purposed getting away as soon as arrangements could be made. We had a long talk about the work here, which does not appear to be in a very flourishing state at present from a human point of view; in fact, the arch enemy seems to have been doing his best to disorganize the work and discourage the workers."

It was a sad welcome back and a far greater strain on the younger man than he knew, whilst the tale of disappointment and setbacks in the church was a heavy

handicap for him in his new course. There is an almost desolate note about his brief comment: "So all preparations having been made, and the loads given out on Friday night, next morning at about eight o'clock he (i.e. Mr. Hoste) started, and I was left here alone except for Mr. Hawkins, a coloured man,[1] who is in charge of the A.P.C.M. transport. He will probably be going in the course of a month or two."

He found a sense of spiritual drowsiness abroad amongst the Christians, but says: "It is easy enough to exercise faith when all things go smoothly; in fact there is then hardly any exercise of faith needed." However, it was not all dark. The church supported three evangelists. "One hopeful feature about the evangelists is the opposition they meet with. Sometimes they have been badly knocked about and wounded, but in spite of this they shew no inclination to leave the work."

The days went by, filled with labour: the medical work, the business side inseparable from any mission station, the daily preaching, the long marches to out-stations, and the nerve-wrecking "palavers", trying to settle recondite questions often dependent upon native customs too obscure for any foreigner to trace. And then, at a time when the reserves of even his magnificent physique were used up, the dreaded hæmaturic fever again came upon him. There was no European at hand, but Mantu Parkinson, the first baptized Congo convert of the B.M.S., was acting as transport agent of that society in Lukunga. He took over the work until help came from down-river, whilst he and the Congo "boys" tended Young as well as they were able. They sent down a message to Wathen, the English Baptist Mission station, for help, and Young's old friend, G. R. R. Cameron, went up at speed

[1] An agent of the Southern Presbyterian Mission. (U.S.A.)

to nurse him. The fever was defeated yet once more, but this time the resilience was very, very slow. Mr. Bain, of his own Mission in Matadi, had come up, on hearing of Young's illness, to take charge of the work in Lukunga, and he also contracted the fever, so that Cameron had two patients in succession. Till Mr. Bain was up and about again Young managed to hold on, but the worn-out body which had so valiantly marched countless miles in the suffocating bush, and under a tropical sun, was down and out this time: the gallant spirit which had kept fevers at bay by sheer pluck and endurance, singing most untunefully, "Ye're a' welcome hame," the spirit which had forced the spent frame over weary miles to save sick bodies and to comfort sick souls—the spirit was all out of him now. He went up to the B.M.S. station at Wathen, hoping that the change and rest might help him, but a black depression followed him. To the missionaries there it was evident that he needed his home climate and a thorough rest, and they wisely persuaded him that for the sake of his future usefulness it was his duty to set out for England. One of their number travelled with him from Wathen to the railway, and the next letter home is dated from the coast, four months after his illness.

Nature meant to save this goodly specimen for future work, and the only way to do so was by making it impossible for him to flog the poor tired nerves and limbs to further effort. But the fighting warrior of Jesus thus laid low could at the time see his weakness only as a sign of unworthiness. He felt that he must have gone wrong somewhere, he must have been self-indulgent, "I have thought more of eating and drinking than of anything else." Dear saint, who had grown "quite fond of tea, but of course did not take it three or four

times a day, as some do, as it must make one nervous." This is the man who sees sin in having thought more of eating and drinking than of anything else!

In the depths of black depression one of his greatest troubles is that he cannot cheer up his folks at home by a shining assurance. There is not much wrong with any man who thus obstinately refuses to become an egotist.

"I know, dear father and mother, it seems hard of me to write like this, but I cannot pretend to be what I am not, and write in a hypocritical strain. May God Himself support and strengthen you continually, and dear Christy and Jamie, and Janet, and Archie, and John." His heart he describes as "hard, stubborn, and rebellious," but they are not to be anxious about him, for "everything is in God's hands, and He will do all for the best." O easily satisfied, complacent church folk, whose religion is so thoroughly comfortable, for whom the life of the soul is a pleasant Sunday afternoon, give thanks to God for the saints who go into the dark places of the earth and do battle with the powers of darkness there, and who remind us that there is still heroism in following Jesus!

And we pigmy people, with our easy assurances and our facile self-excusings, who do our frontier defence work by proxy—may we at least retain this amount of virtue: that when we see the Greathearts of our warfare battling with Apollyon, we acknowledge a nobility, a steadfastness, a courage and an endurance, which we, alas, do not share, but which we recognise to be a glory and a triumph.

The Congo Adventure was ended. To attempt a

further stay in the country after a third attack of hæmaturic fever would have been suicide. His way was clear at last. The impulse to medical service which had grown increasingly during his Congo years could be obeyed now with a clear conscience. With a prayer for the country he loved and which he had so nobly served, Andrew Young turned his face toward home and to a new epoch.

PART II

IN CHINA'S EMPIRE

CHAPTER IV

Eastward Ho!

Upon the years which Andrew Young spent in training for his further missionary career there is no need to dwell. They had their own interests and brought their own developments, but they hold nothing distinctive for our present purpose. He studied in Glasgow. He had money sufficient for a few months only, but he had faith in his call, and went forward. When his store was finished he most unexpectedly obtained a post at Quarrier's Orphan Homes. Accepting this post involved rising at four in the morning in order to study, since all his spare afternoons, in addition to evening work, which often lasted until midnight, were needed by the Homes. He held meetings, was responsible personally for many of the boys, had to superintend meals, as well as to hunt up truants. It was the last task which involved the late hours.

The directors were as considerate as was possible, and at times they paid his salary in advance when fees for his classes were due.

In spite of his arduous days, he stood high in his classes. It makes brave reading, this story of working one's way through college, and yet one regrets the necessity. It makes for self-denial, self-reliance and self-discipline. But there are heavy penalties. The

strain is too great. Nature has a way of demanding payment for neglect of her desire for relaxation, joy and leisureliness. It was impossible to keep pace with his many interests. His cousin says, "He was always forgetting things—and dropping them, too—things like his watch." Keys he found it most difficult to keep in an easily located place. He had neither strength nor time to spend keeping his own room comfortable. Also, the habit of mind then formed, of accepting the responsibility of several tasks at the one period, had its dangers. The time came on the mission field when it would have been wiser for him to define sharply such work as he felt he could carry out with comfort, and to refuse firmly to undertake more, but by that time he was so accustomed to working up to the limit of time and strength that it never occurred to him to refuse a new task. A good physique and great natural abilities carried him through scenes of exceptional stress for many years, but the time came when the mind found routine work which ought to have been well within its compass a pressing load by reason of the manifold cares under which it laboured. [1]

After qualifying, he had house-surgeon's duties in the General Hospital and in the Ophthalmic. Following on this he took two positions as locum-tenens, the first at Abertillery, in Wales, the second at Rochdale. After Rochdale he went to London, where he specialized in diseases of the eye.

In October, 1904, the need of a medical man to work with Dr. Edwards in the hospital at Shou Yang, in

[1] This absent-mindedness was natural to Andrew Young to begin with. The question here is whether the double work in Glasgow accentuated it.

Shansi, was advertised in the *Student Movement*. This attracted his attention, since Dr. Edwards's name was well known to the missionary enthusiast who, having lived in Rochdale, had inevitably come into contact with the Kemp family, to which Mrs. Edwards belonged. By November, 1904, he wrote from London that the matter was definitely settled, though various duties would keep him in England for some months. By October, 1905, his way was clear, and he set sail for Shanghai on the *Prinz Heinrich*.

The difference between sailing south for the Congo and east for China or India is the difference between the simple and the complex. In the one case the emphasis is laid upon the call for initiative, in the other upon the call for adaptation. In saying which there is no suggestion that the work by the equator calls for less than the full quota of the brains and the statesmanship of men of the highest calibre—witness the work of such men as Holman Bentley, Mackay of Uganda and the great Livingstone himself. The point is that the ground, comparatively speaking, is clear. "Comparatively," because the more we come to know of African life the more evident it becomes that the tribal customs, taboos, sanctions and social structure are far more elaborate and pervasive than they appear to the casual coast observer; "clear" because the social or religious innovator proceeding to Congo has no such ancient civilisation as that of India or China to face; no articulated system of religion such as that of the Hindu, Confucianist or the Neo-Buddhist.

The missionary going to the East has from the commencement the knowledge that the land to which he goes is already possessed, though not fully developed, by religious, ethical and social theories other than his own.

Andrew Young was not the man to be unduly swayed by the findings, still less by the theories, of the science of Comparative Religion, yet he certainly would not follow the policy of ignoring established facts which might clash with his preconceptions. His preparation for the East had included a certain amount of reading upon the religious and social systems at work in China, which, whilst in no sense a deterrent to his zeal for service, yet enabled him from the beginning to understand the complexity of such service.

Each stop on the journey from Port Saïd onward deepened and confirmed such understanding. He must be a man triply armoured in prejudice, and insulated by a lack of imagination, who can make the Suez journey from England to Shanghai without being shaken in his complacent assurance as to the Occidental's superiority to the "dreaming East". And this new traveller on that route had proved in African jungle and on Dutch and Belgian liners, that he was the last to miss the lesson of the prosaic fact, that he could go far in appreciation of the forces, physical and psychological, which lay behind the fact. By the time he had reached Shanghai, he was already richer in equipment than on leaving London. His letters written *en route* are full of racy description, and to anyone who knows this route well and has hung about for many weary days in Port Saïd, Singapore and Hong Kong, it is amazing to find out from these letters how much there is of interest and pleasure which the careless observer has omitted.

Andrew Young's foremost interests on the voyage were the progress of the missionary agents at each port, and such medical work as he could investigate. It was the trained medical, as well as the novelty-hunting tourist, that prowled about the winding heights of those

Genoese back streets made gay with the family wash; or the bazaars of Colombo where flies carry disease in spite of all that a paternal government and a step-motherly municipality can contrive. But he has also much to say on the scenery, architecture, trade and customs of the various places visited.

No long sea voyage available to the ordinary passenger to-day can compare for colour and variety with this London to Yokohama trip, broken as it is by the frequent calls at ports in which every hour of the day is crammed with interest. Spain, Italy, Egypt, Arabia, Ceylon, Malay, the mysterious blue mountain ranges of the Dutch Indies, China and Japan—one gets glimpses of them all. Our traveller on this trip stopped short of Japan, but he garnered an amazing amount of treasure from the remainder of the journey.

At Hong Kong came his first introduction to Chinese Medical Missionary work. Here, in the London Missionary Society's Hospital, he met Dr. Gibson, an old fellow-student. It was as well that he had had a short turn round Victoria Road and a Hong-Kong street or two first. Once he came into touch with this medical work he was captured, and only just managed to reach the steamer again as the gangway was being loosened, "having spent a very pleasant and profitable time."

At Shanghai, where he had intended to catch a Tientsin steamer in order to reach Tai Yuan, the capital of Shansi, he received a wire from Dr. Edwards of that city asking him if he would go temporarily to Sianfu, the capital of Shensi, as the Mission there was in urgent need of help. This meant a radical change of plan, a long separation from his heavy luggage and from redirected letters, which would find him only after many days. It is the sort of contretemps which so many Indian Civil

servants, army officers, business folk and missionaries in the East are meeting constantly, and in which an equable temperament and a not undue sense of one's own self-importance are valuable. Young took it all very calmly, and had "no doubt that the change of destination will serve some wise purpose". Years later he would remind us humorously that we in Shensi must treat him respectfully, or he would pack up his traps and make for his *real* station, which was in Shansi. At the moment of his changed plans, though writing only from Shanghai, he still managed to convey to his home people some Shensi local colour, telling them that Sianfu is the ancient capital of China, the place to which the Empress Dowager fled from Peking in 1900 after the Boxer defeat.

Happily for him Young reached Shanghai before the electric trams had spoilt its streets, and before the great Maloo—the Nanking Road—had become a place of the quick and the dead; that is, those who got out of the way of the Chinese motor chauffeur and those who failed to do so. Though Shanghai to-day boasts some magnificent buildings—banks, clubs, municipality offices and so on—its really pleasing quarters are the distant residential suburbs.

In the comparatively quiet Shanghai of that day the new-comer speedily got into touch with one of the greatest souls who ever came from Britain to China, Dr. Albert G. Parrott. He was a man who knew Shensi well, having tramped thousands of miles through the provinces of North-West China as a pioneer of the China Inland Mission. To the new medical, bewildered somewhat by a startling change of plan, with no knowledge of Shanghai's facilities for the missionary or Shensi's demands upon him, the friendly aid so freely offered was invaluable.

Nor was it only in 1905 that he found "A. G. P.," as Dr. Parrott was called, a trusty guide. In later years when difficulties and sorrows gathered thickly, he found him the ready friend. This cheery Shanghai saint could be reckoned upon always. Quite half of his practice was work for which he was never paid; amongst poor Chinese, weak Eurasians, down-at-heel Europeans. He gave unstinting service to the Shantung Road Hospital, he was one of the main supporters of "The Door of Hope," whilst in any case for the uplift of the fallen, one could depend upon "A. G. P." And he simply lived for Jesus Christ. In all China there could have been no man more fitted to give Andrew Young what he needed at that hour.[1]

Of the other features of Shanghai life, that which most impressed him was the weekly prayer meeting of missionaries, at which there were often a hundred and fifty present. After the small groups that he had known in Congo, this seemed a great gathering, and indicative of the immense amount of organized Christian work, much of it of a highly-specialized nature, to be found in China and her dependencies.

In days preceding the Shanghai-Nanking Railway missionaries who had to pass through Hankow could count on four delightful days in a river steamer along the lower Yangtze-kiang. Especially did this trip appeal to those who were poor sailors and had been conscious of that fact what time the ocean liner had been thrashing her way through the tail-end of a typhoon from Hong-Kong to Shanghai. The blessed relief and quiet of the Shanghai-Hankow steamer reminded one of the soothing "after cures" which used to follow a drastic month of

[1] Since this book was begun, Dr. A. G. Parrott has died of pneumonia—May, 1923—and for some of us Shanghai will seem an empty place.

the waters of Bad Kissingen or a place of similar heroic treatment. For Young, the main interest of the trip was the constant comparison that came to his mind between this great water highway of mid-China and that mysterious rolling river which bore on its bosom dark secrets from African forests as it made its sullen way to the Western sea.

To the ex-Congo missionary the outstanding difference was the enormous amount of traffic on the Yangtze-kiang. It is in terms of trade, of tonnage and of riverine population that he constantly reverts to the immense difference between the two rivers.

At that " Chicago " of China, Hankow, he stayed at the China Inland Mission head-quarters. On the journey from Shanghai to Sianfu one of the delights of the missionary is this rest at the C.I.M. home in Hankow. The C.I.M. numbers many great missionaries in its ranks, and certainly not the least of them are the men and women in charge of the homes and transport agencies in such places as Hankow, Ichang and Tientsin. The traveller arrives perhaps late at night, or at an unearthly hour in the morning, sometimes in the horrible clammy rain which Hankow so well knows, and is met by a quiet, capable gentleman who takes all troubles off the traveller's shoulders and, piloting him through the hordes of yelling rickshaw coolies or boatmen, leads him to a real " home " —the Hankow C.I.M. His luggage is rescued and he himself is saved from the robbery which would be his portion without such shepherding. He has a comfortable bedroom overlooking a cool, green garden, and he sinks into a chair and thanks God gratefully for the haven to which he has come. If he has been up country for months or years, and the road journey has been hard on nerves and limbs alike, the C.I.M. is a little heaven

here below. And if he is just out from home and something of an unlicked cub, apt to take things for granted, it may be that as these gracious, self-forgetful people open to him the modest quiet of their home, he will find grace and the opened eye which begins to discern thus early in his missionary life that "none of us liveth to himself".

Before leaving Hankow, Young was privileged to meet the veteran Dr. Griffith John, still hale and hearty in spite of over fifty years of work. At that time Dr. John had not had a furlough for twenty-two years.

Hankow, with its neighbour across the river—Wuchang, the capital of Hupeh—makes a great missionary centre, and the new-comer managed to see a considerable amount of the work which is carried on there.

Proceeding northwards from Hankow to Chengchow on the Peking-Hankow Railway, he found another interesting contrast with his Congo experience in the fares charged to passengers. One hundred and twenty miles on the Congo Railway had cost him nine pounds, and the same mileage on the Peking-Hankow Railway cost him nine shillings. Chengchow is to-day the junction of this railway and the new line which is to run ultimately from the East Coast through Honan, Shensi and Kansuh, and which has already nearly reached the Honan-Shensi border.

In 1905 one had to go by road from Chengchow to Sianfu. A young Chinese named Cheng T'ien-yu, who had been, as a boy, to Spalding Grammar School, came down to meet him and act as his escort to Sianfu. They had two Peking carts for themselves and the luggage. The escort—generally called by his first name, T'ien-yu—stuck fairly closely to his cart, but the doctor found himself driven, by his old love of tramping and his old

dislike of the cold, to walk until the sun got really warm, about eleven o'clock. Since one starts about six at the latest from the Chinese inns, this meant tramping half the distance. But even in the depth of winter there are generally two or three hours of good warm sunshine in North China, during which one can forget the cheerlessness of the morning when ice-cold feet occupy "the field of consciousness," and of the evening when chilblains mitigate one's welcome of the charcoal brazier.

These are the hours when one marches along the foot of the Hwa Shan—the Flower Mountain; surely the loveliest of all China's mountains?—when the air is like wine, the sky cloudless and the hawks wheel lazily in the blue. The pine woods which fringe the temples clinging to the upper heights of the Kin Ling range give grateful rest to the eyes. The carter nods sleepily on the cart shafts, the wise mules plod on steadily, their bells scattering silver sound sufficient only to give a friendly note in a silence otherwise too impressive. Ah, but it is good to be alive, to know the joy of blended colours and the freedom of the open road! What are dirty inns and doubtful dishes and the minor ills that one has met in the miles which lie behind? They are all forgotten in the *joie-de-vivre* of the sun-kissed noon. It may be pagan, it may be undignified, to the Chinese carter it is assuredly mere madness; but the lilt of the old army march comes back to the mind, and one pounds away, singing the song that one used to hear so often roared from a hundred throats, and "you pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, and smile, smile, smile."

The man who years before had kept Congo fevers at bay by singing "Ye're a' welcome hame" at the top

of his voice, was still to make joyful noises in China in days when he journeyed frequently up and down this great highway of the North-west. But on this his first trip everything was so new, so strange, so full of interest that he had no time to sing—he was too busy asking questions and docketing the answers. One imagines that the English-speaking T'ien-yu snatched but few naps on that journey. One sight they met was even more depressing than interesting to the new-comer: a group of criminals by the roadside wearing the "cangue"—the old wooden frame which fitted closely round the neck and on which was written the story of the prisoner's wrongdoing.

The Chinese inn becomes such a matter of course to foreign residents in the interior that one is apt to forget how strange it may be. Young's description of his first experience in one is interesting, coming as it does from an old African traveller. "It was a good sized courtyard, with rather primitive stalls for the horses and sleeping-places for travellers. These are huts built of sun-dried or burned bricks and plastered inside with mud. There are one or two very rough wooden frames, or sometimes only mud platforms, covered with mats on which one can put one's bedding. It is safer, especially in summer, to put some impervious material between them and the bedding, as they seem to nourish certain of the undesirable lower forms of life in great abundance. There is usually a rough, and not too-clean, wooden table and a stool. This completes the furnishing. I made a good dinner, however. It really just felt like being back in Congo once more." After the long intermediate years it was good for the man who was a born missionary to feel that he was on the field once again.

There are certain people in China who, when they go

on the road, seem always to meet with adventures. Others go quietly on their way and have no more untoward happenings than if they were travelling from Tooting to Hampstead. Young was of the former class. If there was anything to hurt on the road he seemed to meet it. On the present journey, whilst in one of the long Honan defiles where the road is constantly being undermined by the water channels (a few feet under the surface), which cause horrid pits to yawn suddenly in front of the traveller, his cart overturned, and it was a weary job getting it right again in those circumstances. Fortunately both he and the carter were walking at the time. On another day, the cart overturned whilst he was in it, and he was fortunate in that no heavy luggage fell on him, and in being able to crawl out unhurt. One of his trunks was smashed in the upset, and he realized what a narrow escape he had had. Reaching Honanfu—so often referred to in modern telegrams anent banditry and militarism as "Loyang," the name it held formerly when the capital of China—he met the Blöms and Mr. Beinhoff, of the Swedish Mission in China. The latter he had known in Glasgow as a fellow medical student; a student who had unfortunately not completed his course. Mr. Beinhoff had been persuaded by Prince Bernadotte of Sweden to come out to China unqualified medically, on account of the pressing need of the Swedish Mission. The Prince was a keen leader of the Y.M.C.A. movement in Sweden, and the Association was anxious to have its own evangelistic representative in China. Young knew by experience what this meant. He himself had been persuaded at one period by Dr. Guinness to forgo medical training; Dr. Parrott, from whom he had lately parted in Shanghai, had similarly listened to Mr. Hudson Taylor; here was a third man denying himself what he

felt to be his real *metier*, and at times fearing sadly that he had made a mistake. Of Mr. Blöm's friends Young had known many in his Congo days. One of the happiest features of our life in Shensi was the very real friendship we had with our Swedish neighbours, and no one enjoyed it more than Andrew Young, who for so many years had found out by experience the brotherliness and the ability of the Scandinavian Missionaries.

From Honanfu he set out refreshed and encouraged for the remainder of the journey. As formerly in his Congo days, so now in China, he found the cold season a trial, which seems strange considering his Dumfries-shire extraction. But one cannot have it every way. He had the great advantage of being able to stand the trying heat which breaks up some men altogether, and although the cold was uncomfortable, it was not disabling. He might, if he had known, have congratulated himself that his first winter was spent in South Shensi and not in the biting winds which sweep over the snow-clad mountains of North Shansi, making Tai Yuan Fu and the Shou Yang, to which he should have gone, very healthy but bitterly cold.

The old Congo campaigner, accustomed to forced marches, pushed on in a way that horrified the Chinese carters. Only once did a member of the Shensi Mission make that trip in less time, and that was when, to relieve a man going on furlough, a young colleague coming in a rush from Shantung dispensed with carts altogether, and changing horses at the roadside Yamens[1] rode almost night and day, doing the ten days' journey in three and a third.

[1] An order from the official at Honanfu gave him the right to claim a fresh horse at the office of the magistrate of each town passed going westwards until Sianfu was reached.

For a cart journey, Young made a record. When the tired carter reached what he considered a reasonable stopping place, it was to find that the too-energetic foreigner had already pressed forward, and it was left to T'ien-yu—who, by the way, possessed vociferous powers of persuasion—to induce the carter to follow. Late one afternoon when they should have stopped it was to find all the inns already filled, and they had to push forward for another twelve miles. It was after eleven at night before they found shelter, having travelled since seven in the morning, and having covered forty-seven English miles! It is hardly surprising to one who knows the conditions of Chinese road travel to read shortly afterwards that "one of the mules died". In his innocence the vigorous traveller never dreamed of connecting the two events. But there are limits, even to the endurance of a Chinese mule.

Nearing Sianfu they heard that there had been a highway robbery the night previous in the district through which they had to pass. Young's comment on this reads strangely in these days of the Republic. (He wrote in the days of the Empire.) "It is quite an unusual thing for a robbery to take place on the road in Shensi, though in Honan, through which the first ten days of our journey lay, there are parts infested with robbers, so that it is not deemed wise to travel much after dark." To-day, in 1923, one is sometimes tempted to wonder if there is *any* part of China where it is safe to travel.

They reached Sianfu well before Christmas Day, and Young found a welcome from Chinese and foreigners almost embarrassing in its heartiness. Three miles east of the city a mounted group of missionaries was awaiting him, as well as a long procession of smiling hospital

assistants and schoolboys. A feast in Chinese style was spread that same afternoon, and T'ien-yu's lessons in chopstick manipulation, added to the fact that they had consistently taken Chinese food at the inns and road-side booths on the way up, now stood the doctor in good stead. The Chinese evangelists, who were his hosts, were impressed with his adroitness and delighted to find him so easy to entertain.

And so his journey into a second great continent was over. Once more he was ready for the great adventure of the missionary calling.

CHAPTER V

A Member of the Mission

(Ye are Members one of another)

The Baptist Missionary Society, under which Young had gone out to China, is known there—where it stands in contrast to American and Continental Societies—as the "English Baptist Mission" (to the indignation of its Scottish members when they happen to think of it).

It is the Society founded by Carey, Andrew Fuller, and other great souls in the eighteenth century. Its activities in China commenced in 1859, and its early triumphs are associated with the name of Timothy Richard. Others worked as nobly and devotedly, but no other figure so succeeded in impressing itself upon the Chinese imagination as "Li Timotai".

In 1891 Moir Duncan and A. G. Shorrock, two members of this Mission then at Tai Yuan in Shansi, were sent to open up the Society's work in the neighbouring province of Shensi, and were shortly afterwards joined there by the well-known sinologue, Evan Morgan, now of the Christian Literature Society, Shanghai.

After many years of hard and faithful, and frequently exciting, labours, the Mission had, before 1900, founded a church of seven hundred members, supporting its own pastors, and having primary and high schools both for

boys and girls. It had its own printing press, a good book shop, an orphanage and an opium refuge.

The Mission had by that date a recognized position in the province; it had secured the respect of the magistracy, and had gained a considerable influence in both the capital and in the neighbouring county towns.

By 1900 a development which was far overdue—the opening of regular medical work—was commenced, and a doctor had already arrived when the Boxer movement and the "Kill the Foreigner" edicts made it imperative for the Yangtze-kiang Viceroys to call all missionaries in Shensi to the coast.

It was not until the end of 1904 that Dr. Creasy Smith returned to China accompanied by Mrs. Creasy Smith, who was a highly trained nurse, and Nurse Turner. Two young Chinese whom Dr. Smith had taken to England in 1902 were in the party. One, Mr. (now Doctor) Li, had for a year been taught dispensing in the Edinburgh Infirmary; whilst the younger, Cheng T'ien-yu, we have already met.[1]

H. Stanley Jenkins, M.D., F.R.C.S., the great pioneer of medical missionary work in North-West China, came out with this party.

Early in 1905 Dr. Creasy Smith had broken down in health and subsequently withdrew from the Mission, but by the summer Stanley Jenkins, although only eight months in the country, had already acquired a good command of Chinese vernacular and sufficient knowledge of the printed character to read his Chinese Bible with comfort in the ordinary services. With the plucky help of the two nurses, of Mr. Li and young T'ien-yu, he had organized and was running a hospital for both men and women.

[1] *See* Chapter IV., p. 117.

The B.M.S. in Shensi had for immediate neighbours the Scandinavian Alliance Mission, most of whose members were Swedes, though there were Norwegians amongst them. (One sometimes ran up against this latter fact in those days when Norway had freshly set up an independent kingdom for herself.) Most of the missionaries had been for some years in the United States of America, between leaving Scandinavia and their arrival in China. Some were naturalized American citizens.

This Scandinavian Mission is an auxiliary of the China Inland Mission. It was from C.I.M. pioneers that Sianfu first heard the Gospel[1]; but with the noble self-abnegation which is characteristic of that great Mission, they had been content to turn over this work to the Scandinavian brethren. The B.M.S. had meanwhile arrived on the scene and had found a foothold in Fu Yin Ts'un (The Gospel Village).

As soon as it was at all possible to do regular work in Sianfu, the provincial capital, the S.A.M. and the B.M.S. missionaries naturally gravitated to the strategic centre. By an amicable arrangement the English mission undertook to work in the east and the north, whilst the Scandinavians went to the west and the south; and even so, the strength of the united missions was far from adequate to the task before them.

A much older neighbour was the old "Roman Catholic Mission of South Shensi," in T'ung Yuan Fang[2] (not far from Fu Yin Ts'un), which, with its orphanage and industrial work, formed a regular colony. Its European

[1] In those early years it was not possible to maintain any foothold in the city. The most that could be done was to live in a village within a thirty miles radius, risking a visit to the city occasionally until the time came to "occupy" it from a missionary point of view.

[2] South Shensi is the official title though actually its strength is in Central Shensi.

staff is supplied by the *Foreign Missions of Rome*. An imposing cathedral had been built in T'ung Yuan Fang, which is the seat of a Vicarate Apostolic, whilst the handsome church, in Sianfu itself, was one of the most commanding buildings in the city.

Four days to the west were English C.I.M. workers, and ten days to the south, near the Szechuan border, at Hanchung, that Mission had its Shensi head-quarters.

Apart from that of the Roman Catholics all the mission work in the Shensi province was congregational in church government, whilst believer's baptism was practised in all the stations. Even such missions as were themselves Congregational followed this latter practice, and as a consequence we were saved from any confusion in the minds of the Shensi Protestant Christians. These two Protestant Missions, the C.I.M. (including the S.A.M. and the E.B.M., had a clear field for twenty years, and had well-established churches before any new body made its appearance. In 1913 the Chinese Independent Church, most of whose early members were B.M.S. converts, commenced its work, and is to-day a healthy, vigorous body. In 1916 came the Seventh Day Adventists, and following them the Chinese Christians of the Episcopal Church, who came into Sianfu to start a work of their own, a mission which is doing good service to-day. The Y.M.C.A. work, for which the B.M.S. first set aside men as secretaries, has now been taken over entirely by the National Association.

Every mission grows a tradition of its own. The Shensi B.M.S. by 1905 had a reputation for cultured evangelicalism, whilst the word which was stamped upon the whole work and policy of the Mission was " sound."

When Young joined the Mission we had a fair average as to personnel; but there were three outstanding figures which would have compelled attention in any circle—A. G. Shorrock, Jennie Beckingsale and Stanley Jenkins. The first of these is to-day where he was when I first knew him, in Sianfu. He was my first chief in China and, as such, naturally loomed large. After nearly twenty years' experience of China, he looms large still. Despite ill-health resulting from continued overstrain, he remains to-day in the forefront of the battle.

The second figure was that of Jennie Beckingsale. Here the attempt was all at repression. The brilliant wit which leapt out occasionally was generally held in leash, since in a small community it is not safe to depend upon the sense of humour being so evenly distributed that all shall be amused and none shall take offence. The power of organization which would have been equal to the demands made by a women's college at home was deliberately curbed, partly to meet the simple needs of a young high school in Inland China, a school where a small budget and a widespread prejudice made it necessary to go slowly, but still more because she aimed at consolidating a women's mission in Shensi, and in order to foster enthusiasm for that mission amongst her fellow English colleagues, she saw to it that the work when done should be actually, and not nominally, the work of the group, and not of one person. Jennie Beckingsale was of that unusual type which the demands of a modern world are slowly producing, the type which Jesus unceasingly laboured to produce amongst His disciples, the type that will go one higher than doing a great piece of work alone, that will do it in company with others. The world's need to-day is less for supermen than for team workers. When the former will deliberately use their

native powers of command so that the team shall be more effective and the superman less conspicuous, then the coming of the Kingdom of God will be appreciably hastened.

A Cheltenham woman with the best traditions of her great college behind her, with the extra discipline of Oxford (Somerville), she represented exact scholarship and the cameraderie of the educated woman of to-day at her best. And with it all went a humble devotion to the person and programme of her Saviour. Faith was not easy for her. Her intellectual grasp of the Christian teaching was not arrived at quickly or easily held: but she realized the truth of her Lord's promise: "He that doeth the will of God shall know the doctrine." She, more than any other in that far-off station, helped to keep us sane. Deliberately she would turn, on occasion, from "the work"—which we sometimes so fuss over that we allow it to become an obsession instead of an occupation—and plan a picnic or a simple evening party where we were helped to forget the things that threatened to get on our nerves, and to be human and happy and to go back home feeling that the strain and the problems that had seemed so important earlier in the day, lived, after all, mostly in the region of our undue self-importance. Happy is the mission station that has in it at least one man or woman who will prick the bubble of that self-importance for us and do it with a kindliness that leaves no sting.

Of Stanley Jenkins it is difficult for me to write. To me he was so near and meant so much. From September, 1904, to February, 1905, we shared the steamer cabin, the inn room, and a bed-sitting room in a mission compound. For over eight years he was to me the truest, the most gallant and the most magnanimous friend and

leader of whom one could dream. Starting even together upon our quest of Chinese language and life, within three months I was hopelessly outpaced, but he never allowed me to feel it; he was always as he had been. And in a hundred little ways it was a joy to be of service to him, to ease the gall of the collar when it was almost unbearable. He had had a severe attack of rheumatic fever shortly before leaving England to come out to China, and this meant a heart so weakened that sometimes it seemed as if he could not go on another day. After a long ride or an exhausting day in the operating theatre, or a sitting from ten at night until two in the morning over mission accounts and reports, he would throw himself exhausted on a bed, too spent to undress himself, until the worst of the fatigue was passed. But the indomitable will would not be denied. When I have pleaded, almost wept before him, to let the wretched accounts go or the reports remain unwritten—myself half dead with sleep and wholly rebellious—he would say, "No, it's *got* to be done!" And done it was. But at what a cost!

As a surgeon, an administrator, a preacher, a man of wide reading, he has had only one rival that I can recall in our ranks in China. He had not merely a sense of fun, but the nicest sense of true humour. In his mystical piety he was of the school of Bernard of Clairvaux, or perhaps, rather, that more rigid thinker, Francis de Sales, whose writings he so loved. And added to all this there was a quality which can only be called "charm", though for a man who in will and courage seemed compact of fine steel, such a word seems incongruous.

There was a delightful sense of friendship about that

mission, with plenty of the " give and take " of men and women who had moved about the world freely, and knew the value of loyalty and mutual consideration. Most of them had already been taught their limitations through their intercourse with Chinese friends and neighbours; and the others were learning. The man who can live in close proximity to those shrewdest of critics, the Chinese house-boy and the Chinese teacher, for twelve months, and still remain clad in his old conceit, is hopeless.

The staff in 1905, besides those mentioned above, included the Rev. and Mrs. John Bell, who had arrived only a few days previously, with Miss Franklin, a recruit to the Baptist Zenana Mission[1], Miss Russell (now Mrs. James Watson) who had been two years in the country, the Rev. Frank and Mrs. Madeley, who were north of the Wei River in the Gospel Village, Mrs. Creasy Smith, Nurse Turner, and myself; whilst shortly afterwards came the Revs. E. F. Borst-Smith and James Watson.

Amongst this group Andrew Young settled down as a " member of the mission ". He and Dr. Jenkins lived together in bachelor style in the hospital. Housekeeping, Young found to be an easy business after his Congo experience; in fact, the Chinese cook did the whole thing. Those were the halcyon days before Shensi was opened to the outer world to any extent and the province was at peace. Fuel was dear—about twice what it would have been in England—and horse feed was a heavy item, but the housekeeping bill itself was light. A chicken cost threepence, a pheasant sixpence, whilst

[1] A Society which has since coalesced with the Baptist Missionary Society, and is known as the Women's Missionary Association of the B.M.S.

eggs were five for a penny. I know. "*Ut ego in Arcadia vixi.*" An ordinary Chinese worker in those days could keep himself for three-halfpence a day. "Each of us has his own personal boy who does all the looking-after that we need, including laundry. Mine gets about half-a-crown a month and his food."

The Baptist Missionary Society has been happy in the men who, with a Congo experience, have been transferred to the China field. The Congo climate having made it impossible for such workers to remain in Africa, and the North China climate offering no difficulties, these workers, believing that in their case the call of God was without repentance and the foreign field their sphere, transferred from the West of Africa to the East of Asia. Much of their previous experience was very valuable to them in their new work. The two civilizations were of vastly different values—probably the Chinese culture would be horrified at any comparison being made: to the Chinese, old-world literate or modern westernized student alike, the Congo has *no* civilization. But the missionary on the Congo has at least had the lesson of adaptation to master; he has had to rid himself of his insularity (or of as much of it as grace and humility will accomplish); he has had to watch the struggle of a new religion for its foothold in a country where the whole outlook and traditions are antagonistic to its tenets; he has seen first the gradual acceptance of that religion by individuals, and secondly the organization of such individuals into the church, and —if his work has been amongst a virile, well-trained body of believers—he has seen the religion become so far indigenous as to find its leadership no longer amongst the foreign missionaries, but the native pastors. And since no man of sense can go through this last experience without gaining greatly in wisdom, humility, and the

Christian graces, he will bring to a new field, whether China or elsewhere, far more than can be brought by the man who comes straight from home.

So much for his advantages. Against that there is to be set the extra handicap of the language. For him the first fine frenzy of enthusiasm with which the missionary attacks his new language went into his *Fiote*[1], or Ki-Kongo—the dialect of the Lower Congo—Lokele, Swahili or whatever the dialect might be. In that he had attained facility. He could read with ease his New Testament in its script. And now, at an age more advanced than that of the average missionary coming to China, he has to face the new language plus its appalling ideograph. Young found it no easier than did his fellow ex-Congo friends. In February, 1907, on the eve of setting out for the coast to be married, he wrote, "All last week I spent in the East Suburb (away from the Hospital) at the study of Chinese. I have gone over the year's work, but I fear it will be some time ere I am sufficiently well up to go in for the exam. The Congo language still retains its hold on me. I can trot out Congo hymns by the yard; I think I could speak quite well in that language still. Indeed, it sometimes comes out by mistake." It was not until 1908, when Jenkins was back from his honeymoon, and Dr. G. A. Charter had been transferred from Shansi to join the Shensi staff, that the Youngs at last found their real chance of language study, when they got away from Shensi for a season. A doctor's one chance for such study is to be in a place where there are other qualified men to attend to the sick.[2] On this account, for the average medical

[1] Literally "Black man's speech."

[2] Stanley Jenkins's case cannot be quoted in this connection. He was a genius, and one cannot legislate for the general policy of a mission on such instances.

man, the new language schools at Peking and Nanking are useful. In those days there was no such provision, so the Youngs went to Kuling for the summer, taking their Shensi language teacher with them. Any missionary who has been five years in China believes in his heart that he knows just how the language should be studied, and perhaps no two men's experiences and ideas on the subject agree. Young, like most of us, was largely influenced by his special predilections. Worship with his household and with the hospital assistants and patients was one of his chief joys; to join heartily in the hymn singing, to know his Chinese New Testament so well that he could at any time read his verse or a lesson, were dear ambitions from his early days in the country, and as a consequence he acquired a large New Testament vocabulary which opened a door for him when speaking to Christians. With outsiders he had not the same easy approach. The medical terms he got through sheer repetition in his work. For diagnosis and instructions to his patients he acquired a competent vocabulary. But since he had practically none of the leisure necessary for general newspaper (Chinese) reading, or conversation about such subjects as the newspapers reported, the language requisite for general conversation with outsiders came slowly. It came eventually through two channels; the constant road journeys in which he had the opportunity of talking to fellow passengers, and his increasing intercourse with Republican officials. He never pretended to master those niceties of tone and rhythm dear to those who " are not satisfied with a mere modicum of the language." Of the large specialized vocabulary requisite for men teaching medicine in such medical schools as Tsinanfu, he knew, I think, very little. But two of the linguistic requisites of the

missionary he obtained; he could understand what it was which the people of the country who came his way, burdened at heart or suffering from pain and loss, wished to tell him, and he became a fluent preacher in the vernacular. For years he was on the regular "preachers' plan," and he was always a welcome speaker at the larger assemblies of the church. It was a great joy to his brethren and an unspeakable advantage to the church that one with so solid a scriptural training, such a wealth of Christian experience, had this ministry of the word in the language of the people. Of Chinese classics, poetry, and modern language development, he knew no more than was absolutely essential for his work. One can only pack a certain amount into one's life, and Andrew Young's was crammed full enough without gaining the laurels of the sinologue.

Conformity to regulations in language study is only one way in which the new-comer "shows willing" as a member of a mission. To pull together in a remote province with scarcely any European society outside the Missions is a work of grace. Each member has his or her own way of regarding the way in which the work as a whole should be carried out, and each has to defend the interests of a particular department—evangelistic, educational, or medical—when the services of some outstanding Chinese assistant are desired or when the Mission budget is drawn up. And naturally we have our own pet theories and aversions, our prejudices and predilections. One man will enjoy a pipe but be horrified at anything which has a nodding acquaintance with alcohol, another thinks tobacco a curse, but can see no harm in Chinese wine when taken at a feast to correct the greasiness of the food. A third will not hire a cart on Sunday, but will revel in George Meredith on the

Monday. A fourth who tells you that "he is no legalist" and who will cheerfully ride on Sunday, will consider Meredith a sad waste of time and unworthy of one called to be a missionary—though he himself may weaken hopelessly when a stray number of *Punch* appears! Variety is added occasionally by a vegetarian or an anti-vivisectionist, or even a homeopathist, unrepentant at heart though too kindly to be articulate in a community where the Hospital is the humming centre of all that is earnest and gracious and devotional in the Mission's life. We were not more differentiated than any similar number of people picked at random at home, but circumstances threw us together intimately and for long, uninterrupted spells. Under such conditions the lights of the picture are higher and the shadows sharper than they would be at home.

In such a circle the situation is saved both by the constant return of the many to those fundamental truths and securities which prompted their entrance into it, and also by the sanity and sweetness of the few who can always be depended upon.

The first of these safeguards we found in the weekly reunion which centred in and around the prayer meeting, held in English, and in the private devotional life which both helped and was helped by that weekly gathering. The second safeguard was the presence in our midst of such a man as Andrew Young. He had an incurable modesty; he did not take the eye of the newcomer; he was not the man to compel the breathless homage of an assembly; but he was always there; steady and reliable, wise in counsel, gracious in intention, loyal in performance. Every large mission will inevitably throw up a certain small group of men who by virtue of natural gifts and the outward necessities of the time have to act

in emergencies. Most missions, however democratic—and we of the Shensi mission were nothing if not democratic—recognize this and make a virtue of necessity by appointing an Advisory Committee or an Emergency Council, or some such body. It is indicative of the deepest and most permanent qualities of Andrew Young that it is difficult to think of him on the field and not being on "The Advisory Council".

CHAPTER VI

The Making of a Home

SOMEWHERE in his Five Towns excursions Mr. Arnold Bennett describes minutely the office in which his hero worked. The room stands out in all its drab hideousness and mean makeshifts, whereafter the author puts into one relentless sentence the whole of his indictment against the ugliness and dreariness of so much of the modern business machine: "In this room he spent one-third of his whole life."

If in Britain it is true that a person's room reveals his character much more is this the case in the mission field where one has to be his own upholsterer and decorator. The house where a man lives is important in its effect upon his character when he lives in his native land and is able to mingle easily with friends of his own way of life; how much more so when his home may be the one link with that particular form of civilization of which he is a product.

Previous to his marriage Young lived in the Hospital where Stanley Jenkins kept house. Here the note of the house was the note struck by the latter. But after three months in China the new-comer had become engaged to Dr. Charlotte Murdoch, whom as "Sister Charlotte" he had known in his Christian work at Westminster Chapel. And when one thinks of Young in his home it

is the delightful, easy, comfortable and pre-eminently "lived-in" rooms of the home that Sister Charlotte made.

When Dr. Campbell Morgan accepted the invitation in 1904 to start the great work which he was to carry out in Westminster he looked round for a suitable lieutenant for the women's side of the work and invited Charlotte Murdoch to undertake the task. For eighteen months after her graduation she had combined deaconess training with medical practice. The invitation now given pointed both to a great opportunity and a great sacrifice. To succeed in the work meant building up a hive of happy human interests amongst the women of the congregation; nurses, secretaries, teachers, typists, retail-house assistants, lodging-house keepers, women of all ages and conditions. Such work needed courage, sureness of touch, intuition and an informed sympathy. It also meant a check to medical work, and this at a period when the graduate most needed practice. For the daughter of a medical man enthusiastic for his profession, a member of a home where medical shop was one of the leading interests—of her sisters one is a doctor and another is a nurse—it was no light thing to put aside a profession for which she had qualified.

But whilst many women were pressing into the medical profession, there were few, very few, who could have undertaken, at that date, the particularly delicate work needed at Westminster. And so Dr. Murdoch was sunk in Sister Charlotte, and Dr. Campbell Morgan got his lieutenant who organized and led the deaconess corps in Buckingham Gate.

It was there in 1905 that Andrew Young (who at the time was acting as assistant to Dr. Brailey, the Harley Street eye specialist), working as hard on Sundays as on

weekdays, came to help in the Sunday School—where he kept his boys entranced with tales of Congo life—and in following up cases of men who had been influenced by Evangelistic services. The friendship then formed between the head of the " follow-up " department and her volunteer assistant resulted later in a loss to the Westminster staff and a gain for that of Shensi when Sister Charlotte came out there to share Andrew Young's life and work.

By the rules of the B.M.S. he could not marry with the Society's consent until after the completion of his first year's language study, but by February, 1907, he was ready to proceed to Shanghai, take his examination there, and await the arrival of his wife to be. The shopping expeditions in search of furniture which followed their marriage were sandwiched between the meetings of the great Œcumenical Conference of 1907, a happy introduction for Mrs. Andrew Young to her future life in China.

They came back by the Han river, a three months trip, working with a teacher en route. By road and cart one can do practically nothing in this way, since such travel, though enjoyable, leaves little energy for study in the inns at the close of the day, whereas on a boat study is possible.

Study was varied by occasional excitements. At one place where they stayed for the night their boatmen engaged in a wordy duel with the villagers. Boats have to pull up to the bank at night on account of both currents and pirates ; and it is for this reason that one does not choose a lonely stretch of water but huddles up, in the company of other boats, by a riverside village or town. On this occasion, after a Donnybrook Fair free fight, one of the crew was carried aboard apparently a

broken man. The boat's captain wished to force the elders of the village to provide a substitute puller. Young was reminded of the endless quarrels of the Congo carrier days. "After spending a whole forenoon in palavering, the head man of the village agreed that eleven hundred cash—about one shilling—should be paid, in consideration of which the wounded man was willing to recover without undue delay. As a matter of fact he was in full working trim next day, so I was confirmed in my opinion that it was more temper than any injury." One has to remember that to the riverine population there is little mental recreation apart from talking. They do not read, they see no theatre save twice or thrice a year, and they have no idea of a systematic knowledge of nature. Small wonder that if the joy of a row presents itself, they should make the most of it; it is at least some distraction from the drab monotony of their lives, quite worth a small amount of bloodshed and an enormous amount of noise.

The boatmen were a very decent sort; they took life merrily in spite of cold, hunger, dirt and damp. A bit of dry bread and garlic, a good dose of sunshine, muddy water from the stream—slightly cleared by the use of alum—and at night a filthy wadded quilt in which to wrap themselves after puffing at a long pipe, of which the bowl (about the circumference of a sixpence) precludes undue extravagance, and then the sweet sleep of the hard, unimaginative toiler. Such was their life and they took it wonderfully well.

To the man who had known the empty leagues of river on the Congo the volume of trade on these Chinese rivers seemed immense, and he was never tired of exclaiming at the dense river population.

One advantage of taking this route to Sianfu is that

one obtains a good idea of Central China life; the life of the Yangtze-kiang and its tributaries. The dust or mud of the Honan-Sianfu road is changed for the endless variety of the waterway and the mountains. Also one sees work at stations directed by the Lutheran, the Swedish, the Brethren Missions and the C.I.M. Missions. All of which means education for the traveller. One weakness was apparent even to a passing and sympathetic visitor. "At Fancheng we stayed the whole afternoon and had the pleasure of meeting several of the missionaries there. They are all Swedish or Norwegian, some of them from America. One remarkable thing about the Norwegians is the number of different societies there are with practically no difference between them. It is said there are about twenty different Norwegian Lutheran Societies not having between them altogether more than one hundred missionaries."

The last stage of the journey from the Han River to the city, given good weather and roads free from bandits —and in those days there was real government in Shensi —is a delight. Young had always found in mountain scenery an uplift that took him out of himself. He was not likely to appreciate it less on the journey on which he brought home his wife.

"On Wednesday our course lay up the bed of the stream the whole day, through a gorge, there being magnificent high mountains on either side, all to a greater or less extent clothed in green right up to the summit. Thursday and Friday, however, crowned all as far as scenery is concerned. We passed through the high mountain ranges forming the watershed between the Yangtze and the Yellow rivers. The scenery was simply superb and cannot be described on paper. At the base of the hills stretched the light green of the rice fields,

above was the darker green of the trees, and higher still the yet darker combination of green and brown rising to the summits of the hills." It is in such scenes of beauty that the peasantry are asked by the priests of the local cult to believe in gods who are described as follows : " In going around the city in the cool of the evening—if the evening just now can be said to have any cool—we were taken into a temple and shown round. I do not think I ever saw such hideous figures as those of some of these gods. In an enclosure along each side of a courtyard was a representation of Hell. There were figures of poor wretches undergoing all the forms of torture that could be imagined. Some were being skinned alive, others sawn through, impaled on spikes, slashed to pieces. Ten kings were seated on thrones superintending the tortures which were carried out by demons whose faces were models of cruelty and ferocity. Altogether it was a gruesome spectacle, and yet the people who are supposed to believe that this is to be their fate do not seem to be in the slightest degree deterred from wrong-doing."

It had been a holiday and a wedding journey upon which to look back with joy and thankfulness all the rest of their days. " We are as happy as we can be " may not convey much from some men but from Andrew Young, who habitually said less than he felt, it means a great deal. " It is obvious that she was made for China—and for me." (This is after Mrs. Young had been thoroughly enjoying meetings with the women, in spite of the language barrier, at a Mission station passed en route, and had made nothing of the small discomforts of the boats.) " I simply can't begin to tell you what a difference having her with me makes in all my life."

By the first of July they were able to write from

their own home. They were in Sianfu at last and together.

They had a royal welcome in Sianfu and settled down in a house in the East Suburb, Young riding into the city each day for his hospital work. It was hoped that this arrangement would give them both a better chance of getting in some language study, though the medical needs that were always cropping up in the suburb itself —with its boys' and girls' schools—were numerous enough. Accommodation was very limited in the Mission premises, and though an Englishman may like his house to be his castle, he finds it is not always practical. "We are very comfortably settled now," writes Mrs. Young. "We have two large rooms—a bedroom and a sitting-room—and a small box-room to ourselves. We share a dining room, kitchen and store room with Mr. Keyte, who is taking a large part of Mr. Shorrock's work." We had a very happy time together. It is not every married couple who could put up with such an arrangement, but they did it with such genuine and simple kindliness that one had no sense of being an intruder. Then, too, we were all pretty busy folk in those days so that we did not see very much of one another. The idea that study could be done by two medical people in a populous suburb turned out to be a dream, especially in the great heat of a South Shensi summer. "It is a bit cooler to-day than it has been. Friday the thermometer stood at 105° in the shade, and it was difficult to study properly that day. However we are very well and happy, so little things like time and weather do not make so much difference." Thus Mrs. Andrew. When it comes to putting up with unpleasantness without complaint, it is the women of the mission communities who get the high percentage of marks.

This picture of their journey from the coast, their interest in the scenes through which they passed, and in the people whom they met, their facility for making light of the discomforts of travel, of enjoying it all as a picnic, brings out a characteristic which Young and his wife had in common; they were incorrigible gypsies. "The long road which stretches and the roadside fire" was to them pure joy. To pack up a change of linen, a Bible and a medical book or two and go off to the rescue of some sick body separated from them by roaring rivers and muddy roads was quite a casual affair. Even the babies did not cure them. Russell Young, must have travelled thousands of miles. Father was needed as a doctor, mother as a doctor or nurse or anæsthetist or housekeeper—it was all one so long as it was service, and it was all good fun—and so the babe was packed into the mule litter or cart, and off went the whole happy family in the greatest good humour.[1] The Lord wanted a piece of work done, and these two loyal souls set about the doing of it, not in the spirit of servants carrying out a task, but as those who had once for all the word, "I call you not servants but friends." As their Lord's disciples and friends they set out on the path He showed them.

The home they built reflected this trait in their characters. The "bottom drawer," dear to the hearts of the house-proud, became for them a kit-bag of useful articles that might be needed on the road or by the next waif or stray whom circumstance led to seek the shelter of the hospital. Since they, the owners of carpets and furniture, were there to-day but might be on the road next month, "let us enjoy our things whilst we can," they wisely said. One never dreaded coming out

[1] After the Revolution these trips had to be discontinued.

of the storm with muddy boots into the Youngs' sitting-room. "The things are here to be used," was their genial way of setting wet and muddy intruders at their ease. So there was never any reservation of "best" things. The home was a place to be happy in, a place for comfort. If on a cold winter evening, when the house-boys had been considerately sent to their rest, one came in unawares upon the Youngs, the fire in the room —at any cost it was a real open fire, not a stove—was more than a sitting-room fire, it did duty for a kitchen grate as well, and a saucepan or a kettle, not at all of drawing-room fashion, would soon bubble or sing. If there only happened to be one spoon between three of us and the saucer did not match the cup, who, at that late hour and impromtu meal, cared ? A few good prints on the walls, some curtains that were not ashamed to have plenty of colour, chairs that were big and comfortable—with not a spindle-legged horror amongst them—and a Bible or two whose covers showed signs of ill-treatment (it is hard on the bindings of Bibles when their owners are religious gypsies), a "Literary Digest," and one or two baby garments, or the darning-basket filled with the socks of a tramping physician made up the picture. Do people to-day read "Johnny Ludlow" or "The Channings" ? If so, the well-used room where a group of happy and utterly unpretentious people spent their days, described by Mrs. Henry Wood, is the nearest thing I know to this real Shensi home.

Happy people ! Happy Andrew !

CHAPTER VII

The Medical Missionary

THE "practice" of a Sianfu surgeon reaches to the boundaries of a province the size of England, and in addition it draws patients from a considerable portion of the neighbouring western province of Kansuh, the capital of which, Lanchow, is eighteen days' journey from Sianfu. Thus, in spite of all endeavours to confine medical activities to the precincts of the hospital, a certain amount of flying column work is unavoidable.

Most missionaries in the inland provinces of China know something of the discomforts and even of the risks of road travel, but none know them so well as do the doctors. For them the summons may come at any time and in any weather. The floods may be out; they may see rafts washed away on the treacherous, sudden-rising streams that flow into the Yellow River, the Yangtze-kiang, or the rivers of South China; but if they can by any means persuade hunger-driven, poverty-stricken boatmen to attempt the passage they must do so, since across the river their arrival may mean the difference between life and death. Through thirty miles of slush, under a steady drizzle, or over frozen, treacherous roads, on days when other travellers will resign themselves to being weather-bound in an inn, the doctor, not

from love of heroics or by reason of obstinacy, but in the prosaic performance of duty, plods on. And though he would deem it presumption on his part to quote such words, the words none the less do apply to his case: "That I might by all means save some."

One of the first requirements of the surgeon therefore is a horse and a seat thereon. Young had not ridden before his China career, but he started riding from his earliest Shensi days. Riding is not only the speediest means of travel, it is, when one is in health, the most comfortable. The bumping of the cart exhausts the traveller, whilst the sedan chair is both slow and expensive, besides being, in Shensi, when used by men, the particular mark of the official or the would-be official.[1] Of the mule-litter I have written, and with feeling, elsewhere.[2]

Within a few days of his first ride Young had to go to the Gospel Village, on the north side of the Wei River. It was a long, long ride, forty miles over Chinese field paths or on badly cut-up frozen roads. The long wait at the ferry over the Wei River made a welcome break, though he was stiff and sore on resuming the saddle. The saving feature of the ride was the amble of the Chinese pony. These ponies are trained to move the two right legs together, and then the two left legs together, and the result is a very comfortable gait, though one pays for it in the fact that the horse so trained is less sure-footed than the ordinary trotting horse.

The necessity for a doctor in the interior of a North China province being able to ride is a real, not an academic,

[1] These things differ in different provinces. They marked in Shensi a real class distinction, whereas in the south and west of the country the chair is the usual mode of travel.

[2] "The Passing of the Dragon," chapter XLVI.

question. After the revolution in 1913 the doctor in charge of the Sianfu Hospital was called upon in a hurry to attend the Governor of the province. (The Chinese title in those days was "Tutu", the term to-day is "Tuchun".) There had been an attempt to assassinate the Governor as he descended from his horse at the entrance to his yamen. In those young days of the Republic there was still some idea, in the provinces at any rate, of showing some of the simplicity supposed to attach to republican life. His Excellency Chou Tzu-chi, upon taking up the office of Tutu of Shantung, had tried walking about the streets like any ordinary citizen. Whilst in Sianfu the Tutu one day, in answer to the query, "Had he come in a chair?"—the day being a filthy one for riding—replied: "Oh, no; now that we are a republic, we cannot use men as animals to carry us." The attempt at republican simplicity has disappeared to-day, but it was being made then and explains why the Shensi Governor, riding with only one or two attendants, was an easy mark for the would-be assassin. An artery had been severed in the lower leg, and there was a nasty body wound besides. A squad of horsemen was sent tearing off to the hospital, to which they were accustomed to turn in any difficulty. They brought a good led horse for the use of the doctor in charge, who, unfortunately, was far from feeling at home in the saddle. The one idea of the excited group of Chinese mounted soldiers was to get that medico up to the yamen in time to save their master's life. The doctor was a new arrival, knowing very little of the Chinese language, but a non-medical colleague lived with him at the hospital to give what help he could, especially as interpreter. This colleague and the Tutu were by that time old friends, and so the former comes into this story. The soldiers put

the doctor on to the big beefy animal they had brought; the colleague rode his own pony, and they all started at a trot down the muddy, uneven street, no two yards of which could be called good going. After the first hundred yards it was evident that in this wise they would never get to the yamen with a live doctor, so a change of animals was effected, and with a corporal and the missionary riding on either side of the doctor, each with a hand on his shoulder, they went tearing down the street. To this day one wonders how they did it, since the Tutu's bodyguard, used for months to the riding of Young and Robertson, took it for granted that the two foreigners could stand any sort of pace and any sort of surface.

However, the Tutu's yamen was reached in time. He had lost a considerable quantity of blood, but was very plucky about it. The wounds were heavy enough to confine him for weeks within doors; a serious matter to one with his responsibilities. He made a good patient, as it happened, being a philosopher in his own way. In addition he had a nice sense of humour, and though attempted assassination might not seem amusing he managed to extract some smiles out of the incident.

It was on a trip to see a patient who had been hurt and could not get to him that Young for the first time came across the way in which a Chinese will help himself along the road when escorting mounted riders; the simple method being to catch hold of the horse's tail and hang on for all one is worth. "The horse did not seem to mind it a bit; but I should have thought it rather risky."

It was upon returning from his first trip to the Gospel Village, where he had stayed a few days, and where his visits to patients in neighbouring villages had been varied

only by attendance at long preaching services, of which he understood the spirit but none of the words, that he wrote: "I felt I had derived no small benefit physically and spiritually from the short change." From the stations in which we live to-day, served by railways and lit by electricity, with ice to be bought on the street in summer, one looks back on those Shensi days, when a three-hours' Chinese service was varied by such activities as Young describes, and to his description one adds the filth and the heat, the noise and the smells of which he makes no mention, and one knows that, strange though it may seem, it was quite true—those country trips *were* physically and spiritually beneficial. After all, they were filled with interest, the interest of one's work, and with the unending interest of the ways of the Chinese people, whom one came to know not merely as passers-by but as friends and genial acquaintances.

The riding in China replaced the tramping in Congo, but the living on the road was of the same hardy sort. "One does not require much in the way of luggage. A kind of wadded mattress, which serves as a bed, and a few garments are put into a bag and slung across the saddle so as to form a soft seat on which one can ride very comfortably indeed. We made pretty good speed too, averaging about six miles an hour, between thirty and forty miles in a day over such roads as we often have here." For food he would get what he could at the roadside inns, the main diet being "mien-t'iao", the Chinese equivalent of vermicelli. Andrew Young, who was content with anything which staved off hunger and allowed him to get on with his work, considered this "just fine", whereas weaker brethren like myself would secrete a bottle of Bovril to add to the strength and flavour of the "mien", and would also, by various

reprehensible contrivances, manage to produce a basin or pot of " real tea ", of the Ceylon or Darjeeling variety, with tinned milk added. In a Bond Street tea-room one may be superior and demand " China " tea, but after thirty miles on a muddy or dusty Chinese track—and if it isn't muddy it will be dusty—unheroic Britons will demand " real tea ".

It is on this road work that the medical missionary sees for himself what suffering the Chinese endure through wrong treatment at the hands of the old-style practitioners. A certain knowledge of herbs these latter have gathered during the long centuries, and in some of their methods, such, for example, as counter-irritants, they show skill; but their plasters, their objection to soap and warm water, their needle-probing and other devices mean martyrdom to many a sufferer. When one dives beneath the surface to find out the why and wherefore of their treatment the grotesqueness of the reasoning is often startling. It is a shock, for instance, to come across a patient who, upon his stomach, has a ghastly moving protuberance, which turns out to be a frog which, being cold-blooded, is there to draw away the undue heat of the patient's troubled organs. The doctors in Shensi were constantly meeting with instances of such methods. " We have one man who had his eye pierced to cure cataract; the result being that he lost it "—the loss being the eye and not the cataract. " Another man who came had had needles stuck in about the stomach and shoulder blade to cure indigestion. Strangely enough, he got no better but rather worse."

It is partly on account of the ease with which a patient's friends or guardians will turn to men using such methods

that treatment otherwise than in the hospital itself is so unsatisfactory. Even when no professional " doctor " is called in, the old ladies of the village, who have picked up some of these methods, will soon wear down the resistance of the patient's natural protectors until the unfortunate sick person is subjected to fantastic or dangerous " remedies ". The one real comfort known is opium, and the fatal facility with which resort is made to opium—or, in these later years when there is wealth enough, morphia—is yet another reason for insisting upon the patient being treated in a hospital.

As an evangelistic agency a case might be made for flying column work. There are medical missionaries who, provided they could depend upon a hospital to which cases needing surgical aid or carefully watched medical treatment could be sent, would do splendid service in opening up hostile or indifferent districts to the reception of the missionary's religious message. And not only so. The immediate relief they could give in many cases by the substitution of a simple treatment, easily understood by an ordinary villager, for some filthy quackery, the relief they could bring to the minds of the anxious through the knowledge that the case had been gone into by a properly qualified man—all this would be true Christian service. In certain districts where missions have to-day a number of qualified Chinese medical men, experiments are being made on these lines, but in 1906 (and as far as Shensi is concerned, in 1923) no such work could be attempted; all the available men and resources had to be put into the effort to carry on the work of the hospital.

There are in China two types of mission hospital at

work, due partly to the requirements of the work itself and partly to the temperament of the medical man in charge. The first is the large hospital—sometimes with a teaching school attached—in some great provincial capital; the second, the small hospital in a country town.

The genius of Stanley Jenkins had evolved a hospital of the former type, and it was here that Andrew Young commenced his China medical career. His own preference was always for the second type of work, but no one was ever more loyal than he in addressing himself to the immediate duty whatever his personal preferences might be. For most of his time in China he had to struggle with an elaborate and complicated machine which was not the hospital of his dreams. Only after his soul had been thus disciplined for years did that small hospital come at last to be a reality.

The necessity of the large hospital in Sianfu was proved to the full in 1911—the year of the Chinese Revolution—when it became the head-quarters of the medical work for the military of the province. Rough as its arrangements might have appeared to the casual traveller with elaborate hospitals of London and New York in mind, it had been so well planned and its service so well built up that it was able to stand the strain of a sudden and amazing expansion when China was plunged into civil war and the Sianfu plain became a shambles. It proved to be in the local medical world what Viscount Haldane's skeleton territorial force had proved in the English military world. The work of Andrew Young and Cecil Robertson in the Revolution was possible because the fine organizing ability of Stanley Jenkins—who was then home on furlough—had made their hospital expansion possible at the beginning of the troubles.

Long before Jenkins's return, Young and Robertson had had to adapt here and change there, in order to meet the needs of the kaleidoscopic times in which they lived. The old official world known to Jenkins disappeared, and a new race of Republican leaders took charge of the province, to whom he was not even a name; but the hospital still bore his stamp, and great was the joy of his two colleagues when into their over-driven, exhausted lives there came again that quiet, slim figure with its ascetic face, its gracious manner, and its unostentatious yet amazing sense of sheer power. For weaker men Stanley Jenkins's advent brought its own special temptation, the temptation to relax effort and to turn things over to one who seemed able to do anything; for men like Young and Robertson his coming meant a new and heartened tug at the yoke which now harnessed three workers instead of two; it meant a fresh output of ideas and energy.

The medical missionary in the interior of China has to obtain his knowledge of the country empirically. Books he may have read upon the country before arrival —such volumes as Wells's "Middle Kingdom," or books by Dr. Arthur H. Smith, Bland and Backhouse, Campbell Gibson, Sir Alexander Hosie—will be all to the good, but their help is of necessity very limited. What happens is that around certain figures or features of his Chinese life there will crystallize a large amount of first-hand knowledge of his new world. Gradually the gaps between these areas of the known will be bridged lightly by the surmised and the partially observed, until the man finds himself possessed of the fabric which we call "a Chinese background." Looking round for the

centres of crystallization one might perhaps place them as:

THE HORSE, THE MAGISTRATE, THE GATE-KEEPER, and *THE "LAO T'AI T'AI."*

The horse has walked on to our scene already. For our medical missionary the horse involves the middle man when buying the animal, the groom, the veterinary surgeon, the man who sells the bran, the peas merchant and the straw retailer; all of whom figure in the horse's life. Still more figures come within the purview if one travels without a servant. On a trip made by Dr. Cecil Robertson and myself on horseback in this way we found it necessary to talk many words with Chinese "Sam Weller's" acting as ostlers in the inn yards. At one inn where on a bitterly cold night we were caught without so much as a saddle rug between us, we had to bargain with the frowsy inn-keeper to hire us a wadded quilt ("p'u-kai") for the night. His asseverations that this same quilt was quite clean and free from all taint of infection formed a lesson in the Chinese language. We had either to pace the yard all night to keep ourselves warm or to use his quilt. Since we had been in the saddle all day and were drooping with fatigue we took the quilt, and, with fervent hopes that the last passing carter who had hired it had been free from smallpox or typhus, we cuddled up together in our overcoats, packing the quilt around the two of us, and dozed fitfully till the first streak of dawn made it possible for us to take the road once more. To the inn-keeper and the ostler should be added the roadside blacksmith.

One has at times to tramp many miles leading a limping horse before this last person is found. Other figures there are, but these will suffice. At the coast one need know none of these except the groom. The horse is bought at the dealer's, and the " ma-foo " (the groom) contracts for his wages and the animal's " board ". But in the unsophisticated interior one gets into direct touch with various figures, each of which has his value for the missionary, gathering about him as he does additional knowledge of the country.

The magistrate is a figure in the interior which of all missionaries the doctor needs most to know. For upon the magistrate's co-operation—not merely tolerance but active co-operation—and explicit sanction, he has to rely. In Sianfu before a patient underwent an operation, he or his friends had to sign an agreement absolving the hospital from all responsibility in the case of the patient's death. The Chinese law[1] upon responsibility for death is too involved and too capable of widely differing interpretation for us to go into here, but the reader can rest assured that such a precaution is essential, not only to prevent the hospital being suddenly called upon to pay ruinous costs, but also to prevent outbreaks of local ill-feeling based on rumour of wrong treatment. The agreement is therefore necessary, but for such agreement to have any weight the form of it must have

[1] By " law " here is not necessarily meant a modern authorized code, but that mass of authority available for the magistrate which is made up of precedents, classical excerpts and various mandates. The more one knew of some of the old style Chinese country magistrates the more was one impressed by the sound sense and the instinct for affairs which guided them through a maze of conflicting claims to their Solon-like conclusions.

the full sanction of the local magistrate, who will need, after an explanation in detail of its terms, to reassure himself that they can be reconciled with Chinese law. The necessity for this explanation is a fine opportunity for the medical missionary, and one which has been largely used. And this is only one of many questions on which the surgeon in charge of a hospital will need the approval and help of the magistrate. The burial of indigent patients, escort for travellers, arrangements for entrance and exit from city gates at unusual hours, an explanatory proclamation anent the hospital in times of crisis, a guard at the main gate of the building—any of these may be required. The magistrate and the missionary are both busy men, and each respects the claims upon the other's time, but their interviews are generally a mutual boon. Become friendly with a magistrate and you are given in succinct form, in words framed by a man trained to think, the reasons for so much that had appeared to you previously mere unmeaning prejudice and perversity. How the sense of relief comes back to one in remembering the sane quietness of an interview with a magistrate in his yamen, after the bewilderment of hours and even of days wherein incessant rumour and the clamours of conflicting claims had made judgement seem impossible. Imagine then the freedom to get on with his work which is given to the doctor after relations with the local authorities have been well established. For, once such relations *are* established there is no more trouble; year in year out the agreement will run.

If the hospital was in a country town serving a remote district the magistrate might be pathetically glad of the acquaintance of a man who not only represented the outside world—which any missionary would do—but

represented science which generally appealed to the magistrate more than did religion. Admiral Ts'ai T'ing-Kan recently told us, at a Peking assembly, that there were three doctors with whom he had to reckon; the doctor of law, the doctor of divinity, and the doctor of medicine. Of the first he saw as little as possible; with the second he contemplated holding *one* interview only; but with the third he proposed keeping on the friendliest terms all the time.

They are at times pathetically lonely, these country magistrates. The cultured Chinese from Fuchow, Canton or Tientsin, left for months without one of his own kidney in a country district in Kansuh, Yunnan or other province of the far interior, is one who may command the sympathy of his missionary neighbour, and prove the latter's opportunity.[1] Nor does one forget the call upon the surgeon by the magistrate for professional services. The latter cannot easily come into the hospital. Some of "the divinity which doth hedge a King" clings to the man who represents the authority of the state amongst the populace, so that he cannot mix with ordinary mortals in a hospital ward; whilst private wards are seldom possible. He has to ask the surgeon to depart from his usual custom and to pay a private visit. And the magistrate thus discovered in his home is often a very human, sometimes a lovable person.[2] One of the links which bound Dr. Cecil Robertson especially to General Chang Pei-ying, the gallant second-in-command in Shensi in 1911–12, was the former's care for the General's girl wife. Chang threw over all Chinese reluctance at calling in a male doctor, and himself carried out Robertson's instructions with unquestioning obedi-

[1] *Cf.* "Mandarin and Missionary in Cathay," by E. F. Borst-Smith.
[2] *Cf.* "Two Gentlemen of China," by Lady Hosie (Seeley Service).

ence. Where both the men were young, generous and frank, and working together under such conditions, it is not surprising that they grew to understand and like each other greatly. It is refreshing after the painfully prosaic way in which the marriage relationship is often, and perhaps inevitably, considered by the Chinese peasant whose main concern is necessarily the obtaining of food for a certain number of "mouths", to come across a real love story. Chang Pei-ying, the soldier-captain, snatching a few days' leave from the front now and again, and bringing to his girl wife a lover's devotion, brought a special gleam of colour and romance into the life Robertson lived in the hospital during those Shensi days. Faults in plenty had Chang Pei-ying —grievous faults—but he was a gentleman both on the field and in his home, and one reaches to a fuller and truer appreciation of the Chinese character after an acquaintance with such as he.

" The gatekeeper problem " is one of the most constant and difficult known to the medical missionary in Asia—certainly in China. The man who has been years in the East and knows something of this problem rebels against conventional pictures of St. Peter keeping the gate into heaven, and questions seriously if heaven can be heaven if a gatekeeper is necessary at all. The superintendent of the hospital may not be able to put his finger upon any case of patients being mulcted by the gatekeeper before they can see the doctor, yet he is never free from the uncomfortable suspicion. After a while he resigns himself to a state of uncertainty ; for if he dismiss the present gatekeeper he may possibly get a worse man in his place.

For the regular out-patient day the best safeguard the visiting public has is the general publicity. There are so many waiting to be seen; there is the clerk taking their names and the small fee—a few coppers, sufficient to insure that the "patient" does not try to get treatment for the sake of a bottle which he can empty of its medicinal contents and then sell; or does not take up the doctor's time on some wholly frivolous pretext—there is the evangelist preaching to the crowd in the waiting-room, the colporteur selling Scriptures; amongst all this bustle it would be difficult for the gatekeeper and his assistant to "squeeze" the applicants. It is when a man comes in an emergency, not in the regular hours, that one fears he may be victimized. Yet a gatekeeper who knows how to receive guests, to inquire into their business, to let the head of the hospital know in a few words what is required; such a man is a real treasure. When found one will put up with much rather than lose him. A stupid or uncouth gatekeeper though he be well meaning and honest, may by his gaucheries keep away from a hospital—or for that matter from any missionary enterprise—the very people it ought to help. But the gatekeeper is but one figure, though perhaps the outstanding one, in a group with which the medical missionary is being brought into daily contact, from each member of which he is learning his China. There is the head cook of the patients' kitchen, the business manager who buys the coal, oil, cloth and etceteras, the flour millers, the coolies—in short the whole class of non-technical assistants.

The gatekeeper in China is not merely an individual, he is an institution. He represents that underworld of hangers-on that gather around any Chinese public work. The difficulty which the patient has in reaching the

doctor typifies the difficulty the country has in establishing a swift reliable working relation between the country's executive and the people which it should serve; between the two stands a class, draining life from each, and yet a class which performs useful functions. There is no insuperable reason why it should not be as honest as another; but it has been accustomed for centuries to look for its remuneration to bribery rather than to a definite wage cleanly earned. Two reasons for this state of things stand out clearly. They do not cover the whole ground, but they are major reasons: (1) The over centralization of the executive; (2) the withdrawal of that executive from the public view. The first reason resulted in the long chain of intermediaries between the small town in a remote province and Peking, three thousand miles away. In studying the pictures of China's golden age as given in the classics, it is of first importance to keep in mind firmly the fact that the state there described was a small one—the size of one only of modern China's provinces. Through this state the writ could run and bear some likeness when executed to its form when leaving the throne. The second reason was due to the idea of the "Son of Heaven's" sanctity; a figment which had its immediate uses but held within it the germ of the executive's decay. The ensuing inability of the Emperor personally to transact business meant not the gradual upbuilding of constitutional government as in the case of a limited monarchy, but of a highly undemocratic bureaucracy.

One of the main movements in China to-day is that making for decentralization; a movement which aims at a Federation of autonomous Chinese States supporting of their free will, and for their own convenience, a federal centre—at Peking or elsewhere as shall be convenient—

the functions of which shall be to relate the country's federated interests with the governments of other nations. In this way thoughtful Chinese see a possibility of grappling with the parasitic problem, particularly with two of its worst instances; the military and the professional politician.

Out of his struggles with the highly centralized hospital Andrew Young's dream of the small hospital emerged as more than ever desirable; a hospital where the doctor could act as the father of a family; a hospital which was a home in which every member of the staff should be a son or daughter, where all were one "in Christ" and where all were soul-winners. Instead of large sums constantly going through the hands of some "business manager"—whose dealings were so large, so numerous and so involved that they could not be checked—there would be only the small daily accounts which could be handled easily and checked immediately. That there might still be leakage, even in the small hospital, was true, but it could be sooner detected and would affect fewer people, and the doctor could sleep o' nights feeling that he was not daily putting too great a temptation upon a business manager; that his dispensers and other assistants were not being given undue opportunity of selling hospital drugs to medicine shops in the city; and that the gatekeepers were not making their pockets the first consideration when allowing patients to see the doctor. That dream hospital was realized at last when he came to live in San Yuan, though his work there, alas, was all too short.

But as a centre around which gathers a large amount of Chinese knowledge, the most interesting figure and certainly the most insistent in demands upon the

attention, is the "lao t'ai-t'ai"—the old lady—the grandmother of a Chinese family.

One gets a better opportunity of realizing the worth of this character and also the discipline of the spirit which she represents, by reading Young (and others) upon the first woman patient of the Sianfu hospital. She impressed him so much that he does not give her name, but refers to her always as if she were above mere surnames. For him she was always "the first woman patient." Her name was Li, and she was a veritable Mrs. Proudie in managerial ability, though her original autocratic instincts were so mellowed and coloured by her Christianity that the disagreeable aspects of Mrs. Proudie receded more and more into the background as time went on. She was suffering from a large tumour which involved a heavy operation and a prolonged stay in the hospital. Having been accustomed to ruling the little world of her own household—husband, sons, daughters-in-law and grandchildren—with an iron hand, she naturally wanted at first to rule the women's ward of the hospital likewise. For the foreign doctor she had respect. Here was deep calling unto deep. Did he not also rule a little kingdom? A fellow potentate she could meet on terms of amity. But as for ward boys, dispensers, assistants male or female, let them recognize authority. Was she not the old lady? Had not her daughters-in-law born men children into the world? Was it not fixed in the laws of the universe that to such as she rule was given? And she proceeded by the power of her tongue to attempt to extend her empire. Poor lao t'ai-t'ai! She met with some severe shocks and put up a brave fight before she recognized that even in a mission hospital, where kindness is the dominant note and red tape is never exalted, there must be rules

and these must be followed by *all* inmates ; even by the exalted in the earth. Very voluble were her protests, very scathing her scorn ; driven out of one entrenchment she fought gamely in the next ; but at length when it was made clear that she must obey or go, she submitted, only to find out how delightful submission could be.

She set herself, whilst in the hospital, to learn what could be learned, and her powerful intellect found a whole world of interest in the new ways of management she saw around her. But especially she set herself to learn " the teaching" which she was quick to see was the spring of the whole hospital life. She learned to read, she learned to pray, she even attempted to sing. And she broke through the barriers of age and prejudice and pride, when she learned the Truth that is in Jesus Christ. Her nature was transfigured, but the proportion of its elements was still there. A leader she would always be. As she had led in her village, so now she led in the women's ward ; as she had forced her previous convictions upon the attention of her neighbours, so now she went about telling those whom she met of the Jesus who had come into her life " telling her all things that ever she did ". And on her lips was the question : " Is not this the Christ ?" The fine intellect which had been so starved, had a new world of thought opened to it, to which it turned gratefully.

When she returned home she sang not only the praises of the physician and the hospital staff—though the loyal grateful soul did that in full measure—she sang the praises of her Saviour, and was determined that " everybody should know " what joy was hers and might be theirs. She was back shortly at the hospital clamouring for preachers to be sent to her village. Husband and sons had to tramp miles to attend worship.

The wonder is that they did not hate it, but presumably they had so long listened to her dictates when these were burdensome, that the new orders seemed easy enough to obey. And soon they reached that point when they came for their own sakes. " We were surprised on Sunday afternoon, seeing that it was a very wet day, to have our afternoon service so well attended and to see the bright smiling face of the husband of our first woman patient. He had tramped in nearly ten miles in the rain."

When she paid them a visit in state Jenkins and Young resigned themselves good-humouredly to an hour's discipline. Young says: " Her tongue went sixteen to the dozen, and one couldn't get a word in edgeways." The early services in her home resulted in a whole village being interested, and a place of worship—the first purely Shensi church home thus erected—was built.

Such is the " lao t'ai-t'ai ". To attempt to ignore the place of the old grandmother in Chinese society is folly; even as to submit uncritically to her untutored and undisciplined demands would be disastrous. She is a force to be reckoned with, a force to be directed to right uses. She is more than a mother-in-law, she is China incarnate, which is why no Chinese potentate for generations has so impressed the imagination both of her own people and of intelligent foreigners brought within the range of her influence as has " The Old Buddha ", as the Empress Dowager Tzu-Hsi—she of the Boxer Year—was called. The " old lady " represents family stability, the sense of decorum, filial piety, and the sense of a home always there to which the wandering male can return. She is very much the queen bee of the hive.

For the Christian Church the " lao t'ai-t'ai " can be an invaluable friend. She may still be inclined to

domineer, but at least her leading is in the direction of righteousness. And slowly she is learning that respect for the personality of others which is inseparable from Christianity. To the daughters-in-law to whom she was once an unmitigated terror, she now opens a new and enlarged world. True, they may find their new teacher of reading is the old task-mistress in a new guise, but at least they do learn to read. They may be urged somewhat violently to enter the Kingdom, but if they enter they bear no grudge. And if for the daughters-in-law there comes a new world, to the grand-daughters there comes a joyous full life of which their predecessors never dreamed ; the boarding school with its lessons that are a pleasure, the drill, the games, the songs ; the return home to show new treasures in sewing and crochet and drawing ; a life wherein they have a real contribution to offer instead of being mere despised drudges. To-day, Chinese Government schools for girls are springing up on all sides and doing good work, but in the early days of the Missions they alone opened such a world to China's daughters. Even to-day the Mission schools for girls have a great contribution to make through their moral tone and their greater discipline, quite apart from their religious hope.

Here then are centres around which the new-comer's knowledge of China grew. Other figures there were and will appear in Andrew Young's story, but in the early days it was from these—the horse, the magistrate, the gatekeeper, and the " lao t'ai-t'ai "—that increasing understanding of his Chinese environment was gained by means of which the doctor grew into the Chinese landscape.

Meanwhile his own particular world—the missionary

hospital—had been growing; built up not according to some *a priori* plan—though every medical missionary comes out to China with such a plan tucked away in his mind—but along lines of development which grew out of the modifying influence of personnel and circumstances upon the main medical policy of the Mission. A neighbouring house would be bought which allowed of added beds, a neighbouring yard might be leased which allowed the patients to obtain exercise away from the temptations of smuggled opium or deadly dainties. New departments, long necessary, were made possible with the borrowing of an assistant from a neighbouring province, or with the subsidizing of some bright youth for a course of training. A heaven-born nurse was found whose scamp of a husband had left her stranded and only too willing to be taught to help in a women's ward. And so on. Instead of the beautifully even building of a new edifice from a plan, there was the slow articulation of an endless series of living opportunities. As the skeleton cells in a slowly-growing coral reef will in the end raise the reef above the waves, so the hospital gradually emerges out of the varied and seemingly innumerable experiments and difficulties into an established fact.

This is not to say that there has been failure to plan; the process has not been a "muddling along", it has been a "growing up". In 1904 the Mission had secured premises in Sianfu city for hospital purposes, and that was the limit of its progress medically. The party described above[1] arrived shortly before Christmas. By Christmas, 1905, there was a hospital, including men's and women's wards, in full work. How was it done? In January, 1905, the one Chinese with any training was Mr. Li Jen, the dispenser. He was immediately taught to act as

1 *See* Chapter V., p. 125.

anæsthetist. Cheng T'ien-yu, the boy who had been at Spalding Grammar School, was put under Mr. Li as assistant and to learn as quickly as might be what the latter knew. He was a quick boy, with plenty of initiative and courage. Unfortunately he had also the defects of his virtues, and his temper was uncertain. He was not a native of the province, had no Chinese education, and was regarded by the ordinary run of hospital assistants as something of an exotic who held his place by virtue of having thrown in his lot entirely with the foreigners. Yet, in spite of a hitch here and there, he got through a great deal of work, and when firmly handled was a useful helper. Every other assistant had to be "grown". A coolie showing intelligence and character was promoted to ward boy, whilst a ward boy who showed aptitude soon made himself felt and was promoted by the doctor. The first operation of any importance was the amputation of a tubercular patient's leg just below the knee. This patient was a Christian, a senior boy in the Middle School. It was a serious matter for the Mission, since anything untoward in this case might have meant trouble throughout the church and the city. At that operation Mr. Li Jen was the anæsthetist, whilst T'ien-yu and one of the new non-medical missionaries were the raw assistants for swabbing and other jobs. When the foot was off it was put "in pickle", and after a time it was dissected before the three assistants and they were shown the honeycombing which the disease had effected. This was in Stanley Jenkins's early days, before Young's arrival. It is a sample of the way in which the hospital service was built up; teaching, teaching, and yet again teaching. Every opportunity had to be seized to open the mind, and increase the usefulness of such material as was to

hand. As soon as a man had mastered a subject he was set the task of teaching it, as far as he was able, to another man who would subsequently be further drilled and instructed by the doctor himself. Soon T'ien-yu replaced Li Jen as dispenser whilst the latter was doing the minor operation on the pouched eyelid, an operation which was so common in the Sianfu Hospital. The next year saw a quick schoolboy learning dispensing—including, in his words, the " Latin " language—from T'ien-yu, and, in course of time, the doctor, whilst T'ien-yu had become an anæsthetist. Ultimately, when Mr. Li Jen could be spared he, along with three senior students from the Mission's Middle School, was sent to take a full medical course in Hankow.

And so the staff grew.

But besides this technical staff there was growing up a little hospital world. As an instance, one thinks of the milling department. Since " mo-mo " (small loaves of steamed bread) and " mien-t'iao " (the Chinese vermicelli) formed the staple diet, flour had to be bought in great quantities. At a later date this was contracted for with a flour merchant, who delivered such quantities as might be required at a fixed price. But in the early years wheat was bought after harvest, in a district away north of the Wei River where the price was low, transported to Sianfu and stored in the hospital, which had its own corn-grinding mill, with a couple of men to undertake the milling—with the help of two mules. Night and day the " chug, chug, chug-a-chug " of the flour bolting could be heard from that corner of the large stable yard.

The preparation of the cotton-wool was another activity. To use beautiful white cotton-wool in neat blue paper wrapping and red-cross label might do for occasional work,

but on the scale demanded in Sianfu the cost would have been prohibitive. Here, again, a man was detailed to buy the cotton from the fields at the right time of the year. The cleaning and sterilizing of the stored cotton took the entire time of a man who had been carefully trained for this work.

The hospital beds were formed of three planks nailed to cross-pieces, laid across a couple of trestles. The covering was of rough Chinese matting, upon which the patient's own bedding was laid. Together with repairs and minor alterations as to doors and windows—and the hospital had to be constantly altered as the work developed, a thing easily effected with mud-wall buildings —this meant a joiner always on the premises.

The thick, crude vegetable oil which could be used impartially for lighting or cooking purposes, and which fed the dim wicks in the wards, meant further storage and a man as lamplighter and cleaner. Bandages had to be made from native cloth, and took up the time of yet another assistant. The heating was supplied by charcoal set in iron braziers upon a rough wooden frame that could be moved about as required. The kitchen was a little *imperium in imperio* by itself.

And so on through the various needs of a hospital A.S.C. working far from railway facilities and with the need of economy always before its eyes.

It is evident that the business manager, a Chinese who had started years before as a coolie, and who by sheer ability had raised himself to a position of buyer first to the Mission schools and later to the hospital, had large opportunities of making an illicit fortune. Yet for the foreign doctor himself to attempt the buying would probably have meant paying out more money, and an expenditure of time that would have strangled his

medical work. All he could do was to check accounts as well as possible and occasionally, from independent sources, compare his buyer's prices. Every foreigner who has heavy transactions in buying or selling will know how limited are his powers of tracking down misappropriations. Also it should, in fairness, be remembered that the man acting thus is only working along lines immemorial in the country, and which he can see paralleled all about him to-day. He did his work well —at least others were not allowed to rob the hospital !— and showed a real concern for the hospital's welfare and a jealousy for its advancement. Moreover, when such a man's peculations are tracked down and the offender dismissed, there still remains the problem of finding—if possible—a more honest successor.

The only remedy in this generation is to add a foreigner to the staff who shall give his whole time to the management of the service staff and to the buying. The excellent work done by Mr. G. G. Wilson for the old Medical College in Peking, and by Mr. Frank Harmon for the Tsinan Medical College and Hospital, has not only shown the way to economy of mission funds, but has been invaluable in releasing medical missionaries who are thus enabled to devote their whole energy to their true work. For them it is an unspeakable relief to turn over questions of the kitchen, the heating, the coolie service, etc., to a friendly colleague, and to have no anxiety as to details of disbursements or receipt of fees. The strength of brilliant men like Stanley Jenkins, of sensitive souls like Andrew Young, was wasted sadly upon work of this description, their usefulness curtailed, and their spirit almost broken.

Where the mission is unable to spare such a man, the only philosophical course is to regard the " squeeze "

made by your Chinese business manager as a part of his salary unofficially recognized. Whether this is not the costlier expedient for the mission is a question that must be settled at head-quarters. It certainly entails an enormous cost in time and superintendence, as well as in heart-searching and anxiety to the foreign doctor in charge, whilst it is at least possible that the amount saved by the foreign business manager would be considerably more than the difference between his salary and that of the old-time assistant.

To a sensitive, ultra-scrupulous soul like Andrew Young this problem was one long agony. To *know* that the Society was being robbed, and yet not to be able to remedy this wrong, rode him like a nightmare.

And, unfortunately, the evil cannot be confined to one man. Its very nature involves a widespread conspiracy. The man who buys has not only to square the sellers, he has to bully or cajole or otherwise silence those workers in the hospital who are in a position to detect his methods. It is only when the inevitable happens at last and the man is discovered *in flagrante delicto* and, being dismissed, can no longer overawe his former underlings or colleagues, that one discovers how elaborate was the system of deception and how many workers had been drawn into it and tainted by it.

From the small household of the poorest teacher whose cook " goes to market ", to the huge Government departments in Peking, the system runs, and one can only try by constant care to minimize the temptations placed in the buyer's way. For the Christian worker, and especially for the doctor who sees so much of the sordid side of life, real grace is needed that such care should not be accompanied by harshness and unchristian temper, still more that it give not place to an established cynicism or

to indifference to moral issues. The safeguard lies in the work itself, the insight into the many good traits in human nature, and particularly Chinese human nature, which the work gives, and, above all, by a deeper realization of our dependence upon our spiritual and fundamental resources.

When he comes to his direct work the missionary doctor happily sees much to correct any tendency to pessimism, for here the many virtues of the Chinese can be seen. Perhaps the most striking of these is their patience. Take as an example their patience under restrictions which must have been for them sadly irksome. There were no trained nurses in the Sianfu Hospital when Young first joined the staff. Patients had to have a relative or friend with them to look after them. As they often came from remote places where they had never seen a foreigner before, much less heard of his hospital regulations, one can understand that it was difficult to keep much discipline in the wards. The wonder is that things went so well. The adaptability of the Chinese to new conditions and their patience in conforming to regulations the reasons for which they did not understand, made things smoother than one could have hoped.

An instance of the way in which the hospital development was influenced by peculiar local conditions is provided by the case of the Sianfu beggars. The case of a tramp admitted into the hospital in those early days is worth noting, because it was so typical of what was always recurring.

The beggar problem is always a difficulty for the medical missionary; how to help the one case which needs help and not at the same time to swell the coffers of the beggars' guild or put into worthless hands money

which would be spent in opium at the close of the day. "We went for a walk outside the suburbs the other evening just about sunset," writes Andrew Young, "when we stumbled outside a kind of beggars' sleeping-place. It was simply a large hollow formed by the removal of clay to make bricks in days gone by. Caves were cut into the sides, and these formed the resting-places of the beggars—a few of them. They form quite a large community in the city. They are mostly clad in sack-cloth and rags, have long unkempt hair, and often add to the loathsomeness of their appearance by cutting their heads or bodies and letting the blood stream down over them. Theirs is indeed an animal existence. I suppose it is so attractive to them because they don't have to work. But they have a hard time in winter. One of that class—a boy—came to the hospital about two years ago and was taken in and cured. He aspired to better things and so he was sent to school, where he has shown exemplary diligence. He is now, I believe, a church member."

A mission hospital has to devise such means as it can to guard against being exploited by the merely greedy—the people who can afford to pay for their food and medicine and who would pay far more than the hospital charges to an old-time, needle-probing Chinese herbalist. Also, as far as can be done without hurt to the initial purposes of the hospital, such an institution should be made to support itself and not be unnecessarily a charge upon funds collected at home; but when all this is said there will always be cases of real indigence, in which, should the Christian hospital refuse shelter and aid the victim will die untended and in pain. Looking back upon those Sianfu years under Jenkins and Young and Robertson one sees the rough-and-ready methods

inseparable from the primitive conditions being gradually replaced by a proper hospital system, a nursing staff organized, dormitory and refectory and dispensary rules gradually tightened, but with it all always the loophole left for the broken wayfarers of life who had no other asylum. The outhouses continued to be filled—sometimes with men whom to go near was a physical trial—and at times the walls of the stable-yard would have a lean-to of straw thatch placed against them, beneath which, on a mat and a bed quilt, lay some refugee. By the light of a storm lantern you picked your way after the doctor as he went round these open-air " wards " at night and, however cynical you might have felt yourself growing half an hour previously, you took fresh heart and found new courage to believe in goodness.

The beggar referred to above, who seemed to be in a dying condition when admitted, made a wonderful rally. " He was at worship to-day for the first time. He is an opium smoker besides the trouble for which he was admitted, and is under treatment for breaking off the opium. We have four of these opium cases at present, all of them being under treatment for other ailments." In this connection one is reminded that a large proportion of the opium victims in China became what they are to-day through taking opium to deaden pain whilst suffering from some disease.

A feature of the work to which Young never could accustom, still less reconcile himself, was the long delay between the first recognition of a disease or the meeting with some accident, and the arrival of the patient at the hospital. Many would only consent to come after delay had made the case hopeless. If they had been brought earlier they could have been saved easily, but it had been left too late. This was particularly the case

with the women. His experience on the Congo does not seem to have prepared him for the reluctance of the Chinese to call in foreign medicals, particularly for the women sufferers. It is still one of the greatest trials of medical missionaries in China.

Young's first operation in China was, characteristically enough, upon one of the poor outcasts. He saw him again in February, 1908, at the yearly church meetings, to which the members came from far and near. In 1905 this man had been a regular tramp—dirty, ragged, very nearly blind ; now he was a clean, cheerful-looking, strong fellow with perfect sight. He had become a church member. " There are some bright spots," Young adds, " in the medical work, as you see. This is one of the direct results from it, as the man had had no previous interest in or knowledge of Christian truth."

And here we might consider one phase of the medical missionary's work which man after man that I have known on the field has always put in the very forefront : the evangelistic side of the hospital. Dr. Stanley Jenkins was, and Dr. Harold Balme still is, unsurpassed amongst the Society's missionaries as preachers in the Chinese language. Andrew Young, though coming later to the country, attained real freedom in this work, and it was a great joy as well as a great burden to him to preach the Cross.

Young had arrived in Sianfu in time for Christmas, and it was announced that they were to have a *short* service in the hospital on Christmas morning. The evangelist who was in charge of the city central preaching hall took the lead, and spoke for an hour and a half, whereupon Young remarks, " I wonder what an ordinary, or long, service conducted by that man will be like ". He was to learn. Of late years, owing possibly to the

modifying influence of other workers—Anglicans, Y.M.C.A., and Seventh Day Adventists—it has been borne in upon the Shensi Christian hearer that possibly a service can be concluded under two hours and a half.

The mid-week prayer meeting, a meeting held in English, he found a great help. "If the prayer meeting is the pulse of any work, then I should judge that the work here is in a pretty healthy condition, because I found the meeting most refreshing and stimulating." Those were the days when we used to read a sermon, and that first afternoon a sermon of Dr. Jowett, "The Power of the Cross", was read, "For we preach Christ crucified" being the text.

The ride to the Gospel village referred to above[1] was due to a half-yearly Church Assembly which was held there. Between the meetings the doctor attended an out-patient department and gave such help as he could in minor cases, serious cases being sent in to the hospital in Sianfu. He found it slow work at first obtaining a diagnosis through an interpreter. The last meeting of the conference was a communion service. He was asked to speak a few words through interpretation. The chapel was filled. "I trust real lasting impressions were made by the word which was under consideration. I could not help thinking as I looked at them that there were enough Christians there to set the whole province on fire. May they be filled with the power which is necessary if that end is to be attained!"

But though they took their full share in public preaching and personal evangelism, the surgical duties of the medical missionaries made it inevitable that the major part of such work should be done by the Chinese evangelists, and perhaps one cannot better describe the work

[1] Page 148.

of such men than by painting the portrait of one of their number.

It was about July, 1906, when the regular hospital evangelist was away on his summer holiday and needed a substitute, that Mr. Chou first came to Young's notice, to be his delight and his bewilderment for years. He had been a professional teller of historic stories. The profession of " raconteur " is a recognized one in China, and more than invitations to dinner are its reward—though these are not wanting. The cinema and gramophone may starve the story-teller out ultimately, but one hopes it will not be yet. It is a pleasant sight to see a tea-shop in a large city in the cool of a summer evening with fifty or a hundred lightly—very lightly—clad workers sitting at square tables drinking Chinese tea and listening to a long *novelle* as told with gusto and dramatic action by the professional. Generally these stories have a historic background and come near to that Italian basic material so much used by Shakespeare. The nearest modern equivalent would, I presume, be the Waverley novels.

A man thus trained to hold a public audience and to seize upon the salient and picturesque points in a narrative has, upon becoming a Christian preacher, great advantages. We have never had in Shensi a preacher who could so appeal to a popular audience as could Mr. Chou. But the very Bohemianism of his early training meant that any carefully thought out constructive series of sermons was beyond him, and placed side by side with men who were constantly doing such work, he seemed shallow to the Christians of long standing, used to listening day after day to sermons of forty-five minutes' length upon the Epistle to the Romans or the prophecies of Isaiah, and who had not always the wit

to see how precious, for one particular phase of the work, were the gifts of the newcomer. The man who could hold a popular audience on the street or public square or in the street preaching hall " lost face " when it came to taking his turn as the Sunday preacher for the church service, and still more so when at quarterly conference meetings he had to attempt a serious sermon before students and elders. The Bohemianism came out also in a more unfortunate way ; he could not live within his income. He had always lived from hand to mouth ; a good series of audiences at tea-shops would allow him to buy something on the spur of the moment in the way of clothes or books, flowers or ornaments, which might take his eye ; whilst the constant dining in restaurants, where patrons would show their appreciation by inviting him to a good dinner, made him not a gourmand but somewhat of a gourmet. And it is no use expecting that each man who becomes a sincere believer in the Christian faith is going to be suddenly wise in all aspects of life. It is as unreasonable to expect that Mr. Chou should suddenly become the staid and serious student of ascetic and regular habits, as it is to expect that Feng Yu-hsiang, the Christian General who has been thrust into such prominence in public life, should with his Christianity—which is undeniable and sincere—develop in a few years all the political wisdom and finesse necessary to hold his own with the trained professional manipulators of politics and parliament who are so much in evidence in Peking to-day. It will be understood therefore why Mr. Chou was the cause of mingled feelings to one who desired above everything that the hospital should be a place where sufferers might learn to know the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ for themselves. No Chinese evangelist in the city could so help the unversed in

Christian truth to grasp its fundamentals. But the bewilderment came in when one had to fit in Mr. Chou's salary—which had to be on the usual scale for fear of showing favouritism, since of all lands China is *the* land of trades unionism—with the way of living to which he had been accustomed before he gave up his old work for the new.

But the man's work! Day by day he would move about in the wards, sitting first by this bed and then by that, setting the patient at his ease, inquiring into his progress, with a word of sympathy here and encouragement there, and leading up always—and always naturally—to the work and love of the Good Physician. *And he didn't preach sermons!* Before his arrival the good hospital evangelist had only the one method—to assemble the patients together and preach to them; firstly, secondly, thirdly, and so on. Chou broke up that method and taught what personal evangelism might be.

One of the medical missionaries' real loyalties is the way they themselves turn up to "li-pai"—the morning or evening daily worship, and the long, long Sunday services. Here is the lady doctor Mrs. Young in her first Shensi days: "I went to early morning prayers this morning and it *was* cold. I kept wondering how some of the home people would enjoy kneeling, a morning like this, on a cold stone floor, with not one bit of heat in the whole building, at that hour of the morning and with no breakfast inside. An hour seems rather long when one cannot understand."

"Morning li-pai" is a feature of the Shensi Mission the fame of which has gone abroad, carried by travellers who have, when passing through the city, spent a day or two as the Mission's guests. It lasted at least an hour, of which three quarters went into biblical exposition. It

built up a body of well-instructed Christians. Andrew Young revelled in it; even as a method of acquiring a Chinese vocabulary it had its advantages, and as strong meat for a man brought up in the old Covenanting traditions it was additionally acceptable. In October it was pleasant enough. In the depths of winter it was, as Mrs. Young describes it, sufficiently heroic. And if the daily morning worship was thus, what would the full Sunday service be? Yet no members of the Mission were more faithful in their attendance at those long sessions than the medicals who might so easily have pleaded fatigue. And to-day in a large University like Tsinan, where there are Arts, Theological and Medical Schools side by side, the same thing holds.

From its first opening the hospital was always full except at harvest time and the Chinese New Year. After the Revolution even these relief periods were uncertain. Eye cases there always were in great numbers except when the wounded from the battlefields crowded them out. Tubercular and venereal disease accounted for many more cases. Victims of minor accidents were always dropping in, and sometimes an explosion would fill up a ward. One ghastly explosion in a match factory entailed much work for the hospital. On another occasion a number of soldiers from the old-style Manchu guard got into trouble. (Incidentally one is glad to have known those quaint old-world warriors with their muzzle-loading guns, their wonderful swords and spears, their remarkable horsemanship with its bow and arrow accompaniment, *and* their civility. One would gladly exchange the modern military product for them. The old-style warrior was certainly quite as efficient in policing

the country as is his successor, and he could be depended upon to obey his officer.) There had been long continued rains in the province, the roads were become rivers, and there was danger that the crops would be washed away. So the soldiers of the east barracks carried out an old Chinese custom; that of firing at the clouds in order to stop the rain. They were engaged in this when a spark from one of the guns lighted on a bag of gunpowder which at once exploded, with the result that two men were burned so extensively over head and face and neck that their case was hopeless. But they were brought along to the Mission hospital in case anything could be done. "It was a job getting them cleaned and dressed, and we were working at them till about ten o'clock at night. Then of course they needed to be watched constantly. (Some of the soldiers from the barracks took this duty in turns.) They needed to be dressed daily, *each time taking an hour and a half at least.* One died on the Monday, the other lingered till Saturday morning, when he also passed away. We trust that though we were not permitted to save their lives the work done in ministering to them will not be devoid of effect on their friends."

It was in 1907 that Young first had brought to him a victim of a certain form of Chinese justice; a soldier who had undergone the "light bamboo" punishment. The victim is laid down on his stomach, whilst a light flat piece of bamboo is struck lightly but repeatedly upon the back of his thighs. The tiny blood vessels under the skin are broken and the remorseless tap, tap, tapping of the bamboo on the swollen and discoloured limb goes on till the number of strokes has reached the required amount—in the hundreds. The result is gangrene. In this particular case the man's only chance of life, when

he reached the hospital, was to have the leg amputated. Naturally the poor fellow shrank from it. In China amputation is dreaded even more than it would be at home, the patients generally preferring to risk loss of life itself to the loss of a limb. The soldier, however, very soon learned to trust this surgeon, who said that in the operation lay his only chance of life, and through his trust in the surgeon's character as he saw it he brought himself to consent. The operation was successful. Faith in another had brought the man to physical recovery. He remained long enough in the hospital to learn much of Christian truth, and it was Young's hope that such a man might learn a Greater Faith still.

In later years when this barbarous punishment was continued after the Revolution, for republican as previously for imperial soldiery, Young, who by that time could make what representations he wished, sent in an ultimatum to the army authorities that if they continued to load up the hospital with these unnecessary cases of horrible wounds due to this senseless bambooing they could not have treatment for their casualties. The hospital could not undertake both. What other punishment was substituted we never knew, but for that time, and in that district, the dreadful practice ceased.

Patients who were insane were brought in occasionally. Mrs. Young speaks at one time of being anxious for Andrew to return from a trip in order to deal with a poor crazy old woman who was blind as well as an opium smoker. Her son had brought her to the hospital and then disappeared. Nothing could be done for her, and she was quite unmanageable at times. Ultimately the hospital evangelist took the old woman back to her village, only to be told that her son—evidently in fear of being again charged with the care of his mother—had

disappeared. He was eventually found and the mother left with him. The first insane case that was brought to the hospital was in 1903, and the manner of the arrival shocked us greatly. The poor patient, a man of about thirty, came loaded with heavy chains and led by his relatives. It seemed a brutal exhibition, yet in an inland province where there are no asylums for the insane, and the family is too poor to depute one of the members constantly to guard the patient, it is difficult to see what else could be done, if the community is to be safeguarded from the danger of sudden outbreak.

Here are a few typical cases showing how the medical missionary spent his days : " We are pretty busy, lately having had nearly twice as many patients as we are supposed to find room for. One young fellow was brought in about ten days ago with his thigh bone broken in two places. He had fallen from a roof in the West Suburb. He was a difficult case to manage. The splints would be all fixed carefully and satisfactorily one day, and when I went into the ward next day they were off, lying beside him. This was done several times, but yesterday he seemed to have come to his senses and to be getting on better.

" Another boy came in some little time ago with disease of the lower jaw. About three-quarters of the lower jaw was dead, and the smell from it was fearful. It had to be taken away with all the teeth attached, so that all he has left is about a quarter of the jaw on the right side with two teeth attached. He began to improve, however, right away, and is now nearly all right. It does not make so much difference in the shape of his face as you would imagine. He is able to eat quite well, and is altogether in a much better condition than when he came in, when one really could not have stayed in

the same room with him." A month later: "His face is much less disfigured than it was, and indeed I caught him looking at himself admiringly in the glass, just this morning." Two weeks later: "The little boy went back home to-day. It is rather a strange coincidence that his name is Ch'in, because he really has not got much of a chin left. His home is at a place about 120 miles away from here, near a town which has never been very favourably disposed towards foreigners."

The carbuncle is a constant trouble in North China, where the air is so full always, except in the rainy season, of fine dust. "An elderly banker came in with a carbuncle five or six inches across. It had to be almost entirely excised, leaving a hole about five inches across and one in depth. That, however, is rapidly healing, and he looks like a different man from what he was when he came in."

One patient taken in with tubercular glands in the neck had to have forty good-sized glands, many of them as large as a big chestnut, taken away from one side of his neck. "The other side remains to be done," continues the doctor, "and will probably yield an equal number." One is inclined to wonder how much neck would be left, but a fortnight later: "I operated on the other side a little later and removed an almost equal number, so that altogether we must have taken between 70 and 80 away." It is comforting to read the added sentence: "he is nearly all right now."

In connection with a case of paralysis one gets a glimpse of those Shensi surgeons which sweetens one's estimate of humanity. "One little girl is in a pitiable condition. She is paralysed from the middle of her back downwards from disease of the spine, and has frightful sores, due to the diseased condition of the

nerves supplying the skin. She is just skin and bone. It takes a long time twice a day to dress her." The care with which they themselves so often did these dressings, and the pains they took to teach their assistants to copy their gentleness in this matter, is one of the vivid pictures which one loves to recall in connection with Andrew Young and his two colleagues, Stanley Jenkins and Cecil Robertson.

Footbinding was practised rigidly in Shensi, and the women's feet were unusually small. Writing from San Yuan when he was building the hospital there, Young says: "We had a very sad case the other night. A man brought along his little daughter of eight years old, whose mother had died two or three months ago. The little child had been sent to her prospective mother-in-law's house, and there she had had her feet bound so tightly that gangrene had set in. The toes and front part of one foot were already gone, and their place was occupied by a foul ulcer, while the corresponding part of the other foot was all black, and fast going the same way. We had no place there, and sent her on to the hospital in Sianfu. She was a nice little girl, very bright and intelligent. I trust she may get all right under treatment, and not only so but be brought under the influence of the Gospel."

There is a reaction in these days against the British and American system of the marriage choice being left to the contracting parties, and at times we are pointed to the excellence of the Chinese system. However it may work out in the theories of the sociologists, one cannot help remembering—even at the risk of being labelled "sentimentalist"—how the system can work for "a nice little girl, bright and intelligent", who for the toes and front part of her foot has substituted "a foul ulcer."

A case at San Yuan to which he was called specially was one of dropsy. He drew off twenty pints of fluid from the abdomen, which relieved the patient considerably. "I told him that if he got swollen again he was to be brought to the hospital". The doctor could not repeatedly leave his work to cross the Wei River, which might prevent his return.

One of the pretty sights at the hospital was to see children brought sitting in a basket slung from one end of the peasant father's bamboo pole, whilst his market produce balanced the pole at the other end. Sometimes it was one deep basket strapped over the man's shoulders. "A small boy of six was brought in from Kaoling, thirty miles away, with a big piece of dead bone sticking out of his leg, the result of an accident nearly a year before. It was just about as foul as it could be, having been plastered up with dirty rags, etc. The little chap's father carried him here in a basket on his back, he sitting cross-legged on the top of it. These two returned home the other day, the small boy practically all right again."

Young's letters home are a mine of interesting information about cases that came to the hospital. A layman cannot say how they would appear in a medical case-book, but to an ordinary reader they give a very vivid picture of his days, whilst to one who reads them sympathising with the master passion of Andrew Young's life, they are alive with witness as to the way in which the medical missionary can interpret daily and hourly his Lord's words, "I was sick and ye visited Me. . . . Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My brethren . . ."

CHAPTER VIII

"The Doctor, the Mission, and the World at large."

Busy as the doctors were in the hospital work they were well in touch with the general life of the Mission. Not only was their counsel valued, their work, in many cases, was also closely related to the general programme. This comes out clearly in connection with the question of extending the Mission's responsibilities in accordance with the terms of the Arthington Bequest, which placed a sum approximating to £500,000 at the disposal of the Baptist Missionary Society, of which sum a considerable amount had been allotted for new work in the Shensi Province. In October, 1907, a deputation from home arrived, consisting of the B.M.S. Secretary, the Rev. C. E. Wilson, and the Rev. W. Y. Fullerton, both now secretaries of the Society. Looking back to-day it is an open question whether the possibilities opened up by these funds did not lead us in Shensi to attempt to run before we could walk. The new programme was far too exacting for the strength of the Shensi Mission as then constituted. In the end that programme was attempted, with the hope that reinforcements would be speedily forthcoming to justify the new departures, and it has been the story of a flying column which had ultimately to retreat. Happily the value of the experimental pioneer tasks

then undertaken was not lost, and is to-day incorporated in the work of the American Congregationalist Mission.[1] All this, however, lay hidden in the lap of the future, when in 1907 Bell and Watson made their way to where the Great Wall of China struggles to show itself above the drifting sands of the Mongolian Ordos desert at Yülinfu, in the extreme north of Shensi.

For the Sianfu Hospital the decision to open new stations in the far north seemed a serious blow. If the hospital was to do the work that the home head-quarters and Stanley Jenkins had planned, it would need not only its 1907 staff, but further helpers; since breakdowns and furloughs need to be considered in any elaborate institutional work. Yet it was certain that missionaries would not consent to open stations in the north unless they could hope for an all-round work—evangelistic, educational and medical—within a reasonable period. That such work was highly desirable all were agreed, but the wisdom of weakening the forces at Sianfu in order to open up fresh work at Yülinfu, Suiteh or Yenanfu—the three large northern centres—was certainly questionable. For institutional work so highly specialized as a hospital of the type aimed at in Sianfu, such a weakening of staff and such a mortgage upon future medical reinforcements threatened sheer disaster. The matter affected Andrew Young immediately, since the small hospital in a remote, pioneer district appealed to all that was deepest in him. No man was ever less of a politician, no man ever more loyal to the group and the work in which he was set, but it was clear that if a call was made for a volunteer to go north he would be the first to respond. As for Mrs. Young, she would have gone cheerfully into the wilderness; it would only have

[1] The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

meant one more removal, " hitting the trail " once more. When Bell's and Watson's reports began to come in from the north, Young's letters home grew very full of the new hopes and plans, and one sees how dear to his heart was the idea of the hospital, restricted to some fifty beds, which would have given him more time to deal individually with his patients, soul and body.

The Suiteh-Yülinfu effort is an old story now, and the work which the Baptist Missionary Society started in the districts north of Yenanfu they have been able, as we have said, to turn over to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Since the latter in 1907 had not the strength to start work in the district we cannot regard the British effort as wasted, though it is well that we have come to-day nearer to realizing that we are apt to stretch our lines dangerously far. Yet incorrigible as the Baptist Missionary Society and the London Missionary Society may at times seem in this respect to the cautious and the statesmanlike, they have on occasion been wonderfully justified in their ventures when the Chinese Christians have stepped in, taking over work the continuance of which had proved beyond the strength of the home societies which initiated it. A hospital was built in the year 1914 in Yenanfu, and a doctor placed there for a time, but it could not be kept open, since the Sianfu needs, occasioned by a series of breakdowns, made it necessary to call in all available help. What did actually materialize out of the more ambitious scheme was a hospital at San Yuan, twenty-seven miles away from Sianfu, which could serve as a base for the chain of out-stations running up to Yenanfu, nine days away, and Yenanfu itself. That a second, though much smaller, hospital should have been built so near to Sianfu may appear sufficiently surprising. The

reasons were the impossibility at certain seasons of the year of crossing the rivers dividing the northern stations from Sianfu, and the fact that the largest amount of the old church work was not in Sianfu, from which the missionaries had been so long excluded, but in the country districts north of the Wei River, where the missionaries had first found refuge. For this district San Yuan was the natural centre. The San Yuan hospital once decided upon, there was no question as to who was fitted to direct it. And so it was that Andrew Young came after all to the small hospital of his dreams. To him who never clamoured for what he wanted, much less tried to engineer a providence for himself, the reward came. He was always willing to wait God's time, and the time was fulfilled. Early in 1910 he was assigned to San Yuan, and before the end of that year he was busy building. The revolution and the fighting that went on in the province kept him at work amongst the wounded at Sianfu Hospital for some years; the deaths of Jenkins and Robertson in 1913 made it impossible for him to leave the Sianfu staff until the Christmas of 1920; but in 1921 he got to San Yuan at last.

But during those years the San Yuan work was carried on by Dr. G. A. Charter and his wife, who, as doctor and nurse, gave themselves unstintingly to the medical and evangelistic sides of the work, and by their modesty, their unselfishness, and their earnestness, taught some of us lessons for which we are still grateful.

One claim upon the doctors of Shensi that kept them in constant touch with another part of mission life was the health of the scholars in the Mission schools. At the start the plan which was followed was for a sick scholar to be given a permit to go to the hospital and be examined there. In later years, however, it was

found more convenient for the doctors to come out once a week to see scholars in the East Suburb. It was a change for them, and they enjoyed the ride, the comparative green and quiet of the suburb after the noisy, crowded city, and the relaxation from hospital restrictions. Moreover, the relations between school and hospital were very close. There were hopeful cases of young people who had been in the hospital and had become dear to the doctors' hearts. If an arrangement could be made for such to enter the Boys' or Girls' School, it was done. The case of the beggar boy has already been referred to.[1] The school dormitories, like the hospital wards, were apt to get overstocked as "the doctor's hopefuls" continued to come in. (The medical conscience on the question of the cubic feet of space required by scholar or patient is apt to vary according to circumstance.) On the other hand, the school supplied a steady succession of recruits to the hospital staff. The senior class usually had two or three boys to be coached specially in mathematics and chemistry, since they looked forward to becoming medical students, supported by the Sianfu Hospital, at one of the Medical Colleges at the coast.

When the school nobly tried to spare the doctor from attendance in the suburb there were apt to be curious results. There was the case of a boy to whom had been administered what was thought to be a dose of Mag. Sulph., a dose which, as it eventuated, had come from the case holding the Zinc. Sulph., so much used for eye lotion. When the Zinc. Sulph. finally made the boy vomit, great was the relief of the schoolmaster. Another amateur attempt which turned out to be a failure in the Girls' School had to do with one of those constant troubles

[1] *See* Chapter VII., p. 175.

to which a mission school in the interior is subject, particularly if it cannot afford well-built premises of its own, but has to use makeshift mud-brick houses. The trouble was that very unromantic disease known as the "itch". This is a nuisance which will insist upon being recognized, and takes a most exasperating toll upon the time of missionary doctors. Mrs. Young, being an M.D., came in for a good deal of medical work in the suburb, where she was supposed to be studying the Chinese language. Here is a picture which so many of us who have had to look after mission schools in China recognize only too well: "This has been a very interesting week for me from a medical point of view. You know I am responsible for the girls at the B.Z.M.[1] School across the road. Several of them have that improper, but very popular, disease (in China) called the 'itch'. Miss Beckingsale has invented a method of treatment of which she is very proud, and last week she tried it on the poor victims. I went over one afternoon and found the girls, about twelve of them, sitting on three or four backless forms, each wrapped carefully in her own wadded quilt, with the smoke crawling out about their necks. There were hot bricks on the ground underneath them, with burning sulphur on each. Miss Beckingsale and Miss Russell were trotting about tucking the quilts tighter so that the smoke shouldn't be wasted. It was a very funny sight! The scheme did not work, so this week Miss Beckingsale consulted me, and my little plan is now in progress. Tuesday afternoon we had a lot of water heated, and we went to work with scrubbing brushes—hard ones—and plenty of soft soap in a big tub. I do wish that I had a photograph. Miss Beckingsale is short and very dignified, and it made her quite

[1] The Baptist Zenana Mission (*see* Chapter V., p. 131.)

breathless before we finished them off with a plentiful application of sulphur ointment. I hope that none of them will die. Baths at this season of the year in China are supposed to be fatal. The poor little things were between laughing and crying all the time. It did hurt them, because they had nasty sores on their poor little legs and arms, and the brush was very hard and the scrubbing vigorous. The process was repeated yesterday by themselves, and will be again to-day, and then I do hope that they will be better, poor little scraps! The women who have charge of them, and are responsible for keeping them clean, have bound feet, and cannot move quickly. The girls have healthy big feet and can run away so that the women can't catch them to wash and comb them—and this is the result. Miss Beckingsale and Miss Russell do their very best, but I do think the keeping the girls clean and well is much harder than teaching them. It seems to be the same with the boys —though I have nothing to do with them!"—(C. M. Y.)

The poor boys, with whom Mrs. Andrew so primly "has nothing to do", had their own troubles—at the hands of their schoolmaster and Dr. Jenkins. Oh, the sulphur ointment, the soft soap, and the hard brushes we used! Finally we hit on a much better plan. Twelve miles from Sianfu, at Lintung, is a splendid sulphur spring. Here are noble bath-houses and stately pleasure pavilions similar to those farther north, where Kubla Khan possibly cured *his* noble ills. But there is also a large pool for the poor, the halt, and the needy. Schoolboys always come within this last category, and so to Lintung we dispatched the whole infected crowd. And there they stayed and bathed and revelled and had a delightful time till they could show a clean bill of health.

Perhaps for Andrew Young and his wife the greatest

asset in living out in the East Suburb was that it brought them into constant touch with Jennie Beckingsale.[1] To go out with her into the adjoining villages, or to be with her while she did "follow-up" work amongst the women who had been patients in the hospital, was an inestimable boon to Mrs. Young, who as a doctor could advise upon the ailments discovered by the neighbours—and when did they not discover them?—whilst Miss Beckingsale, in her fluent Chinese, preached those bright, telling Gospel sermons in which she was so inimitable. Once when a peasant father, bringing his little girl to school, kept the schoolmistress a long time listening to vexatious and trifling details, a foreign colleague standing by said, "It *is* good of you to let them take up so much of your time with these little things". The answer came in a flash: "But they are not 'little things' to them". To range oneself thus alongside a groping intelligence and rightly to estimate proportions as seen by it, is surely the mark of the real teacher.

Being in charge of the health of the foreigners in Sianfu and district was an added labour, and no small one, for the medical missionaries. To-day arrangements have had to be tightened, and the sick foreigner comes to the hospital for treatment—or should do so. But in the early days, when there was no accommodation for a foreign patient unless it was in the doctor's own narrow quarters, it seemed to be the natural thing for the doctor to go to the sick person's house. There was only an occasional business man in the city—since Sianfu is not even yet opened by treaty to foreign trade—and the foreign patients came mostly from the Roman Catholic, the Swedish Alliance, the China Inland, or the Baptist Mission. In the case of the Roman Catholic

[1] *See* Chapter V., p. 128.

Mission the patient might be in the city itself or at the Roman Catholic country headquarters near Kaoling. A call to this latter place generally meant being at least three days away from hospital work. The Roman Catholic losses, particularly through typhus, were very heavy "Last week the Roman Catholic bishop was very ill with typhus fever, and on Monday he died. Andrew had had a very anxious time about him, as you may suppose, spending one whole night and part of another there. One of the nuns is still very ill with the same disease. This is the fifth bishop that they have lost since 1901 [written in 1907]. He had been visiting the out-stations when he was taken ill, and came back only a few days before his death, which he had expected, having had what they call the 'last rites of the church' before he started back on his journey to Sianfu. He was to have gone to Europe in a month. Two of his brothers were also Roman Catholic priests in China. They are Germans, and were sent out of Germany by Bismarck about thirty years ago, so they were all three of them quite advanced in years.

"There seems to be quite a mixture there at the Catholic place. The nuns are Italian and French, and there are German, Italian, French, one English and one American priest. I think that Andrew has told you of the curious hospital that they have, with no doctor and no trained nurse—only the nuns, who know really nothing about nursing."—(C. M. Y.)

The relations between the Roman Catholics and ourselves have always been very happy. The letters sent upon the death of Jenkins and Robertson showed real affection and respect, and that sent upon the loss of Andrew Young was of the same nature. In his able though partisan work on "The Catholic Church in China",

Father Wolferstan, S.J., whilst clinging to his general thesis that only bewilderment and disaster can follow from the preaching of various witnesses—i.e. those not in the fold of the Roman Catholic Church ; under which condemnation, by the by, Greek and Anglican Episcopalians fare no better than Presbyterians or Congregationalists—quotes the tributes of his own fellow religionists who are missionaries in the interior of China. The quotation which follows is from a testimony written by the Shensi Fathers, and I have no doubt as to the generous and unreserved meaning that would be put upon such words in *their* hearts :

" The Bishop brought us the sad news, and the missionaries, who were assembled for the annual retreat, were deeply affected. They felt that they had lost a friend and benefactor, one ever ready to aid them in times of sickness. My personal opinion is that your English doctors are the hardest-worked people in Sianfu, and if they succumb they are martyrs to charity. If English heroism shows itself at the South Pole, it abounds in the hospital in China. The Bishop commissions me to express to you the heartfelt sympathy of the Catholic Mission in your sad bereavement, and our trust that Dr. Cecil Robertson is in enjoyment of the reward of a life devoted to the service of God and the alleviation of human suffering. ' Verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye have done to one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' " (Letter from the Reverend Father Hugh Scanlon to the author when the latter was acting as Local Secretary to the English Baptist Mission in Shensi, in the year 1913.)

The Swedish missionaries were scattered over a long line of stations running to the north-west up to, and across, the Kansuh border. They were a self-denying

people, slow to encroach on a doctor's time, not calling him in until the case was really serious. This meant, however, that when necessity *did* arise they were themselves too ill to be moved, and also that help if given had to be given promptly. It was in this connection that the terrible roads and treacherous rivers of Shensi were so apt to prove our undoing, as the following instance will show. In August, 1906, a call for a doctor came from a town thirty miles to the west, as difficulty had arisen in a case of confinement. Dr. Jenkins, although at the time too ill to ride, started off in a cart. The rain had been pouring down for days, and the roads were "just as bad as they could be". Fifteen miles from Sianfu was the place where the river was usually crossed by a raft, but the crossing was now impossible. Jenkins sat down in his cart, sick as he was, and waited from Friday to Monday, when, since the waters had increased instead of abating, he returned to Sianfu.

On Thursday, the rain having ceased, Young made the attempt. At the river, although night had fallen, the boatmen were persuaded "after some difficulty" to risk the crossing. Much high-pitched wrangling, wearisome bargaining, and many frenzied gesticulations are to be read into those two words "some difficulty". Once started on its course, the raft, instead of its usual half-hour for crossing, took four hours, though the far bank is at most only a thousand yards from the Sianfu side. "We were carried down a long distance first, and then stuck on a sand bank for a while." Thirty miles from the city he rested a short while in an inn, "though there were too many creeping things about" for him to sleep. At first streak of dawn he went on again. It was three in the afternoon before he reached his destination, and it was "evident that nothing could be done

to avert the fatal termination which was fast hastening on. She lapsed into unconsciousness two hours after I got there, and died next morning at three o'clock. They had only been married eleven months, and she was a particularly promising worker." To have to tell patients or their friends that nothing could be done for them was always a sore trial to this tender-hearted man, and he never learned callousness nor even the philosophy which one so desired for him as a protection for his own nerve and heart. One of the reasons which determined the Mission upon starting a hospital at San Yuan, on the other side of the river, is found in the remembrance of such experiences as that just described.

This was the first of a long series of journeys made by the doctors (though happily no other journey had so tragic an ending) which made the medical auxiliary of the Society lay down certain restrictions. As such instances multiplied it became imperative that the Mission should arrive at some regular policy on such matters, and to-day it is the rule of the hospital that in case of expected confinements arrangements must be made to get to Sianfu in good time, since the doctor cannot be expected to put down his ordinary work and be for days or even weeks away from the hospital. Even with all care to ensure that patients, Chinese or foreign, come to the hospital and that the doctor is not expected to go to them, unforeseen casualties and crises will arise making calls upon the doctor's humanity which it is either impossible to refuse, or which, if refused, cause him sore heart-burning.

The China Inland Mission stations were three to five days' journey away, and what has been said of the Swedish stations could be written of them, except that

to reach their stations the rivers to be negotiated were, if anything, worse.

A further Mission development which greatly appealed to the medicals began in November, 1909, when the various Chinese professors in the Shensi University—a Government college—approached us to hold a Sunday evening service in English. Jenkins threw open his sitting-room, all the men missionaries about the place did what they could to make the tea reception—on foreign lines—as friendly as possible, and we established really pleasant relations with the University. We had no great illusions as to what brought these men to us in the first place. The shrewdness of Andrew Young as well as his sheer good nature and his faith come out in his comment on this effort. "The English professor (a Chinese gentleman) asked that the class be started in order that he and as many of the students as cared, might attend with a view to getting to understand 'something of the Christian religion'. I suppose really what they mainly want is to have the opportunity, which intercourse with us will afford, of becoming familiar with English. Whatever their object may be it was too good an opportunity to let slip, so Mr. Keyte agreed to take up this work. All of us male missionaries were present. . . . Those of us who lived in the Suburb had to leave just as the address was commencing." There was never a mission in which the doctors did more in playing the game to forward the work in all its branches. After a week such as theirs they would give up the Sunday afternoon to drink tea and hob-nob with students who wanted to air their "How do you do?" "May I ask your name?" English sentences. The doctors would stay until the last possible moment in order to brighten things up, and then hurry to reach the city gate ere it closed at dusk.

The Mohammedan quarter of Sianfu gave a special opening to the medical men, who were in a position different from that of the evangelistic missionary with regard to work amongst the followers of the prophet. After the great Mohammedan rebellion in North-west China in the 'seventies, in which millions of lives were lost, the Mohammedans were forced by government decree to migrate in large numbers from Kansuh in the extreme north-west and to settle in cities where there were Manchu garrisons—as, e.g., that of Sianfu—which could overawe them. Even to-day the Mohammedans, reinforced as they are by a small but constant trickle of immigration from the Turkestan and Russian Mohammedan tribes, are still a menace to the peace of the agricultural Chinese of the north-west. When, as a Christian mission, we have attempted work amongst the Mohammedan population, we have been generally asked by the Chinese local officials, for the sake of the general peace in the city, to go slowly, as any suspicion of propaganda amongst Mohammedans would arouse fanatical opposition, and a riot precipitated in the city would mean danger to foreign life, and this in the long run would include trouble for the Chinese local officials. This does not mean that we give up the idea of work amongst the Mohammedans, but it does mean that it has to be set about in a very careful way, and that the easy method of approach open to us in the case of our ordinary work in China will not do in the case of Islam. But the door which was closed to us was open to the medicals, and it was a matter for prayer and thankfulness that the two doctors—Jenkins and Young—who thus had access to what was a fifth of the city's population, were men so keen and so qualified, not only as medicals but as evangelists. "We do not forget," said Young quaintly

in this connection, " to mix all the treatment, whether medical or surgical, with prayer."

Of Andrew Young's interest in the great church assemblies we shall see more later,[1] and as he grew to understand more of the language he looked forward eagerly to these gatherings. Some idea of the strength and long standing of the Chinese Christian Church in Shensi in 1906 is shown by Young's remarks about the coming June Conference. " About seventy-six learners are to be recognized by baptism as members of the Church. There were more than twice that number applying, but the rest were not accepted. They need to be kept some little time longer under instruction. The church is also about to choose another pastor in addition to the two whom they already support. The church being scattered over such a wide area, and the means of communication being slow, pastoring a membership of 800 means a good deal of work."

But it was in the spiritual revival of 1909 which produced such blessing in Shensi that he found his greatest joy during those years. Through the hospital's close connection with the Swedish friends he followed eagerly and in detail the story of the movement amongst the churches connected with their Mission, and looked forward in March to special meetings in the East Suburb to be led by Mr. Lutley, superintendent in Shansi of the China Inland Mission, and Mr. Wang, his Chinese co-worker. Both evangelists had met with a signal response to their messages further west. Young writes, " We are having prayer meetings every night in anticipation of these gatherings, and hope and trust that much blessing will be the result." From the Youngs' letters one pieces together a few impressions of that wonderful time.

[1] *See* p. 309, also Chapter XIV.

Whilst the spring was at its best and the lovely oil-plant flower made the air fragrant, and all nature was expectant of harvest, the two evangelists came. Those days which were so blessed were sufficiently strenuous. Sectional prayer meetings were held at 6 a.m. The first general meeting conducted by Mr. Wang began at seven and lasted until ten. After an interval for food, Mr. Lutley opened the second meeting at eleven, and it lasted until three in the afternoon. The third meeting, which Mr. Lutley also conducted, began at four and went on until seven, sometimes eight, in the evening. Between the meetings and until late at night there would be quiet little groups meeting here and there for prayer and thanksgiving. There were two outstanding features of these meetings. The first was that though there would be sometimes quite a hundred people praying audibly, each in his or her own words as the Spirit moved them, there was no sense of confusion, much less of irreverence or disorder. Where one person prayed aloud there might be five or six about him quietly praying their own petitions, or they might follow his petition, adding their own "Amen". The second feature was that of public confession. For many present the conviction of sin seemed to be so vivid and oppressive that nothing could remove it but public confession, and an avowal of penitence, with requests for the church's prayer that forgiveness might be granted. When, as happened in some cases, these confessions came from proud, reserved, Confucianist scholars who made their avowal before a mixed crowd which included labourers and schoolgirls, they were very distressing for a sensitive person to hear. From coarser natures, broken down by the same conviction, the disclosures were at times dreadful, and necessitated on the part of the leader real wisdom, and the power of quick

decision to prevent the spiritual value of the meetings being lost. Like all genuine religious movements this one soon brought about spurious imitations. One found tiny schoolgirls imagining that confession was the one way "to be good". At one time there was a danger that the church would look upon this public confession as a new ritual, an essential feature of worship. But the reality of those first great convulsions amongst strong natures was unmistakable, whilst the ethical residuum of this great religious movement was a permanent asset to the church. To Andrew Young the doctor in China, as to Andrew Young the preacher in the Congo, commencing and closing his every day with the prayer that God would save souls through their faith in Jesus Christ, those days were indeed as the gate of heaven.

It was in the year 1908 that the Youngs had been able to go to Kuling for language study.[1] At Kuling the life was all good. They had time to study, they met with friends, they stored up health and strength. On the journey they had stopped for a few days at Chengchow with the Herrings, of the American Baptist Mission, and Mrs. Young wrote, "I enjoyed hearing American voices and getting into American houses for a few days, as I am the sole and only American in that great province of Shensi! Still, I can manage very well with a settlement of British." As Mr. Watson and his bride came up to Kuling for their honeymoon there was enough of Shensi to give the pleasure of "do you remember . . . ?" without the unpleasantness of odours and dust and noise that Shensi knew so well how to supply.

In September Young sat for his second examination,

[1] *See* Chapter V., p. 134.

and they went off light-heartedly to the American Presbyterian Mission in Hwai Yuen, in Anhwei province. This particular station is almost unique in that it is supported entirely—evangelistic, educational and medical work all being included—by one church—the Central Presbyterian Church of New York. The Misses Murdoch had been sent there; Agnes as doctor, Margaret as nurse, and Mary as "an ordinary missionary". Mrs. Young's arrival meant that four missionary sisters were together at one station in China, women whose father had as a young man offered to come to China, but had not been able to do so, as the Missionary Society at that date did not consider medical mission work necessary in China.

The introduction to the work at another large station and under so old and well-equipped a missionary society as the A.P.M. was all education to the two visitors from Sianfu. But by November Young began to realize that he was something of a rolling stone and that the journeying of Congo days was being repeated in China. "Wandering is all right up to a certain point"—this is *à propos* of his brother John, who is running around on business a good deal at home, and staying in big hotels—"but after that it gets rather wearisome. I was just thinking what a wandering time I have had since coming to China, not that it has been or is at all wearisome, because it has been full of interest. By the time we get back to Sianfu I shall have travelled about seven thousand miles. We have seen a great variety of work which will, I have no doubt, all be of use to us in days to come." In this connection one thinks sympathetically of missionaries in Shantung who have, many of them, been there for twenty or more years and yet have had so little opportunity of gaining a knowledge of China apart from that supplied by their own district.

Being near the coast, entrance to or exit from their own field has not necessitated wide travel. Thus the opportunity which they would so welcome and appreciate of a more extended acquaintance with Chinese conditions has been denied them. I remember well the delight shewn by one of the finest of the Shantung workers, who had been there thirty years, when at last he made the journey to mid-China and from there west to Szechuan. I remember, too, how keenly he felt that he had missed so much during his thirty Chinese years. The Shensi Mission is difficult to reach, it is true, but its members do see something of the country as a whole.

It was whilst Young was in Huai Yuan that the death of the Emperor and the "Old Buddha"—as the people called the celebrated Empress-dowager, Tzu-Hsi—made a deep impression which was felt all over the country. In Anhwei province—never too peaceful—the people soon felt the effects of weakened authority. "There seems to be the fear that the revolutionary leaders, who aim at overthrowing the present Manchu dynasty, may try to raise a disturbance. There does not seem to be much fear, however, if the army remains loyal." We know now that the Manchus could not resist selling numerous posts in the army, and that as they sold the revolutionaries bought, so that the army itself was given an anti-dynastic bias. For a fortnight things looked very ugly, and one felt that at any moment there might be mutiny, with the accompanying loosening of order and pillaging by bad characters. Young's comment is interesting in view of what he was to go through in 1911, when the revolution actually came. "It is reassuring to reflect that the King of kings has full control and will keep things well in hand, guiding them as shall seem best to Him."

This was not the first time that Young had written about the unrest in the country and the activities of the "Young China" party. In January, 1907, a rumbling was heard of the storm which blazed out later in the revolution of 1911. "Things are in a rather troubled condition in the east of the province, where the people have risen and caused disturbance from the introduction of the new school system and the proposed railway in Shensi. They have destroyed several of the Government schools." The new reforms which the Empress-dowager started, when the Boxer defeat and the 1900 debacle had shown her that the house must be set in order, were by no means easy to carry through. The Manchu Government had sins enough to answer for, but they probably were endeavouring in 1907 to advance the new educational system. In their railway extension scheme they were struggling against a profound suspicion generated in the minds of the people that the Government was "selling the country to the foreigner," a suspicion due rather to misdeeds in the past than to any malpractice in 1907. By the 25th of January Young wrote that the "taxes for the construction of the railway, which were causing so much discontent, have been remitted," which may mean that some of the men high up had for the time being been frightened from illegitimate gains, or it may mean that a necessary piece of public effort had been blocked through the fear of arousing ignorant prejudice to the point of rebellion. The difficulty in China is that the people *never* can be sure that money collected for so-called public purposes is used legitimately and not misappropriated by officials. This is the real reason why so little public spirit or altruism is shown by the Chinese in times of famine, or of a breach in the Yellow River dyke, or other disaster which makes

a call upon united effort for relief work which in America or Britain would be subscribed to lavishly. The men who could give would do so if they knew that the effort was to have honest supervision—e.g. the Chinese in Singapore are generous enough in subscribing to public efforts—but the way to such honest supervision has not yet been found.

The Youngs returned to Sianfu in February, 1909, and were glad to be in direct touch with their work once more. It had been good to have some contact with the outside world, but it was very good to be home again. The outside world, however, was not beyond coming to *them*. All sorts and conditions of visitors wandered into Sianfu, and as a rule needed to visit the hospital, in some cases giving broad hints that during their stay they preferred the doctor's house to the Chinese inn as a residence. These latter were of the crank variety. And what a variety it was! A group which set out to cross China on foot without any cash, relying upon the sale of picture post-cards, was about the maddest that I recollect. There were others who said that they trusted to the Lord to provide for them, but who did their best to help out such provision by inflicting themselves upon long-suffering missionaries *en route*. Then there were visitors whose one idea was that the missionary should promptly drop all other work in order to answer long lists of questions fired at him. For many of the "questionnaires" which are sent to him through the post the sensible missionary keeps a large waste-paper basket into which he shoots a goodly proportion of these products of restless curiosity. But when the enquirer comes up in person to collect statistics, or to obtain "local colour", or "the sort of story that will go down well with the general public, don't you know," he or she—for they are of both sexes—can

scarcely be shot into such a convenient limbo; one has to endure them gladly or with as little irritation as possible.

But whilst such were the trials, there were compensations which more than made up for them. There were visitors who brought a breath of new life from the outer world, men to whom it was a privilege to listen, though being busy and thoughtful themselves, they were careful not to waste the time of others. One remembers in particular Dr. Morrison, of *The Times*, because he was a distant connection (by marriage) of Mrs. Andrew Young. On one trip he made he was on the scent of pan-Islamic agents sent to create disturbances amongst the Mohammedans of Shensi, Kansuh, and the north-west generally. It was not until I went in his company to the mosques and about the city generally—nominally as guide and interpreter—that I realized how little I knew of the city compared with a man of Dr. Morrison's calibre, who was visiting Sianfu then for the first time. Another visitor from whom one could always gain a truer understanding of China was Sir Alexander Hosie, whose books on the country are a mine of trustworthy information and sound erudition. He was on the track of the opium poppy. A group of geologists under the leadership of Professor Lauderback, of California University, were in the province for months, with quarters in Sianfu, and naturally they gravitated to the hospital. The Sowerby-Clarke expedition brought another interesting group. Stray botanists, archæologists, hunters, men with mental resources of their own which prevented them being an infliction upon others, came through the city. Best of all, perhaps, were the regular travellers; the missionaries from the Tibetan border or the Kansuh stations, and the men in the postal service making for

their work farther up country. With these one was sure to have a list of common acquaintances, and it would be, " Where are the Smiths now ? " and " Is Jones still up in Lanchow ? " etc.; real honest gossip that made one realize oneself afresh as a part of a living, growing, throbbing society.

But when such a visitor was a medical and a missionary *and* a Scot, then there was rejoicing indeed in the quarters of Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Young.

Travellers came not only from the eastern coast. From the western mountains on the Tibetan border there came occasional and wonderful visitors to the city. In these men Young also took interest and described them at length.

It was in February, 1908, that the Dalai Lama came amidst much excitement to Sianfu, after a year spent in travelling from Lhasa. After the Younghusband expedition he had left the Tibetan capital for Peking, in order to see his suzerain, the Chinese Emperor. From Peking came a wire that he was to be received with all the honours due to the Emperor himself. As this visit was too good an opportunity to be missed, the missionaries went with Bibles and other presents to see his holiness. The Dalai Lama and his whole suite lived under canvas in the open drill ground which still recalls the days when Chinese Emperors held their Court in Sianfu. The missionaries were entertained in a guest-tent whilst their cards were sent in. Presently a message was brought back to the effect that " after the Younghusband expedition the Dalai Lama ' had no face ' to see Englishmen ". When his holiness left Sianfu for Peking the police arrangements were very rigid, and the rows of kneeling people on the streets—none save the police were allowed to stand—made it clear that the Government orders as

to high honours were being taken seriously. He looked a very mild young man, though tall and weedy. Fortunately he had a long stop just outside the entrance to the Mission lane, so we saw him at leisure, not kneeling, but keeping ourselves unobtrusively out of the sight of those who did.

Another visitor from Central Asia who when in Sianfu found his way to the hospital, was an emissary from Nepal, carrying tribute presents to the Emperor in Peking. As he and his train had been several months on the road, travelling through India, Burmah and Szechuan, they were thankful "to put in for repairs"—especially as they were suffering from eye trouble. As an eye specialist Young was able to render them good service.

And so the years passed until, with reinforcements in sight, the Youngs' removal to San Yuan became possible.

CHAPTER IX

Reinforcements and Removals

THIS chapter is more or less in the nature of a diary to show rapidly the sequence of events which led up to the close of Andrew Young's service in the days of the Chinese Empire and brought him his dramatic years under the Republic.

After his marriage and until February, 1908, his home was in the East Suburb of Sianfu, and he went into the city daily to the hospital for his work. In the spring of 1908 they moved into the city and took up residence at the hospital itself. At Christmas, 1909, there arrived the third great figure in the Shensi medical story, Dr. Cecil F. Robertson[1], who, upon the completion of his first year's language work, was to release Young entirely for the San Yuan scheme. In the summer of 1910 Mrs. Young's three sisters, the Misses Murdoch—doctor, nurse, and evangelist—arrived for a visit. Russell Murdoch Young was born in the August. With one aunt to doctor him and a second to nurse him and a third to act as devotee, he had a good arrival. He really was a lovely boy and worth making much of. The letters home were naturally full of him and just as full of simple unaffected thankfulness to God for the mercies thus vouchsafed.

[1] *See* "Life of C. F. Robertson," by F. B. Meyer.

By November, 1910, the sisters had departed and the Youngs moved across the river to San Yuan, where they lived in the Zenana house whilst their own was being built. Medical work poured in upon them, since the title of " tai-fu " (doctor) brought patients from all quarters, but nothing save out-patient work was contemplated, since Andrew was back at his old Congo task of building a home; and this time it was no iron shack, nor even such a house as the Matadi one, but a hospital and residence. Cases that needed surgical attention were sent to Sianfu, as instance the little girl with gangrened feet.[2] But no sooner was the roof on the first block of buildings than certain pitiful cases were lying in the bare rooms, cases which the amateur builder looked after as best he could. A young architect, Mr. H. H. Stanley, had come out at Christmas, 1909, but he could only draw the plan for the San Yuan buildings, being kept busy in the city building a church and preaching hall. I think he only made the twenty-seven miles separating the two places once before the San Yuan roofs were in place. Mr. Watson, who had practical knowledge, would have been invaluable, but he was up in the far-off Suiteh. Mr. Shields, who had been two years in the country and had had experience of building in Scotland, came up to San Yuan later. But by that time the task of arranging contracts and determining the lines of work had been completed, though for the doctor-builder it was a relief to know there was someone on the ground who could follow the devious wiles and track down the misdemeanours of the Shensi contractors.

No foreign buildings had been erected in the province previously with the exception of the Roman Catholic cathedral and the Roman Catholic church in Sianfu, so

[2] *See* Chapter VII.

that everything had to be done with raw workers who had no experience in adapting their Chinese building methods to foreign requirements.

One pretty picture flashed across this period. On Saturday afternoons the Youngs tried to forget buildings and beggars and business generally, and went off for two or three hours into the country. A chair or a cart took the mother and the baby, whilst Andrew rode his horse, and for a little time they were neither "medical" nor "missionary", but simply "family"; and they all—especially the baby—had a really good time. And so we come to the summer of 1911.

The Arthington scheme meanwhile had scattered the previous Sianfu group. Mr. and Mrs. Watson (the latter the Miss Russell who appeared as a Zenana worker in the itch-curing struggle of chapter eight) had been sent to Suiteh (sometimes referred to as Suitehchou) fourteen days' journey to the north, to open up work, whilst Mr. and Mrs. Borst-Smith had gone to Yenanfu, ten days' north. The whole line was connected by a chain of out-stations, which were supervised at their southern end by missionaries in San Yuan for three days north of that city, and from that point by Mr. Borst-Smith until he touched Mr. Watson's district. At one or other of these two northern stations medical work was to be opened, and the Youngs arranged to be in Suiteh in September of 1911, and to make a stay there and at Yenanfu, whilst Mr. Shields went on with the San Yuan building. To go up the long, narrow, shut-in defile from San Yuan to Suiteh in the blazing August heat would be very trying for the mother and child, so they planned to go in the summer for a short visit to Kuling, and from

there by steamer and train to Tai Yuan, the capital of Shansi. From Tai Yuan they could go over the glorious hills of Shansi and North Shensi to Suiteh, thus avoiding the heat. It was on this particular journey to Kuling that they had their worst experience of those dangers of the Chinese roads which arise from purely natural causes.

The story is given in Mrs. Young's own words, helped by two short extracts from Dr. Young's letters. "Miss Thomas[1] had not been at all well, and she was ordered to Kuling for the summer and was to go with us. We had three carts. We had to take our winter things as well as foreign clothes for the summer, because we did not know how long we would have to stay in the north, which meant more luggage than we would otherwise have had. Miss Thomas had Wang-si with her. He had only recently come to the province. He was an elderly Christian man, very quiet and respectable, and had been Miss Sifton's cook. He had also been a cook for the ladies in the city, and it was thought that he would be a very good one for Miss Thomas to have with her, as she would have to make the journey back alone. We had our own cook with us and the two rode on the third cart. We got the animals in the north, and our two mules were particularly fine ones, and we had an unusually good carter. The day we got into Tungkwan[2] we had started very early in the morning, so we got the axles changed[3]

[1] A member of the Women's auxiliary, which was generally referred to in those days as "The Zenana Mission."

[2] Tungkwan is the fortress guarding the long pass which connects the Honan province with that of Shensi.

[3] The axles of all carts in a particular province are of one width. Where roads are primitive the advantage of a cart's wheels being able to follow in the ruts made by its predecessors is obvious. But the axle width of Honan province differs from that used in Shensi. Hence, upon reaching the border there may be two or three hours delay whilst the cart's axle is changed.

and our dinner, and were away again soon after ten o'clock. The wind had been blowing a great deal and it began to rain a little. Our cart was in front and the other two were close behind. We went on to Wentichen and then started up the hill. By this time it was raining heavily. As we went up, we met quite a number of carts going down, but our cart always happened to meet them where there was room to pass,[1] so we got to the top without any difficulty and then started down. If you remember, that 'ko' (defile) is not very steep, which Dr. Young says was the reason for what happened, because in the steep 'ko' the rain runs away rapidly, but here it couldn't, and became a deep stream in the roads. The carts which we had passed in the wide parts met our other two in the narrow part and there they all stuck. The water was rising rapidly, and the men driving these two delayed carts of ours finally decided to turn round and go back. They did succeed in turning, but then almost immediately carts and mules and all were swept down by the torrent. Miss Thomas's cart started to overturn, and her carter jumped to the side. She tried too, but jumped short and fell into the flood. She was carried rapidly down. She caught at a rope hanging from a cart, but the rush of water was so strong that she was dragged down under the cart among the wheels, and almost lost consciousness. Ultimately she came to the surface and was carried down the stream. She was able to keep herself up by lying back and floating—swimming was impossible owing to the strength of the current. She was carried down over a mile to the village at the bottom of the hill, where the road widened out and the water got shallower, when she was helped out

[1] In these defiles there is not room for two carts abreast, but "bays" are scooped out at intervals where two may pass.

by a man standing by. The man who drove her cart was also carried down, and came ashore about the same place. An old innkeeper took pity on her, and took her into his inn and gave her some of his own clothes. She thought that she was quite alone and that all the rest of us had been drowned. After her jump, Wang-si jumped. He missed the side also, and was drowned. Our cook managed to catch hold of something, and was saved. A little later he went on down into the village and found Miss Thomas, but they had no idea what had become of us.

"We in the first cart had just gone on peacefully, quite unaware of anything that had happened behind us, as the rain was so heavy and we could only see dim shadows, though I was certain I could see our own carts behind us. After we got down the hill we reached the stream, which is generally easily forded by the traveller who is making for the village of P'an T'o on the opposite hill. This stream was now so swollen as to be almost unfordable, and the bank on the other side had broken so that our mules had to go up a sheer rise of about six feet, pulling the cart after them. We got into P'an T'o just before dark, soaking wet and expecting the others to come in just behind us; but they did not, and then Dr. Young heard on the street that some accident had happened. Someone was drowned behind us, they were saying. Then he decided to go back to see what had happened. Just before he started, a note was handed in from our cook saying that he did not know where Miss Thomas was, but that Wang-si had ascended to Heaven.

"Andrew got two men to go with him with lanterns, as the road we had come by was quite impassable, and he would have to walk a long way around through

the country. He reached Miss Thomas about midnight. She had thought that we were all dead. I waited up a good part of the night, because I expected that they might be in at any minute. I had told the innkeeper to have plenty of hot water ready, and I heard his bellows going at intervals all night. The next morning about six o'clock I had a note saying that Miss Thomas was safe, and about eleven o'clock they came in. She was still wearing the innkeeper's clothes, and on the journey was carried sitting on a stool in the middle of a table which had been turned upside down so as to form a sedan chair. We had to stay at P'an T'o for two or three days. Miss Thomas was so shaken that she could not travel at first, and we had to make arrangements for burying Wang-si. We bought a coffin and the necessary clothes. The coffin was bricked up in a temporary grave until Wang-si's relatives, to whom we had meantime sent word, should come to move the coffin to his own province —he was a Shantung man—and to the family graveyard. All the rest of the journey we had to have an extra cart to take Miss Thomas's carter, as he was very much injured. One of his mules had also been drowned. When we got into the inns the carters used to show off Russell and say that the gods must have something in store for a baby who had come safely through such an experience."

It was whilst travelling by train that summer that they found themselves in company with Mr. Hoste, the Director of the China Inland Mission and brother of the man with whom Andrew had worked so long and so intimately in Congo. Whilst at Kuling, Young was ill, and he himself diagnosed the trouble as appendicitis, but said nothing of it to others. At Tai Yuan he had a further attack, and got away as soon as he could lest his medical colleagues there should detain him for an

operation and so imperil the help he was due to give in Suiteh, where they were needed for a confinement case. No other doctor was available, nor could a nurse have been obtained if Mrs. Young had not been willing to act. Unless this fact is borne in mind it is difficult to understand why they were found wandering amongst these northern mountains so far from their own station.

Before reaching Tai Yuan they had the opportunity of at last seeing Shou Yang, delightfully situated in the high Shansi hills, nearly four thousand feet above the sea, the station for which Andrew had left England six years previously, the country town where he could have built and worked a small hospital. Here they spent a very happy week-end with the Harlows.

From Tai Yuan to Suiteh in the autumn of the year is one of the most lovely trips one could wish to make. When the country is at peace and the keeper of the rough but friendly inn meets you at the close of the day, or at certain happy spots a kind head priest puts his guest quarters at your disposal; when the air is like wine, and the eagles circle above whilst the deer are seen running on the hill-side not too far from the track, and partridges go cluck-clucking impudently across the path; whilst around you on every hand the rolling hills spread out for league after league, rising here and there to majestic peaks; then the Tai Yuan—Suiteh road makes the heart sing. That is how the road strikes a bachelor doing the trip on horseback. A mother imprisoned within a Chinese mule-litter on account of her babe finds it otherwise, as shows the following comment by Mrs. Young, hardened campaigner though she is: "If you could have seen me one afternoon actually in tears from sheer terror at the road—the precipices and the stone staircases and the mules—T'ai Yuan animals

who had never been in the mountains before and were as terrified as I was—you would not have said that the road was a delight. We were in litters, and sometimes they were crosswise over the animal's backs—each going in an opposite direction at a turn over a precipice! *Riding* perhaps may be pleasant, but I could only walk short distances, as Russell was too heavy to carry."

However, the babe, who by this time was becoming a small boy, enjoyed it all. It need scarcely be added that *he* was "as good as gold".

Suiteh is one of those compact, self-supporting hill towns that have an individuality of their own. They are no mere places *on* the road; they are the reason *for* the road. The traveller from Milan to Venice may feel that Brescia and other towns are all "towns on the road", but he has a different feeling and knows that he has reached a different world when he enters Verona, with its frowning bastions, its wonderful circus, its square of the Signori and its ladder of the Scaliger family stamped everywhere. Here is a city which commands the road; it is no mere servant of the road's purpose. And Suiteh is the Verona of North Shensi. Its high solid walls crown a long, tortuous ascent, walls from which the gleaming torches are lowered in time of strife. From its frowning battlemented gateways severed heads hang as warnings to prowling banditti that Suiteh has sharp teeth with which to defend herself. On a peaceful sunny day in early September, 1911, the city was free from any such horrors: it had the friendly face which an old battle-scarred castle perched on the Rhine heights can show, or such as gladdens the man who after a long spell of Egyptian sands, glimpses the green heights of Avignon and their crowning castle from the Rhone valley. What impressed the Youngs upon their first

sight of Suiteh, and what one hears repeatedly from those who visit it, was the sense that here is a city well worth living in and living for. Here is a place where an influence once exerted will be conserved. Good effected here will work its way through a well articulated city life with a genuine civic association of its own. Here is a city set on a hill, giving guidance and direction to the world around it. Here is a real centre of *power*. On reaching Suiteh one wonders no longer that, in spite of the drawbacks arising from its long distance from Sianfu, Bell and Watson, with imaginations fired by the city's possibilities, put in a report that the Mission ought to occupy the city.[1] Whether by this Missionary Society or that, Suiteh was a city that ought to be won for the Christian cause. To pass it by for cities on the road would show a lack not only of enterprise but of proportion.

For hospital work it would have been ideal, and Young writes frankly, "There is certainly a splendid field here for Medical Mission work. I almost wish we had not started in San Yuan. Indeed, I always maintained that these northern places had a prior claim, seeing that the Sianfu hospital is within a day's journey (of San Yuan), whereas here it is thirteen days. Many lives might be saved, not to speak of getting access to many more people with the Gospel." Meanwhile his skill met with a pathetic welcome from the sick and needy in the city. They arrived on the tenth of September and left on the eleventh of October. Mr. Watson had fitted up a rough dispensary for them, and there they put in a busy month's work.

In reckoning up the restraining causes which, a month later, prevented certain sinister forces in the city from destroying the lives and property within the little Mission

[1] *See* Chapter VIII.

at Suiteh, factors to be remembered are the medical work done and the impression created during the Youngs' visit.

From Suiteh they came south to Yenanfu, where Mr. and Mrs. Borst-Smith had been at work[1] since 1908. Here they were detained longer than they had anticipated, owing to another attack of appendicitis. Sunday, the twenty-second of October, was the day of the eclipse. A day or two later they set out for the south and San Yuan, where they hoped to find a hospital rapidly approaching completion and where the townsfolk would be quietly interested in the daily occurrences of any normal inland city in the Empire of China.

And meanwhile the Empire had disappeared. Though the Manchu dynasty was not formally ended until the spring of 1912, yet from the hour when Szechuan, Hupeh, Shensi and other provinces rose in revolt there was never a doubt that whatever might be the future form of the Government—autocracy, constitutional monarchy or democracy—the day of the Manchu had passed. Ten days south, in Sianfu, that fact had been announced in blood and fire. Eight thousand victims had perished by massacre or suicide, and the banners of the Republic floated everywhere. But up here in these northern hills all this was hidden, and Andrew Young—with wife and child and two servants—set out in happy ignorance for the most terrible adventure of all his adventurous life.

[1] *See* "Mandarin and Missionary in Cathay," by E. F. Borst-Smith.

PART III

IN CHINA'S REPUBLIC

CHAPTER X

The Dramatic Year

(1) *Hunted on the Hills*

The Chinese Revolution is generally dated from September, 1911, when the outbreak occurred in Hankow which placed General Li Yuan-hung, the present[1] legal President of the Chinese Republic, in charge of the insurrectionary forces which were in Wuchang, the capital of Hupeh province, and of those in and around Hankow and Hanyang, on the opposite side of the River Yang-tze-kiang. The Revolution was the visible expression of an age-long revolt against the Manchu rule in China. The humiliation of the country at the hands, first, of Japan in 1894, and, later, of the Powers in 1900, had made it clear to the Chinese generally that the Manchu machine of government had run down. In place, therefore, of the old stage conspiracies of the *White Lily* and the *Elder Brethren* and other secret societies, a general movement spread amongst practical persons. These feared that the disintegration of the country was inevitable unless control was removed from the Manchus, whose corruptness the "practical" person might have ignored, but at whose feebleness he dared no longer wink. This movement amongst the educated

[1] May, 1923.

class gradually crystallized into the organization known as the *Ke Ming Tang*—"The Dynasty Severance League."[1]

The propaganda of the movement aimed at being widespread, but unfortunately in practice confined itself to the high schools and colleges of the country, whilst the military training schools, in particular, became hot-beds of disaffection. It was largely financed by the overseas Chinese and the wealthy merchant class in Hong Kong, and such Treaty ports as Shanghai and Tientsin. It cannot be said to have represented the country as a whole. In itself this would not be sufficient to discredit the movement, since the country, as a whole, had no political sense, but the movement certainly erred in attempting to work almost solely through the schools and through the army. It made the student class self-conscious, it deliberately inflated their self-importance, and it assigned to mere boys, unaccustomed to self-discipline and with no experience of life, posts of command that could only satisfactorily be held by men who had learned both to obey and to suffer. Mazzini's trust in Italian youth was a trust in those who had known the suffering of subjection to a foreign tyrant; but the Manchu was only theoretically a foreigner in China, and the Chinese, *qua* Chinese, had no sufferings to endure.

But it was in their reckless recruiting for their army that the Republicans brought sorrow to their country. No *tu quoque* argument here will absolve them. Yuan Shih-k'ai, or another, may have shown them the way to expend vast sums in order to create a new soldier class, but if the Republicans could have had more faith in their cause they could have evolved a free but well governed China, with the civil power still in control,

[1] In this present volume "the Republican party" refers to the *Ke Ming Tang* and its various political auxiliaries.

simply by speeding up the reforms which the Manchu Dynasty had been forced to set in motion. They attempted the short cut; they took the sword and they are now in danger of perishing by the sword.

The anarchy resulting from reckless recruiting was nowhere more apparent than in Shensi, where the Republican leaders, having secured the arsenal, armed the mob, only to find that by so doing they had given to the Elder Brethren Secret Society—with its following of illiterate bandits—the opportunity it required to challenge the leadership of the Republicans and to plunge the province into all the misery of civil war. This division between the forces which usurped the old Manchu control should be remembered in the two following chapters. On the one hand was the *Ke Ming Tang* under Chang Feng-hui, who became the Governor of the province, and Chang Pei-ying (similar in surname but no relative of the Governor), the first general of the field forces; on the other hand, the undisciplined horde of the *Ko Lao Hui* under yet another Chang, Chang Yun-san, who was at the time of the outbreak a trumpeter in the army, a man who could barely read and write, but of a ferocious personal courage which went far in armies more apt at gesture than real fighting. When the Imperial armies under Yuan Shih-k'ai closed in upon them from the east, and the Mohammedan armies, who, for their own purposes posed as loyalists, did likewise from the west, these two parties, the *Ke Ming Tang* and the *Ko Lao Hui*, maintained an uneasy truce for self-preservation purposes, but it was never more than a truce. That these two factions did not by open fighting inflict further misery upon the province, was due to some extent to the influence exercised by three members of the Baptist Mission; the Rev. A. G. Shorrock, who was in those

days, in very deed, a father of the city, and its two surgeons, Andrew Young and Cecil Robertson.

This much knowledge of the general situation is necessary in order to understand what follows. It is the merest outline, as this volume does not attempt any sketch of the revolution or of Chinese politics.[1]

The facts immediately affecting the situation when the Youngs left Yenanfu were, that the revolution had broken out in Sianfu on the 22nd of October, that eight thousand Manchus had been killed, whilst rioting had been rife throughout the city. The banks and pawnshops had been looted, and pillage was general. Outside the South Suburb the Swedish Mission compound had been destroyed and eight of its inmates brutally murdered, whilst in the East and West Suburbs, and in the city itself, foreigners had for some hours been in instant peril of their lives. Even after the first whirlwind had passed they were still in grave danger, since an idea was abroad in the mind of the populace that, like the Boxer Movement of 1900, this new movement was a " kill the foreigner " uprising.

Four days' journey from Yenanfu lies the beautiful little town of Chungpu, situated on a hill-side rising sheer from the river, which is a tributary of the Wei. On the quiet evening of a lovely November day, when the colours of the persimmon trees still made gorgeous the Shensi passes, the little party of travellers came to an inn facing the tiny barracks of the suburb. They felt that they were getting home again, since Chungpu is one of the northern out-stations of the San Yuan Mission.

[1] Any readers who may wish to pursue the subject will find a bibliography added at the close of this volume.

It was here that their ignorance of the general situation was dispelled when the mission evangelist, coming from the preaching hall within the town walls, told them that there was news of trouble in Sianfu, though the details were vague and often conflicting. That ghastly Sunday with its thousands slain in the city streets was a story the details of which were mercifully hidden from them for many days to come. China is a land of rumour: he who changes his plans with each fresh alarm will wander in a wilderness of thwarted purposes where no sure path is. Our particular group had no thought of being diverted unnecessarily from their route, though the doctor went over to the office of the local magistrate to glean such particulars as might have come through.

The magistrate himself knew little, but a military official whom he met there, and who was hurrying to his post at Peitungkuan, two days farther south, offered him escort to that town. The offer was accepted and next day saw them arrive at Ichun. They found room at an inn, the usual bustle of arrival was proceeding, and Andrew with the muleteers had the full attention of the usual group of inn loiterers and hangers-on. No one had eyes for the furtive figure of a Chinese schoolboy slipping in to the darkened room where Mrs. Young busied herself with a baby's travelling kit. A letter passed into her hands, there was a hurried glance of recognition, a sign for caution and silence, and the figure merged again in the loitering crowd, slipped through it and was gone. He was only an ordinary schoolboy, a pupil of the Mission in the East Suburb of Sianfu, yet he had made his way successfully for five days through a district rife with rumours and already infested with robbers, and had borne a foreigner's warning letter, a document which if found upon him by zealous " patriots "

patrolling the road, might have cost him his life. The writer, Mr. Shorrock, had himself been away from Sianfu at the time of the outbreak, and knew only that grave danger threatened. He feared that some members of the Mission had been killed, and advised the Youngs, whom he had hoped to warn while they were still in Yenanfu, to stay quietly with the Borst-Smiths in that prefectural city rather than risk the disorders of the small towns and the open road.

If the whole country to the south was in revolt, it was doubtful how much protection their Chungpu military friend could afford them—quite possibly he would need to look to himself—so they decided to attempt the journey back to Yenanfu. But a traveller's desire does not necessarily coincide with a muleteer's humour. The animals had been hired to go to San Yuan. The muleteers had their own programme to consider, and San Yuan had been a fixed point therein. It meant a long, weary wrangle, and all the ingenious delays which a sulky Chinese muleteer can so well contrive, before, late the next morning, they got the animals' heads turned northwards once more. Only one reason could, in the muleteer's minds, account for the perversity of the foreigners: their boxes must be full of silver. Why should honest Chinese muleteers have their life made a burden for the vagaries of such people? To the tune of such a refrain, monotonously chanted by the man at the front to his fellows in the rear, the little procession made its way back to Chungpu. Here they met more schoolboys who had returned from Sianfu to their homes, and these had more definite news. What was going on within the walls of the city they could only guess, but it was actual knowledge that the Sianfu gates had been closed since noon on Sunday, and that fires were raging

within the city. The Manchu quarter had been given over to the flames, which lit up the sky far and wide.

But at Chungpu they found news of the north also. Since they had passed through the district the northern road had become as unsafe for travel as had the south. Soldiers could not be depended upon, whilst the local banditti, more or less in league with the secret societies, were working unchecked. As the inn in the south suburb of Chungpu was very exposed, our party took such necessities as they could carry, and, leaving their heavy boxes behind them, made their way to the Mission preaching hall within the town walls. As it was Sunday, church members and learners, both from the town itself and the country around, had gathered at the preaching-hall. There was much discussion as to what had best be done. That the muleteers who had brought the Youngs from Yenanfu had decamped was not surprising. For them their animals represented most of their available capital, and should armies begin to move about in the district, any pack animal, with its owner in attendance, would be impounded for military purposes. Foreigners demonstrably in favour with the authorities they would have followed gladly, for, in addition to good pay and good treatment, they knew their animals would be safe from being commandeered at the caprice of some passing petty military officer. But were foreigners in favour? All the signs were against it. What attitude had the local authorities taken with regard to them? And suddenly it was realized that there were no local authorities—at least, none who were so *de jure*. The district magistrate had fled, and the well-to-do people were following him as best they could. Such authority as there might be was with the military guard of the city. The demeanour of the soldiers grew more and

more insolent, and their officers had little enough power to restrain them. A file of these men was quartered opposite the preaching hall, and constantly swaggered into the inner room where Mrs. Young and her child were. They facetiously suggested that they should " escort " the party to the provincial capital, demanding outrageous sums for their services, and generally became increasingly and offensively familiar.

Our little party debated whether they should attempt to leave the building by clambering over the wall at the back, but there was no hope of successful evasion in a country town where a man's house is his neighbour's pleasant opportunity for the exercise of curiosity, and the main street a thoroughfare where roving eyes and wagging tongues and itching ears daily find opportunities for exercise. Escape seemed impossible, and yet the blind spot was discovered in the sight of that restless street. It was at noon that the tall evangelist darted into the room and dragged out his foreign friends with a cry, " Come now, there is nobody about. Come at once ! " Mrs. Young, attempting to put a few necessities together, was peremptorily shepherded out. " Not a moment, bring nothing, come at once ! " was the command, and they all walked down the main street, meeting no soul save one busy water-carrier who was too taken up with his water buckets to note the fugitives. Give the statistician an acquaintance with the street of a Chinese town in winter—not in summer, when at noon the flies alone keep argus eyes agape—and then ask him how often one is likely to meet such a phenomenon—an empty, unwatched Chinese street. Hot meals may, or may not, have drawn the soldiers and loiterers away. Whatever may have been the reason for its opportunity, the immediate escape

was effected, and, as it proved, effected only just in time. Someone, probably a local leader of a secret society delighting in a little brief authority, had put out placards that the foreigners were to be dealt with not later than the next day. At such a time the question as to such a placard's authenticity would not be pushed, whilst the placard itself would suffice to let loose instincts which might commence only in horse-play, but which would rapidly sink into brutality. Also, if the crowd could be induced to murder the foreigners, there would be a rush upon the Mission property and that of every adherent of the church. In the general scramble some useful looting could be unostentatiously carried out. The profitable pickings thus available for the unscrupulous would more than offset the risk of the placards.

Not only, therefore, for their own sakes, but for the sake of their Christian friends, it was fortunate that the Youngs were able to reach the open country. Three miles walking brought them to the house of a member of the church whose name was Ts'ao, a poor peasant who lived in one of the many cave dwellings which abound in the district. Here, dangerous guests though they were, they were given a warm welcome and placed in an inside cave. By the next day things were so bad in Chungpu that the Ts'ao family, known to be ardent Christians, were themselves in danger, so by nightfall the little family, carrying such of its simple earthly possessions as it could, scattered into the hills. The old mother, with her sons and daughters-in-law, went in one direction, whilst Ts'ao and his hired labourer led the Youngs, with their cook and horse-boy, in another. Ts'ao's idea was to cross the hills by upland tracks, avoiding if possible all main roads, and so reach the Gospel Village by way of a town called Fu Ping. This plan on general lines

was sound, since the direct route to Sianfu was impossible without a friendly and heavily armed escort, whereas the Gospel Village lay in the heart of a district peopled by Shantung immigrants who could be trusted to give a good account of themselves if attacked by any Shensi freebooters, whilst the village itself offered little inducement in the way of loot to bring the soldiery so far away from the main routes. What neither Ts'ao nor any of the party at the time could know was that the Fu Ping district, which they would have had to cross, had become one of the most dangerous parts of the province, a stronghold of the *Ko Lao Hui* which has frequently been a centre of disturbance since that time.

It was about midnight when they finally got away. Liu, the horse-boy, and Chi-wa, the cook, each had a bundle containing tins of milk, the baby's blankets and a little bedding. The party started straight up the mountain that looms above Chungpu. There was no moon, only starlight. At one point on the road, where a member of the church lived, they stopped and entered his house with some difficulty, since he lived in the middle of a village and it was necessary not to disturb the neighbours. This man refused to take them in. He said that the baby would be sure to cry and the neighbours would then discover the whole party. Probably the man was right, and harsh and cruel as such a rebuff seemed to the wanderers, it made for their ultimate safety. Several villages were reached and passed by as silently as possible. The child, sleeping quietly in his father's arms, gave no sound. No dog barked, no villager stirred. Hour after hour they kept on, until the faint dawn grew into clearer light.

At six o'clock they dared go no farther. Turning from the main track they scouted round for some refuge. In less

than five minutes they found a deserted cave, and there they remained all day. Towards evening Mrs. Young, looking up to the door of the cave, was startled to see a man gazing in upon them. He had been following his cow about along the valley, and was as startled to see a group of people in the cave as they were to see him. He turned out to be an old friend of Ts'ao, whom the latter had not seen for twenty years. Ts'ao called him in and gave him the whole story. The new friend offered to stand guard over them until nightfall and keep the villagers away.

At dusk they started out again, but within a few moments met a solitary soldier, who stood watching them to mark the road they took. A man on scout duty at such a place was unusual enough and did not lessen their anxiety. However, there was nothing to do but to go straight on. By ten o'clock the hired man had had enough, and declared he would go no farther. Ever since their start he had, in fancy, heard soldiers following on their track. It says much for the character of a simple farmer like Ts'ao that he had been able to induce this man to stay by them so long. Whilst the arrangements for the man's return were proceeding they had approached a large village. Here villagers and dogs rushed out upon them and they had to run for their lives. In the scurry and the darkness they got separated from Ts'ao, and at the same time lost their bedding, which, at the moment of the villagers' rush, had been in the keeping of the hired man. Safely away from the village they waited a long time, but Ts'ao did not reappear. Liu, the horse-boy, went back to the village to seek him, but returned unsuccessful. Both Liu and Chi-wa, the cook, resigned themselves to the idea that Ts'ao as well as the hired man had abandoned them,

but Dr. and Mrs. Young never wavered in their faith in Ts'ao.

Nothing was to be gained, however, by remaining where they were, so they pushed on. They did not know the road, but tried to work southwards. The moon was up by that time, but suddenly thick clouds came up and covered the whole sky, so that they lost all sense of direction and could do no more than follow the first path they discovered, and along it they walked for the best part of the night. "We went on as long as we could put one foot before the other, and then had to lie down beside the road in the wilderness." The one thin quilt remaining to them was that belonging to the cook who had carried it over his shoulder. The horse boy, the cook, the doctor and Mrs. Young, who had wrapped Russell within her gown, all lay on the ground and tried to find cover under this one thin quilt.

"It was miserably cold, and we were very hungry and thirsty. When it began to look like dawn we gathered some dried grass and made a little fire and tried to warm ourselves before we started. We had two hard-boiled eggs of which we gave Russell the yolks, and the four of us divided the whites amongst us. And then we started off again."

As the light grew they found themselves at the top of a hill and saw that the path they were following led down the hill-side to a city, and, as the light cleared, they found that of all places this was the Ichun from which they had retreated five days previously, a place which, for foreigners, was a perfect trap. The cook went down to see if he could pick up any useful information. A little below them lay a house with outbuildings, and, fearing there might be difficulty in getting by

unseen, they sent the horse boy on ahead to see how the land lay. "We always knew that he was not very brilliant, but we thought his stupidity had reached its limit when we saw him knocking at the door of the house and then evidently telling the people all about us, as we could see him pointing in our direction. Feeling that it was all over we went down after him, and the people of the house asked us in, gave as a seat and brought us a bowl of food, and then one person after another came in and looked at us and walked out."

The horse boy, meanwhile, had gone to look for the cook, and though not finding him returned in company with a youth related to the people of the house. Since the house was on the main path and dangerously near to the city, its owners arranged for their young relative to take the Youngs to a cave near by and then return to bring them food. Truly the horse boy had builded better than he knew when he took the risk of seeking these people's aid. And yet he might so easily have blundered badly, for the man of the house was a prominent member of the notorious *Elder Brethren* Society. But his wife was a wonderful woman. It was she who undertook the burden of befriending these fugitive strangers, planning for their safety, and enlisting the sympathy of the few people whom she was obliged to trust in the matter. The first instance of her staunchness and her shrewdness was shown within a few hours of their arrival, when Ts'ao, who had been hunting wildly for them all the night, managed to track them down. He had reasoned out that, lost in the darkness of the previous night this was their likeliest road, as it led to a city, whilst the track he had planned to follow to Fu Ping would be too faint for them to distinguish. Arrived at Ichun, and knowing that they would not

venture down into the town, he divined that this house was the place which was sheltering them. Inquiring, he was met with vigorous denials until he at last made it clear to the owners that he was the friend of the refugees. When he found the latter unharmed he literally wept for joy.

And now there was an opportunity to do more than march through the darkness and hide during the daytime with no objective save the safety of the next few hours. With the resources of this brave woman and the devotion of Ts'ao in their favour they could plan for something more. Long into the night these two, with their young helper and the cook and the horse boy, discussed this and that plan. The Youngs had the good sense to leave it to them. Finally it was arranged that the young man should go with the two house-boys to Sianfu, since, until the situation there was more clearly understood, the Youngs and their helpers were working in the dark. They would carry a letter written with such materials as were at hand and bring back help from the city if the authorities were by this time showing protection to the foreigners. It was a dangerous task and a difficult, but at the risk of their lives the three boys undertook it. The wife's family lived in a quiet place twelve miles away. From a man taken into their confidence the wife hired two mules, on which the Youngs were to ride when night fell. It was all sufficiently desperate; the strange family in the hills might refuse them shelter, the youths going to the city might easily be set upon and killed; yet compared with the previous flights it held some hope and some meaning. The cook said he was sure it was the Lord's way. "His heart was peaceful as it had not been before." So the boys started southwards, whilst the Youngs clambered on to

their mules. Russell, the baby, was strapped on to Ts'ao's back and, carried in this way, slept soundly. And this was the journey :—

" Andrew's mule threw him the first minute he got on. They had no saddles, only 'to-tzu'.[1] I had a 'p'u-kai '[2] on mine, but even so it was the most uncomfortable thing I ever sat on. We went through the bush, up and down the hills, through the wildest part of the country, near villages, but again no one heard us. About four o'clock in the morning we came to a threshing floor in the hills, with three or four cave houses about it. The people in one of the houses were roused and asked us in. Andrew and Ts'ao had been taking turns all night carrying Russell, as on that road it was impossible to carry him and to ride. We were all completely worn out. I had been falling asleep and dreaming on the mule, and woke time and time again, just slipping off. Our guide had to be back in the early morning with the mules so as not to be missed, so the men in the house immediately set to work making food for him, and while they pulled the bellows they were discussing what they should do with us. We got up on the bed and leaned against the grain sacks, and every once in a while half awoke to hear what was going on, but it was not until afterwards that I really knew or cared what they were talking about. I have often wondered what would happen if a family in England should be wakened up in the middle of the night by absolute strangers fleeing for their lives and asked to take them in and hide, feed, and generally provide for them ; knowing that it would mean certain death for themselves if they were caught thus giving succour to people who were not only strangers but

[1] A wooden frame saddle on which packs are placed.
[2] A quilt.

foreigners as well! The only trouble in those men's minds was the old couple who lived next door to them. They said the old man was a dreadful chatterer, and if he knew that we were there, he would just go down to the fair, and it would soon be all over the country. How to circumvent the old man and his wife was what they were talking about. At last they decided that they would take us about a mile up the valley to another deserted cave, and that they would bring food up to us there, and keep a general look-out and see that nobody went up that way.

"We had to get up again, and walk up the valley in the dark. It was just like every other deserted cave except that far in on one side there was a hole about two feet in diameter, partly in the floor, partly in the wall. This led down into a little place that had evidently been dug out to store grain. It was just high enough to stand upright in, and it was big enough for us to lie down in, with room for Ts'ao to lie across our feet. There was plenty of ventilation through some rat-holes, and they put straw down for us to lie on. We stayed there for a week. It was very difficult keeping Russell quiet. We could not let him make a sound, and had to give him everything he wanted, so you can imagine he was spoiled and dirty. (For that matter 'dirty' described us all.) I am sure you would be horrified if I told you what he had to eat, but the Lord certainly watched over his inside, and he is as well as possible. We had delicious food; maize bread, maize porridge and pumpkins. Their wheat crop had failed them, and they were living on Indian corn. Sometimes in the daytime, when they told us it was safe, we went up into the big cave.

"At night these four men used to climb down into our

little hole. We crowded in together, and they all smoked and asked questions about everything in Heaven and earth. They apologised often for keeping us up until after midnight in this way, but they said, 'You know it is our only chance to ever learn about anything at all.'

"One of the men or his wife used to bring us our food three times a day. Once we were asked to go down to hide in the valley because a man had come who used to hunt through all the caves for some sort of moss that he used for medicines, and they were not at all sure that they would be able to keep him away from our cave. We had with us a little copy of the Psalms in the American Jewish translation, and a copy of one of Dr. Morgan's sermons, the text of which was "A Coffin in Egypt." We had a biscuit box without a lid, and a comb, and a tin opener, a 'p'u-kai,' and nothing else in the world. I had torn my skirt up to tie on Andrew's head as a turban. During the week Ts'ao went home, leaving one night, and getting back to us the next. The night after we had left his house it had been burnt by the soldiers, but all his family were safe. Our friend the tall evangelist also spent a night or two with us. It was rather a tight squeeze. Then after we had been there for a week the boys came back with our escort. The noise of a match scratching above the hole was the way our visitors were announced."

For the three young men had succeeded in their venture. Several times on the way they were set on. They were robbed of what meagre store they had, but finally they had reached Sianfu and made their way to the Mission, bringing great relief to the people there, who had day after day longed for some news from the north.

When the republican authorities got sufficient grasp of the situation in Sianfu to establish some order, one

of their first concerns was to put two or three capable men in charge of an office to deal with the affairs of the foreigners in the province. This office was roughly termed by us " the foreign office " or " the provincial foreign office." The new Governor and his staff knew only too well that such an office would be sadly needed after the disastrous way the foreigners' safety had been overlooked in the first place. Looking round for a good second in command here, he appointed Mr. Shih, who had been Young's language teacher. He had, when acting in that capacity for Dr. Creasy Smith in 1900, been for months in Peking after the Siege of the Legations. He had travelled widely in China, was conversant with the foreign point of view, and a better appointment could hardly have been made at such a juncture. On hearing of the Youngs' plight he was not only shocked because of the reflection such treatment would bring to the new provincial government, he was deeply distressed as a personal friend of the sufferers. He acted with energy and courage, demanding a heavily-armed escort, full powers to deal with local authorities *en route*, money and conveyances. Arriving at Ichun he sent forward a part of the guard under the guidance of Young's two boys to bring the fugitives into the town, whilst he himself stayed with the remainder of the guard so as to impress upon the town leaders the importance of his mission, and to see that there should be no ebullition of temper in the place. As a result, the public welcome given to the Youngs upon their appearance was a useful little lesson to the whole of that district, and an excellent bit of instruction for that northern road. Mr. Shih might not know the word " propaganda " ; he thoroughly understood the thing.

From their rat-hole ventilated cave the little group

arrived at dawn at the house by the threshing-floor, much to the astonishment of the old man (he of the chatterer's reputation) and woman, who had no idea whence these foreigners had come who seemed to have dropped upon them from the skies. The ten soldiers who had come for them had fine horses and were very elegantly clad in loot from Sianfu. " Ichun turned out to welcome us. Such a stylish crowd of local infantry you never saw, but our ten special horsemen outshone them all. They certainly did treat us kindly. I only wished I were a little cleaner, and that my clothes had been a bit more respectable, to do honour to all the fuss. You cannot imagine how hard it is to keep clean without soap, especially when lying on straw in a cave. Poor Mr. Shih nearly wept when he met us. They took us to the officials' guest-house and sent us in a fine dinner from the Yamen "[1] (C. M. Y.).

On the road south there was only one difficulty. On its way up north, Shih's troop had had trouble in getting through the town of Peitungkuan, in spite of all their documents from the authorities in Sianfu. (Writs in China then, as now, had a way of running but a short distance from their place of issue.) There was some anxiety as to the possible nature of their reception on the return journey. However, just a little while before they were due in the place it began to rain very heavily, and it was pouring so when they went through that there was not a soul in the street nor even at the house doors. But as soon as they were safely through it cleared up again and did not rain until they reached San Yuan, forty miles to the south.

At San Yuan they were given a day's rest. In their own deserted house " we fortunately found some clean

[1] Magistrate's office.

underclothes and so were able to burn those we had been wearing for these weeks, but *outwardly* we were just the same when we reached Sianfu the next day, and went into the prayer meeting" (C. M. Y.).

It is a remarkable chronicle. When one thinks of the many times when but for a timely "coincidence" they might have been lost, it is difficult to quarrel with the Youngs' verdict that such coincidences were nothing but the immediate providences of a Heavenly Father. As a record of endurance passed through with good sense, good humour, and good temper, it is well worth preserving. In it one sees how to a real piety there can be wedded an unquenchable cheeriness and a fine sense of proportion.

Still more important is the light shed upon the Chinese character. A point frequently reverted to by English reviewers when dealing with books on Chinese life is that "nearly every author expresses, in one part or another of his work, a great admiration for the Chinese race, and for the social and political virtues that characterise it. We are perpetually told that they are law-abiding, honest, kindly, industrious, and physically vigorous. . . . The author is throughout benevolently anxious to assure his world that he admires the Chinese. But the character of his evidence is demonstrated by the fact that almost the largest number of entries in the index are under the words, 'blood, lust for,' and 'squeeze.'"[1]

One cannot but admit the reasonableness of this

[1] "The Chinese Puzzle." A review in the *New Statesman*, May 3rd, 1913, of "The Trade and Administration of China," by H. B. Morse; "How England Saved China," by J. Macgowan; "The Passing of the Dragon," by J. C. Keyte. The reviewer finds the same trend in the writings of Dr. A. H. Smith.

contention. It *does* seem inconsistent to speak repeatedly in praise of the Chinese people and within the covers of the same volume to have a damaging index with many references to "squeeze," "bandits," "armed coolies," "professional politicians," and the like. In this respect the present volume will doubtless prove upon examination as guilty as its predecessors. The explanation of the seeming inconsistency is to be found in such characters as those appearing in this narrative. Few if any foreign writers with any claim at all to write of China have lived long in the country without having known some such men or women; the *lao-ta*[1] who hazards his life for us in the Yangtze gorges, the yamen-runner who has ridden with us through the long night hours carrying our luggage in a frame upon his back, risking his life in the defile that we might always have the safe side of the path; the servant of a drunken foreigner at the coast who, in spite of numerous provocations, remains loyal, nursing his master in sickness, fending for him when he is out of funds. (The "boy" will take his "squeeze" in the days of prosperity, be sure of that, but his faithfulness will stand a long strain through many dark days.) And when one comes to the peasantry of China one feels sometimes almost reverent; so hard and grinding is their lot, so cheerful their disposition, so brave a face do they show to the winds of adversity. How many of them, like Meredith's "Maria of the dirty fingers", were "born on a hired bed", with poverty threatening their birth and grinning at them in their death, who yet will do deeds of disinterested kindness. Think for instance of this woman of Ichun. "I do not think she had any motive except pity, although she was very poor. There may have been some suggestion that we would

[1] The captain of a boat's crew.

help her in some way afterwards, but it certainly was not put very prominently" (C. M. Y.). From the same class came the two boys, cook and groom, who absolutely refused to leave their master and his that day though they knew they risked death by remaining.

And Ts'ao—"dear old Ts'ao," as he was always afterwards to the Youngs—what an Israelite in whom there was no guile, he was—and is. A simple, hard-working, happy soul, who goes on his way season after season, gaining his living out of the soil, content with the food of the day, the suit that lasts for years, and for a house a cave dwelling to which we would not condemn our domestic animals. In later years when, by tramping ten days—five there and five back—he could at the farmers' slack season get to Sianfu or San Yuan to see the Youngs, and especially little Russell, he came with all the simplicity and the dignity of a friend. He had no idea of making any financial profit by the trip on account of what had been in the past. To learn more of his Saviour from the friend across whose feet he had lain in that northern cave and who had then made that Saviour his chief theme; to pray with one to whom prayer was a secret learned in holy experiences; to talk over the list of the remembered mercies of those breathless days—this was enough for Ts'ao. A man in courage, in endurance, and in faithfulness; a child in simplicity and in affection. And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

CHAPTER XI

The Dramatic Year

II. Toiling in the Plains

The Sianfu Hospital at the time of the Revolutionary outbreak happily had upon its staff four qualified British medicals; three of these—Young, Robertson, and Charter—were on the field, whilst Stanley Jenkins, the fourth member, was in England on furlough.

On the Sunday of the outbreak Young was, as we have seen, in the northern hills, whilst Cecil Robertson, who was visiting patients in the East Suburb, was debarred by the closed gates from re-entering the city. The whole brunt of the first few days' surgical work amongst the wounded fell upon Dr. G. A. Charter, who did yeoman service.

During the first hour of the rising Herr Henne, the postmaster in Sianfu, was attacked in the street, pulled from his horse, and wounded by the mob before he was rescued by a few soldiers who escorted him to his house, mounted guard there, and sent some comrades to the hospital for Dr. Charter. Dr. Charter's little child, Dorothy, had been very ill and was slowly dying. To leave the house at such a time was very difficult, but Arthur Charter went through a howling mob and reached Herr Henne. But the soldiers who had summoned him dared not

attempt the return journey, whilst the street called "Silver Street"—the one in which the larger banking concerns of the city were housed—was one mass of maddened looters. Hour after hour went by before Dr. Charter was able to accomplish the return journey. When he succeeded in reaching the hospital his child was dead.

In the meantime the hospital had been savagely attacked by a Mohammedan mob armed during that fatal hour when General Chang Pei-ying and his fellow republicans had handed out arms indiscriminately in the innocent belief that an enthusiasm for "The Republic" would turn every man to whom cartridges and a rifle were given into a gallant and disinterested patriot. To the Mohammedans their Chinese neighbours—imperialist or republican alike—were swine-eating carrion and to be treated as such. Ferocious, courageous, hardy, with a natural aptitude for arms and a working organization through their mosque *Ahungs* (teachers), it was a wonder that the Mohammedans did not seize the entire city and work their will. With a little preparedness beforehand they might well have done so, but probably the outbreak surprised them as much as it did the Manchus. What saved the city from their domination was itself dreadful enough; it was their love of loot. During the first few days they were so busy rifling banks, pawnshops and warehouses, that the republicans were able to regain control of Sianfu and their forces swept the small Mohammedan looting parties back into their own quarter in the north-west portion of the city.

It was in their first rush of looting that the Mohammedan attack was made upon the hospital, which, in addition to its hated Christianity, had probably quite an

unfounded reputation for wealth. The attack was repulsed through the fine courage of the young head of the local Foreign Office—happily a near neighbour—a Christian gentleman who had until the day previously been the head of the English Department in the Government College. He gathered together a group of students and teachers and fought off the assailants

The hospital steadily filled with wounded. For the doctor and his colleagues there was no time for private sorrow, still less for personal fears. On army stretchers, on wrenched-off doors, on improvised hurdles, on tables turned upside down, on the backs of men, in carts and sedan chairs patients came pouring in. Well for them that a man of equable temperament, good nerve, and a fine physique able to stand a prolonged strain was there to attend them. Arthur Charter must, during those first few days, have performed more surgical operations than some of his China colleagues had done in a year. Many of these operations must have been new to him in actual experience, and there was no time now to consult authorities and look for precedents ; it was one unresting effort with probe and knife and needle and saw. Well was it for Sianfu that day that in 1904 Stanley Jenkins had laid his plans deeply and well, and that he and Andrew Young, during the years between, had been working out those plans in brotherly loyalty and selflessness. The organization creaked and groaned under the strain put upon it, but—it held.

It was the business manager of the hospital—that very human sinner who could combine a dexterity in " squeeze " with a genuine desire for the hospital's standing in the city[1]—who had the brilliant idea of going to the authorities with the proposition that for their own sakes—though

[1] *See* Chapter VII.

the business manager was thinking of the safety and reputation of the hospital—they should get Dr. Robertson into the city. If they feared to open the city gate, then let a hospital volunteer be lowered from the city wall, thus making the situation clear to the doctor and ensuring his prompt response. The hospital had its volunteer for the risky business. T'ien-yu might have an uncertain and boyish temper, but he had all a boy's love of adventure and an unusual amount of pluck. So with a rope fastened under his arms he was lowered from the city wall, and with an escort of soldiers reached the Mission premises. Cecil Robertson at this time was only twenty-nine. Brilliant surgeon and fine administrator as he was, the idea of being hauled up by ropes over the walls had enough of the adventurous in it to appeal to him, and he thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it. After the horrors he had seen, and the grief at what had happened in the South Suburb, this bizarre entry into the city and the call to immediate action in his own field of work meant pure relief. For Charter, in the city, the advent of his colleague brought that reinforcement which comes to the medical man who has a fellow practitioner at hand with whom to consult on technical points.

By the 16th of November the Youngs joined them. But by this time the attacks in force upon the new republican leaders had involved such heavy fighting at the eastern and western borders of the province that there was a call for field hospital work in both directions. As soon as Young appeared Cecil Robertson went off to T'ung Kuan, the fortress guarding the passes leading from the Honan province to that of Shensi,[1] and shortly

[1] *See* "Cecil Robertson's Life and Letters," Chapter VIII; "The Passing of the Dragon," Chapters XVII–XIX.

afterwards Young was asked to do similar work in the west on the Kansuh border, so that for three months the doctor who knew most of the cases coming into the hospital from the city itself was Arthur Charter, though Cecil Robertson brought back a pitiful line of broken men with him from the east whilst Young was sending in cases from the west.

One of Young's earliest patients in the city was the "Fan-t'ai", the Provincial Treasurer under the old regime. Cut off from the world he knew and the authority he recognized, suicide had appeared to him the one resource. He had tried to shoot himself, but had bungled it. Robertson had extracted the bullet before Young's arrival. On December 5th Young wrote: "Our wards are still as full as ever. No sooner does one go out than another is ready to take his place, though there are not quite so many wounded. . . . The other day a man came in who had been shot, the bullet having gone in just at the side of the lower part of the nose and out behind the ear, shattering the bones on that side, and the nerve supplying one side of the face. This occurred six weeks before admission. . . . If more wounded come in, the authorities will have to give us a new place as a hospital; we cannot take more on our present premises."

Ultimately the authorities had to put three other buildings at their disposal. The hospital "wards" had before that, winter as it was, flowed over into the courtyards, the stable out-buildings, and even to thatched lean-to's placed against the stable yard walls. It was with difficulty that one could thread a way between the wounded lying on straw pallets on the ground. That sentence in the extract above: "This occurred six weeks before admission", gives some idea of the urgency and the overcrowding.

When Young was asked to go to the west, his little boy Russell was ill, and the city and country were still very unsettled. " I could not very well refuse, though I would rather have done anything than leave Charlotte and Russell when things were so unsettled. As, however, it was a matter of life and death for so many people and a unique opportunity for preaching the Gospel as well, we decided that we should go." With assistants and stores they filled four carts. Mr. Shih, released from the " Foreign Office " for the trip, was appointed by the authorities to go with the party, and was of great assistance.

The first trip was a miserable fiasco, owing not to any fault in the medical arrangements, but through the shocking poltroonery of the Shensi troops. On their way westwards the hospital party were heartily received and entertained by the local magistrates at towns *en route*. By the time they reached Ch'ien Chou, fifty-three miles west of Sianfu, they began to meet with cases of the slightly wounded being sent in carts to Sianfu Hospital.

The city on the Shensi-Kansuh border, which was their objective, was Pin Chou. From Ch'ien Chou to Pin Chou the ground rises sharply, so that they were soon in hill country where the cold was intense. The road grew steadily worse and progress increasingly difficult. Their four carts had by this time been caught up into a train of heavily laden ammunition wagons. During the day several small bands of mounted soldiers coming from Pin Chou reached them, men who had been sent to hurry forward the ammunition, as fighting was growing hotter and the Shensi ammunition was falling short. We were to learn later something of the reckless waste of ammunition by Chinese soldiery, the senseless blazing away to

keep up their own spirits or to impress a possible but by no means located enemy.

It was within less than seventeen miles of Pin Chou, their objective, that they met with the first signs of a defeated army: a stream of mounted men who came clattering down the hill in a tearing hurry. These made no concealment of the situation. There had been a battle, the Shensi troops had been defeated, and were now scattering. The mounted men were followed by hundreds of foot soldiers and a long procession of carts; carters and soldiers lashing the poor animals as if the enemy were close at their heels. It was evidently a *sauve qui peut.* In Chinese fighting those suffer most who have least power of choice. In the north, where there is wheeled traction, the wretched animals who drag the carts become the victims. In the south and west, where not more than one-tenth of the burdens carried are borne by pack animals, it is the coolie porter who has been torn from his home, his field, the village street, or the town tea shop, who is caught in the mad panic of defeat. "It was a regular stampede, the soldiers lashing the horses and mules to top speed with their swords, and getting almost desperate at any delay. It certainly was hard on the poor animals, because it was a fearfully hilly and difficult road. I was part of the time on horseback. After having gone about five miles our cart came to a very difficult part of the road, so Mr. Shih and I got out and walked slowly on ahead.

"We walked several miles and heard no sound of carts following, so we began to get rather anxious about them. Then someone came along who told us that the soldiers and the carters behind had got impatient and desperate, and had taken the mules out of the carts and ridden off

with them, while others had helped themselves to what of our things were portable, and tumbled the carts over a brow to make way for the others." This is the sort of incident which makes the average foreigner in China throw up his hands and declare that the country is hopeless. The fine industry and uncomplaining patience which one so admires in the peasant toiling on his land for the good of the patriarchal group—grandfather and grandmother, the many sons and daughters-in-law and the swarm of children—all this is lost when, taken from the family, the unit to which he is accustomed, he is clad in uniform and made into a cog of a machine which has no traditions and commands no loyalty. The only ideal which he knows has been removed from him, no other has taken its place. For students and the old *literati* " the state " may be a sound with virtue, " the country " may have some clarion call—though the signs of this are none too manifest to-day—but for the illiterate the terms are meaningless. For him the army means a livelihood pure and simple. In the days when Andrew Young took his trips on the western road, the ordinary term for a soldier—a term used in all seriousness and with no thought of reproach or irony—was " ch'ih liang ti " (one who eats rations). Loot for the victor was naturally understood, but no idea of wounds or death for the sake of the cause came into the contract. If these threatened, one effected a strategic retirement to the rear. *Dulce et decorum est* was to be applied to other activities than dying for one's country. The whole sentiment of nationalism had yet to be grown in the minds of such " ai kuo tis " (one who loves his country) as marched on those Shensi roads. This last term was coined at the beginning of the revolution, being the students' translation of the word " patriot " found in

foreign histories, particularly those of the French Republic, but the thing denoted by the term had yet to appear.

Young's chagrin over this wretched retreat was thoroughly human. He had a healthy dislike of acknowledging a defeat. He pleaded vehemently that having come so far they should manage somehow to get to the front. The wholesale exhibition of senseless funk was nauseating. Time and again he tried to persuade the group of soldiers and carters assigned to escort the hospital stores to wait quietly at some stopping place whilst the stream went by, so that when the road was clear they might proceed westward. It was in vain. They were deaf to all but the voice of their own fear.

At Ch'ien Chou, an important city, he hoped that the retreating army might make a stand. They could have put up a respectable fight there, and later, when Chang Yun-san,[1] the one outstanding man of courage on this western front led a force towards Kansuh, this was his head-quarters. But at the time there was no fight in the troops. "We reached Yung Shou Hsien, where we hoped to stay, between nine and ten o'clock at night, but we could not get our people to stop there. It was too near the scene of action. So after feeding the animals they started again. Our hope then was that they would stop at Ch'ien Chou and make a stand there. We travelled all night and arrived at Ch'ien Chou about eleven o'clock next day, only to find the city deserted, both soldiers and inhabitants having cleared out. We had therefore to move on again, and arrived at this place, Li Chun Hsien, at nightfall, having travelled ninety miles, only stopping to feed the animals. We were pretty tired by that time as well as pretty sick of

[1] *See* Chapter X., p. 229.

having had to retreat when we were so near our destination."

Ninety miles with only hurried halts for feeding the mules is a most exhausting experience. To do it in peace time without complications is sufficiently strenuous, as one who has experienced it can vouch, but to do it in such circumstances as Young was then in was utterly exhausting. No wonder that when a local friend of Mr. Shih gave them a "nice warm room" they "had a delightful night's rest".

At Hsien Yang, twenty-three miles from Sianfu, they found a General Ch'in who was on his way to the front. He was very indignant at what had occurred, and promised to do his best to recover the lost hospital property.

Being so near to Sianfu, Young hurried back for further equipment. Fortunately most of the medical and surgical appliances had not been in the overturned cart, and had escaped untouched. He arranged with General Ch'in that a temporary hospital should be established at Ch'ien Chou, from which point Young hoped to be able to get later to Pin Chou itself, making such arrangements as he could meanwhile for the wounded from the western border to be sent down to Ch'ien Chou. Local politics were very much subservient in his mind to his duties both as doctor and evangelist. "We are kept perfectly peaceful and calm, being sure that the Lord is leading and giving us this unprecedented opportunity. Should the Shensi troops be defeated and we fall into the hands of the Imperialists, I expect we shall still find plenty to do." Ten days later, when writing from his hastily improvised hospital at Ch'ien Chou,

he had had further experience of the Shensi troops' qualities, and says: "I am afraid the soldiers of this province are lacking in courage and stamina, and for the most part are raw and untrained, so I don't know how things will go. We [i.e. the little field-hospital group at Ch'ien Chou] may fall into the hands of the Kansuh troops and have to transfer our services to them, but I hope not, as that would mean separation from Charlotte and Russell for an indefinite period. That at any time would be hard, but especially so in these troublous times."

It was on this trip that he just managed to enter Ch'ien Chou with two personal servants before the Kansuh troops sat down before it for a siege. T'ien-yu, his most experienced assistant, who acted as his anæsthetist, was close behind them, but before he could reach the city the besiegers had arrived. He hung about for some time hoping that a means of ingress might be found, but when it became evident that he could not slip through the besiegers' lines, and so give help to the doctor, he returned sadly to Sianfu. Young was left in the midst of a crowd of wounded, his only helpers being a cook and a groom. And with their aid he had to get to work. Such provision as he could make before starting to operate he did: the sterilizing, the placing of trays, boiling kettles, and waste pails; but much of the ritual dear to the heart of any cleanly surgeon had to go. A lightning course as anæsthetist was given to the groom, and in swabbing and instrument handling to the cook. And then they set to work. The groom gave the chloroform, but it was the doctor who had, in addition to his operating, to watch the patient's condition under the anæsthetic. Hour after hour went by, and still they toiled. The unaccustomed assistants, sturdy country

boys free from the oppression of responsibility, were tired enough : how must the surgeon have felt who had to keep track of so many vital processes, with life after life depending upon his steadiness and resource ? Yet they lost no single case through any untoward accident, and he was able to send his wounded on later in quietness and comfort to the base hospital in Sianfu.

By March it was known in Shensi that the Republic had been proclaimed, and that China was nominally at peace. But the Kansuh Mohammedans had no intention of lightly letting go the Shensi cities which they had captured, and they still hoped to reach Sianfu, which, looted though it had been in October, was still a glittering prize. So the weary work went on. " The wounds that we have to treat here are generally several days old before we see them, and they are usually suppurating badly. It is really sickening, and in many cases hopeless work, because we cannot begin to do justice to so many. We can, however, help a little. We trust also that the work, will have an effect in preparing the way for the entrance of the Gospel. There is certainly a marked willingness on the part of the soldiers to listen. The assistants and staff have started, on their own initiative, a weekly prayer meeting, which is well attended and heartily taken up. They did this when we were feeling that everything seemed to be cold and lifeless amongst the staff, and that they had been evincing no interest in spiritual things at all. We had been much in prayer about it."

By March the former imperialist soldiers, who had been fighting Shensi troops on the eastern (Honan province) side, were sent up to Sianfu with a view to going forward to Kansuh to put an end to what was fast approaching a Mohammedan rebellion. The newcomers

had no kindly feelings to the Shensi province. The conclusion of peace between republicans and the former imperialist forces had robbed them of the opportunity of entering the province as conquerors, but they were no sooner safely within Sianfu walls than they mutinied, looted the city, and then dispersed in bands over the countryside, burning and looting—and worse—as they went. The movement spread east to those of their fellows who were still on the march from the Honan border, so that the eastern portion of Shensi was now to know what the west had long been suffering. All this meant added work for the hospital. To complicate matters still further they had an outbreak of typhus and another of smallpox amongst the hospital inmates. "There is certainly no chance of dullness here just now."—(C. M. Y.).

It was whilst on his trips to the west attending to the wounded that Young got a further attack of appendicitis, for which he had to treat himself as best he could. When it was over he knew that he must get to Sianfu, probably for an operation, without further delay. As soon as he could rise from his bed he rode into the city. The one available horse was about the worst in the Mission stable, one that had a vicious trot instead of the easy amble which so often lightens a missionary's work. Young got over the attack, but another occurred in the middle of April. Even then it was hoped that an operation might be deferred until he could get away from Shensi and have it done under more favourable conditions, after a rest at Shanghai or Kuling. This was the case on the twentieth of April. A few days previously the doctors had been wondering what could be done in case

any of them needed an operation for appendicitis, as some of the necessaries for such an operation were not at hand, and the unprecedented drain upon the medical stores had even taken their last available chloroform. And on the twenty-first, through all the hundred and one dangers and possible mishaps which might have held them up on those army-harried roads, their long expected medical stores from the coast arrived. They came in the nick of time, for on the morning of the twenty-second Young was so ill that Robertson operated in the afternoon.

It was no wonder that they dreaded it, for the conditions could hardly have been worse. "We had come to the conclusion that whatever happened, we could not operate because of the fearfully dirty wounds that the doctors had been dealing with. You could see that they just hated, when at table, to touch with their hands any of the food they ate."—(C. M. Y.)

They had decided to wire for help to Peking, hoping that a surgeon from there might be spared who had been living in cleaner conditions. But by six in the morning Young was so much worse that Robertson decided to operate, and his wire saying that he had done so reached Peking at the same time as the appeal for help.

Dr. Charter had gone down to the coast in January, and so, whilst one of the boys acted as anæsthetist, T'ien yu and Mrs. Young acted as assistants to Cecil Robertson in a long and difficult operation. For the colleague in charge the operation meant a heavy demand upon his resources; for Mrs. Young, working by his side, it was a truly remarkable victory.

The operation was followed by a disconcerting rise of temperature which gave anxiety. After a day or two, however, they found out that the trouble was due to

the patient's old African malaria, which had been started again either by the appendicitis or the operation. They put him on quinine, with the result that the next day he was doing well. Weeks of convalescence followed, so exhausted had he been before his collapse, and he was not able to do much more before leaving the province, first for Kuling and then for home furlough.

Before the end of April arrangements had been begun for a Chinese medical student, then in his last term at the old Union Medical College, Peking, to go to Sianfu, so that the doctors there might get away for at least a short spell. (This programme still held for Cecil Robertson, but for Andrew Young a home furlough was imperative.) The Peking medical student accepted the post very reluctantly. He looked upon Shensi as a wilderness where dreadful things happened, and where civilization was not. As for the road there, he flatly refused to attempt it unless a foreigner would go with him.

Poor Dr. Chang! How he hated that road journey! In Peking he had been used to electric lights, paved roads and decent streets. And *he* had not been reared on Jules Verne and Henty and Ballantyne. He hated it all; the dirty inns, where doors and window-frames had been burnt by passing soldiers for their hasty evening fires, the half-cooked coarse Chinese vermicelli, the roughness of the soldiery, the difference in patois—everything. It was left for the foreigner—who thought there was no place like Sianfu, no road like the great highway leading up without a break into far-off Chinese Turkestan—to try to reconcile him with the new surroundings. And his effort failed. And here one touches the weakness of much reasoning that is based on the hopes of the Western-trained Chinese student. The product of the process has arrived, during the course of his training, at a decided

preference for the pleasant outlook on life available in Peking, Shanghai, or some similar modernized city. He has no sentimental fervour for "the real China", "the Interior," and so on. He leaves such enthusiasms to the appreciative foreigner. It is all quite human, quite understandable, but it breaks in upon dreams of progress which take it for granted that the raw youth, from Kansuh let us say, who is given a Western education in America, Europe or on the China coast, will after graduation have no other idea than to return to Kansuh and there spend the remainder of his days endeavouring to pass on his knowledge to his less enlightened fellow-provincials. With a percentage of students this may be the case; but, remembering human nature, it would be folly to expect a hundred per cent., whilst to rail at the "ingratitude" of the non-returning student is merely childish. And let it be frankly remembered that if such a student is sent abroad "on mission funds" the mission has its own *arrière-pensée* in thus financing him, and should be prepared to take in silence a disappointment in connection with his subsequent course.

Dr. Chang at least had more excuse than many another, for with the best will in the world to make out a good case for it, Shensi could hardly yet be pictured as a nest of singing birds. The wells were still being uncovered in the Manchu city; at the end of April one such was found to contain ten bodies, "probably of women and children." They were relatives of a Manchu whose life had been saved because with other wounded he had been brought into the hospital.

"Two or three days ago a beautiful Manchu girl of fifteen was brought in with her hand cut off. She had been taken by a soldier at the time of the massacre (October, 1911), who has now done this to her, probably

in a quarrel. *He* said it was an accident—that a knife had slipped. Just imagine a knife *slipping* and cutting a hand off! I must do him the justice to say that he seemed very sorry, and is doing all he can to make her comfortable by buying things for her.

"The day after a man was brought in who had had *both feet* cut off by the Kansuh soldiers. He had had his leg broken at the time of the fighting, and they had found him lying helpless and in their cruelty had cut off his feet.

"What a mercy it is that those Kansuh soldiers never reached here. If they had taken the city it would have been too horrible to imagine." (C. M. Y.).

Happily, there were lighter sides to the picture. The soldiers wished to give a presentation processional umbrella to the two doctors. ("The umbrella of him who saves ten thousand lives.") The question which presented itself to the two doctors' minds was what they were going to do with the gift, since they were not likely to be living together much longer, and "the half of an umbrella" is only desirable under certain circumstances. Someone made the brilliant suggestion that it should be sent to the Mission House in London.

Russell was now eighteen months old and picking up quite a considerable vocabulary—mainly Chinese. His father gives an account of one incident in the youngster's training which revealed limitations even to Sister Charlotte's varied experience in religious instruction. "The other night his mother began to teach him a prayer: 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' He said it after her quite well. Next day Charlotte slipped into the house from the hospital, where she had been working, to look at him, and found the amah and the house-boy in fits of laughter. There was Russell kneeling at a chair with a cat, trying to teach pussy to pray. We concluded that it

would be better to wait a while before going any further with his religious instruction."

When it became known that Young and Robertson were going to the coast, the presentations began to pour in, and many were the feasts to which they had to invite the donors, to say nothing of those given them by the authorities. These latter showed their appreciation of the doctors' services by offering a splendid site for the building of a new hospital. On this site the Jenkins-Robertson Memorial Hospital stands to-day. What gave the doctors even greater joy was that the preaching of the Gospel was listened to as never before in the city, and in most audiences some ex-patient from amongst the wounded soldiery was to be seen. It used to be a delight to those who loved and honoured the two doctors to see their joy at this response to the Christian message as preached by men like Mr. Shorrock, Mr. Chou and others—Chinese and foreigners—and by the doctors themselves when they could get a spare hour. In Young's case there was only one alloy. Time which should have been given to the complete rest of convalescence he had to spend struggling with the hospital accounts, which during the arduous preceding months had been left untouched.

The authorities insisted on paying the doctors' expenses to the coast, though they were evidently puzzled that the latter insisted on this being reckoned in the Mission accounts. One of the most pathetic of these presentations came from the Manchus whom they had been able to rescue or help in various ways. The few Manchu survivors still left in the district were allowed to slip quietly back to the city, though their old quarter was now a heap of ruins.

And so the time passed until the Youngs (accompanied

by the Shorrocks) were ready to go to the coast. Robertson was to follow after a month, in which he would put the new Peking medical in touch with things.

The worst was over now and the fighting had ceased. They had had five hospitals under their care, of which one had been run in the name of the Shensi Red Cross Society, a body hastily organized by the authorities, partly to give the city " face " after the awful massacres of October and partly to copy the activities of republics in the Western world. This Red Cross hospital now took over a number of the patients whom the Mission hospital could not accommodate, and as the Red Cross buildings grew, the other three temporary hospitals were closed.

It had been a great chapter in the lives of the little group—the Youngs, the Shorrocks and Cecil Robertson —who had seen it through, and the farewell scene at the easternmost gate brought back to them months crowded with wonderful memories.[1]

As Cecil Robertson rode back to the city, to the hospital where he was to work so bravely and so joyously until his death, the world wore a strangely solemn aspect. For him the four people who had left were great souls; he had been with them in hours when the deepest things in life are open in man's sight, and he had found their nature stand that test. Whatever the future might hold it was scarcely likely that they five would ever again stand in a similar peril and a similar intimacy. God willing, they would all toil in that Sianfu plain again, but never quite in the same way. For the colleague whose life, under God, he had saved, Cecil Robertson's heart held a very special niche. He himself was loved

[1] *See* Introductory chapter.

by Andrew Young as was no other colleague on the mission field in Congo or in China. These things are not wholly in our keeping. We " love the brethren " honestly, but the love through which the soul of Jonathan clave unto the soul of David is a gift given specially to us of God and a gift which, if wise, we accept without question and without reserve.

The dramatic year was over. In various places and in various ways these five turned to walk earth's quieter ways, and in these also to seek the leading of God.

CHAPTER XII

The Growth of a Soul

From the chronicle of the outer activities of a life so full, passed amidst scenes so varied and bizarre, one passes as best one can, with quietness and reverence, into the inner shrine. It is with a feeling of unworthiness and of awe that the average man, sensible of his unaccustomedness to holy places, ventures to lift the curtain which hangs at the door of the tabernacle. Yet no life of Andrew Young could be a balanced picture which failed here, for though to depict him as a religious man only, ignoring his interest in ordinary human concerns, would be to misinterpret the man; to do less than justice to his religious life is to miss his meaning.

In preceding chapters the religious side of his nature has of necessity been referred to in passing, since it crops out in every letter he writes, but it has not been insisted upon. We turn now to attempt some understanding of this the deepest part of the man.

Ever since his Langholm boyhood the Kingdom of God, as a grain of mustard-seed, had been growing into his life, until by the time of the China Revolution it had become a tree with branches spread wide and hospitable to shelter the storm-driven. Andrew Young's

religion had two prominent features, in virtue of which it made him the force he was: it had power to adapt and it had power to transform.

On Langholm Bridge he not only told his boyhood's friend of the committal of his soul to Christ Jesus as Lord, but added immediately that he saw no reason why this should interfere with two boys' friendship. This is all the more interesting because he himself hardly recognized its value and its significance. The Puritan tradition, the old Covenanting associations, if uncritically followed, might have led him to the "come ye out from amongst them and be ye separate" attitude. But he escaped being swayed by the sentiment of a school. He was so taught by his Lord that he passed through a world in which there was much to distress him, yet always he refrained from drawing the hem of his garment aside. He was delivered from the uncharity that drives the sinner further into the slough; he escaped censoriousness—that snare of the religious which must hugely please the enemy of souls. With Dutch traders and Belgian officials, with Congo carriers, chiefs and witch-doctors, with ship's officers and medical students, with Chinese officials and compradores, with the hundred-and-one types which passed as patients into his hospital wards, he mixed freely, and though he might be shy he was never severe; when he was shocked he never showed it for the showing's sake. He could so adapt himself that whilst men knew him to be religious they also knew him to be a man, and one most brotherly.

There was never any lowering of the standard; but the standard floated over a refuge into which men might flee, not over a redoubt from which they were to be thrust. They were admitted, and often upon admittance

they were transformed. To be in Andrew Young's company intimately for any length of time was inevitably to be influenced ; the seed in the soil affected that which surrounded it ; much of the earthiness was drawn into the seed's life and turned into the stem and leaf and flower which later appeared above the soil. But to do this, the seed had to bear the bruising and the being crowded upon by the closely packed soil. The outer sheath of the seed had to suffer much in its life-giving process.

Tracing his life from the happy days in Langholm, when he had glorious tramps over the hills, when he held his own easily in classroom and playground, or devoured Ballantyne and Scott whilst perched in the trees of Scholars' Field, to the days that followed the Chinese Revolution, one sees this principle steadily at work—always the man being packed into the press of humanity, where he adapted himself, gradually transforming that which thronged him.

The Congo life grew more and more strenuous, till at the end it threatened to bury him hopelessly. The years of medical study, crowded with work though they might be, were years of renewal. In them the strain of immediate responsibility for large organized work was removed. But with the China experience this freedom was lost. With one or two brief respites at Kuling and Huai Yuan, and the long wedding trip by houseboat—a happy golden interval of freedom which one rejoices to have in this burdened narrative—it was an incessant increase of responsibility and toil. Yet as the clouds about the life increased the flame which lit its inner shrine burned all the more brightly. In a lesser nature its glow might have been dimmed or quenched ; with Andrew

Young self-forgetfulness was as a precious oil which fed this lovely radiance. He was always so careful for others, always so forgetful of himself, and as a result the essential Self of the man grew ever more lovely. For this man's Master had early delivered to him the secret of entrance into a garden walled around.

There is at a certain point of a street in the heart of banking London an archway, diving through which the curious person or the busy merchant may pass into a lovely enclosure where trees give shelter to London sparrows, where the grass is soft to the feet and grateful to the eye, whilst the feverish traffic of London rolls by unheard, and the telephone and telegraph, the rush and the strain are forgotten. A man is in the heart of London yet he is at peace. Andrew Young seldom had time to retreat to the mountains; at certain seasons he could not for days on end retreat to his own room; in the field hospitals of West Shensi, or in his own crowded quarters at the hospital, privacy was almost impossible; yet as his boyhood's friend had said, "a dreamy absent-minded look came upon him," and one knew that he had escaped—standing in a hospital ward, crouching in a fugitive's cave, or waiting in an inn yard—he had escaped into a secret garden and he was at peace.

In recording the outstanding events of his life during the years which follow his leaving the Gate at Sianfu,[1] this religious motive will be frankly the guiding thread. It had been at work all through his experience since his decision to be a missionary, but only now do we use it as an interpretative clue. To see it so used during one

[1] *See* Introductory chapter.

period will best enable us to realize it as the main motive throughout the life.

The Youngs, unfortunately for them, reached London at the time when the demand for deputation speakers on Missionary Society platforms was at its height, and considering the story they had to tell it is not surprising that there were many requests for their services. He is a wise missionary who reaches England after the May meetings, so as to make sure of a quiet time before the activities of "deputation work" begin in October. Andrew Young was in Scotland (looking forward to some real holiday after this deputation season should close in the coming June) when the cable brought word of a double loss, an irreparable loss, in Sianfu. Stanley Jenkins and Cecil Robertson had both gone down with typhus. In ten days Robertson was dead, whilst Jenkins, after passing safely through the fever and showing slow signs of recovery for several days, finally collapsed owing to the weak state of his heart. Young immediately volunteered to return, though he was warned by a specialist in London that he must not stay out longer than two years, so worn was he. Without even giving himself the rest that a sea voyage would have provided, he came as quickly as he could by Siberia to China.

On April 11th he was at Hanover. Passing through Rotterdam brought back old Congo memories, since it was from Rotterdam that he had twice sailed for that country. Even on this Siberian trip his hastily written train letters are full of shrewd observation and comment. The man could not help but see clearly and record accurately. There is one human cry from a letter sent

from Marinsk: "It seems hardly possible that it is only a week since I bade you good-bye at Liverpool Street; it seems more like an age." And this is echoed later when his wife and child were nearing China: "It seems such an age since I saw them. The past three months seem like three years. What a lot has happened in it. Won't it be good to have Charlotte and Russell again! It seems almost too good to be true." Never before had he so felt the loneliness of the human spirit. The men with whom he had hoped to work were dead; he had no one who could explain to him how their plans had been maturing, for Dr. Scollay, who had reached Sianfu but shortly before their death, with no knowledge of local conditions, had no means of passing on their message.

Before leaving the railway, whilst still at the Chengchow junction, he had caught up Mr. Shorrock, another man returning before he was physically fit, and they travelled up together. Two hours west of the railway they met Mrs. Jenkins on her way to England, and Miss Beckingsale, who was accompanying her to the railway. Young wrote: "Mrs. Jenkins keeps up wonderfully well and is very brave and trustful, but she must sometimes feel almost overwhelmed as the consciousness of her terrible loss comes over her."

The first Sunday on the road they stayed quietly in their Chinese inn. They held a couple of services with their own house-boys and "one or two others who came along". It was the first time since leaving London that Young had had any real rest from travel, or a quiet time for worship in company with others in a language he understood, and it was a Sabbath for him in every sense.

It was already so hot at the beginning of May that they slept in the open yard instead of the stifling and

unsavoury rooms of the inns along the road. And one realizes how hard it was upon them both to be returning to Shensi after a far too short respite with the trying summer facing them, and both of them separated from their families.

Reaching the border town, Tungkwan, where they entered Shensi, they found that the officials of their own province had sent an escort to welcome them. A little farther west their old friend Mr. Shih, he who had come to the rescue in the northern hills,[1] met them from the provincial foreign office.

By the fourteenth of May they were in Sianfu, just a month after Young's leaving England. The province was recovering from the effects of the revolution. The crops were flourishing, the prices of food had returned almost to pre-revolution rates, the people seemed quiet and peaceful. A mile from the city Young was met by a number of soldiers who had been permanently disabled during the fighting of 1911 and 1912, and who were now inmates of a kind of Chelsea hospital,[2] which housed a hundred and twenty pensioners. Of these all who could hobble had joined the group coming out to welcome him. It was a pathetic sight. "They had been fearfully upset by the death of Dr. Robertson, and were glad to see me back again. I visited the place after I got into the city and found quite a number of old friends among the soldiers."

He stayed a week-end in the Suburb, and on the Sunday Dr. Scollay came out from the hospital to meet him. "He is an awfully nice little chap and has done splendidly in very difficult circumstances indeed."

[1] *See* Chapter X.

[2] This "Chelsea hospital" was the outcome of representations made to the authorities by Robertson and Young in 1912.

He went to San Yuan to get some of his kit from the Zenana House in which they had lodged whilst building the new hospital. Apropos this trip he adds: "Isn't it a strange thing that for all the time we have been in China we have never yet lived in our own home?" There is a wealth of missionary history behind such a sentence as this.

The work awaiting him immediately upon his return was very heavy. "I had over a hundred out-patients on Friday, and yesterday I was at work operating nearly all day. We simply cannot take in more." Spiritually, however, he found encouragement. "There is a good deal of keenness amongst the patients to hear the Gospel." He also had the comfort of knowing that medical aid was approaching: "We hear that Dr. Charter, Mr. Watson, and Mr. Fairburn are only two days away now and will be here by Tuesday." These three men had also travelled at full speed, leaving their families to follow later. Mr. Fairburn was the B.M.S. architect who had come to build the new Sianfu hospital. He had previously built the Tai Yuan hospital, and had, whilst there, married Dr. Paula Maier of the Women's Hospital. In the days which were approaching the presence of Mrs. Fairburn in Sianfu was of the utmost importance.

The shadows were gathering thickly. In June there came the bewildering blow of Miss Beckingsale's death. She had been compelled to consult the doctor owing to severe pain, and he found that she had a cyst or tumour which must have been of a year's growth. The necessary operation was long and difficult and the outlook unfavourable for recovery. A second operation became necessary four days later, and on the fifth day she passed away. Young's own word for this loss was "bewildering". She had always been so strong and calm and

kindly. She was essentially both a leader and a "stand-by". The loss to the Mission, following so rapidly upon that of Jenkins and Robertson, seemed indeed overwhelming.

The news announcing this loss was scarcely written when Dr. Charter went down with typhus. Dr. Scollay was detained at San Yuan owing to a confinement case, so that Young was faced with this new burden in addition to the general hospital work. Fairburn and I acted as nurses as well as we were able, Fairburn taking day duty and I the night. It was in those long night watches that I came so near to Andrew Young; it was then that I realized how deep and intimate was the communion which this man held hourly with his Lord, a communion which alone could explain the untiring patience and the gentleness of a strong nature, the unfailing acquiescence in decrees of providence so inscrutable that most men would have greeted them with rebellion. Prayer was almost natural breathing to Andrew Young, though his familiarity with it did not prevent his agonizing in prayer at certain seasons. The faith that God doeth all things well was ingrained in him, but he had at times to go through severe mental and spiritual discipline before he could reconcile with his persisting faith the temporary suffering and evil which lay before his eyes. His was not the easy acceptance of the fatalist. His faith was in a personal God whose name was Love; he could not rest in a facile acquiescence in the Will of an Omnipotent. For him the All-Great was the All-Loving too, and through the thunder he listened for the human voice, which says:

"O heart I made, a heart beats here!"

There was one evening when certain complications appeared in Charter's case and the dread of an added

anxiety fell almost visibly upon the doctor's face. Once at least, if memory serves me rightly, the words of the thought which lurked in our hearts did fall from his lips: "If Charter goes too!" And then one night Young was ill. He says nothing of this in his own letters. He had the aching head, the weariness, the high temperature that might well have denoted typhus. Until his amateur nurse had managed to learn how to do certain things for the patient Young had never had a long sleep, and he was worn out. Perhaps that was why he submitted so easily, almost thankfully, to being bullied by this same amateur. The latter at any rate got him to bed and went through the earlier nursing ritual for a typhus case, leaving him somewhat more comfortable, obediently promising to try to sleep, and ending on a note of contrition and anxiety, "and I hope that in the morning I shall be all right and *shall not give you any trouble.*" These italicized words represent the man so thoroughly. I think the idea that he might be in any danger never troubled him—God directed and that sufficed—but the courteous gentleman that was always evident in Andrew Young shrank from allowing others to do offices for him which he would have performed cheerfully, however menial they might be, for the unsightliest wastrel from the beggar caves. A long rest in the morning and he was all right. It had been a false alarm due to utter exhaustion, and he awoke serene and quietly confident.

How much he taught one of prayer in those days, of the hidden delights found in quiet by-ways of the Scriptures which were stored in his mind—for he had little time to read—as well as of the great majestic Pauline doctrines in the Epistles to the Romans and Galatians. And one saw the growth of a soul going on before one's eyes; the adaptation to its environment and the

transforming of it ; the struggle which is in growth. There was constant challenge to faith in those days : the need of Stanley Jenkins, Jennie Beckingsale, and Cecil Robertson, which asserted itself time and time again, the question whether Charter's strength would stand the strain which the fever put upon it, the human cry as to why his own home should be only a succession of gatherings broken by separations such as he was then enduring. Such challenges had to be faced and fought if so be the man, constituted as he was, was to *grow* in grace and in knowledge of his Lord and Saviour.

Perhaps to him the hardest challenge of all, and the most constant in appearance, was found in the slow rate of Gospel appreciation by its hearers, both Christian and non-Christian. Why were they so slow to accept the Truth which to him was so glorious, so self-evident ? And having accepted it why were they so languid in entering more deeply into its riches ? Yet even here faith worked out in patience, and patience went on with her perfect work in fashioning the stature of this man's soul.

Yet there escaped one poignant cry which from one so strong and so reserved spoke volumes. In the first letter which he found time to write after Charter was safely past the crisis, and at a time when Young was living by himself again, there is a postscript which is as a cry escaping from a repressed heart that for a moment must find utterance : " Keep praying hard for us. The work is hard and the strain great."

Dear, brave, lonely warrior of Jesus Christ, verily the strain was great !

News came that a second revolution had begun in the

South; this time against Yuan Shih-k'ai's dictatorship. It would probably mean new trouble for Shensi, and Young anticipated new demands being made upon the hospital. The poor province which had begun to grow a new skin over its old wounds might have to bleed afresh. Yet he adds: "It is a comfort to know that God directs."

In the first week of August the two of us got away to Kuling. We were both run down, and one of us had no scruples about using a sedan chair. And the opportunity of inducing Andrew Young to travel in comfort for once was too good to be lost. And the good, good road did its healing work. Perhaps he was not the only gipsy on that trip. It was the hottest time of the year, but we had a head wind, and until almost the end of the trip escaped the rains. By the end of it we were able to tramp ten miles. To have left responsibility behind for a short season was healing in itself, and the air of the Honan mountains, the being carried by a quarrelsome yet boyish crowd of chattering chairmen, and the kindness of our Chinese house-boy did the rest. Is there anywhere a better and a more faithful helper than a Chinese "boy," the boy who has grown used to you, who looks upon himself as "ih chia jen chia" (one of the family)? He takes charge of you entirely, receives imperturbably your feeble suggestions, and proceeds to carry out his own ideas—which are generally far better than yours—with the utmost sang-froid and good temper.

Having made arrangements at Kuling, Young hurried down to Shanghai to meet his wife and Russell.

Between Kuling and Shanghai the steamer on which he travelled had to run the gauntlet of the attack upon the forts commanding Nanking. "When we were still some

miles above Nanking we could see occasional puffs of white smoke from the surrounding hills which told that there was some cannonading proceeding. . . . The Southern or rebel army is inside the city and the government troops hold all the commanding positions outside, including Tiger Hill and Purple Mountain, on both of which they have batteries posted. A rebel battery was being shelled, as we passed, by two warships five miles down river. For quite a little while we were right in the line of fire, and the shells must have gone over our heads. But out of a dozen or so which were fired while we were passing not more than one struck even the hill as far as we could see. That one, however, pitched right into the fort, and must have done considerable damage." As stated previously, if there was any trouble to be met with on the road Young was sure to run into it. Happily, he generally came out of it without permanent hurt.

The family, united again, came from Shanghai on to Kuling. But at Kuling, where he had hoped to be built up in health for the winter's work, Young found little rest. There was a scourge of dysentery. Four little foreign children died in August and September, whilst other cases occurred later. Russell went down with it, and was reduced to a shadow. And such a weary, weary, little shadow. If Young had a fault it was that he wore himself out unnecessarily over his patients: he could not or would not put them out of his mind when not definitely working for them. He "carried them with him". If this was the case generally it can be imagined that it was all the more so when his little son was thus suffering. He gave himself no rest, and by the end of September he was tired out. Russell's long convalescence detained them till the 22nd of October. On their way

back to Shensi they joined a number of missionaries coming up from the railway to Sianfu. Travelling with a large party when inn accommodation is limited is apt to make some demands on the patience, but in such circumstances the Youngs shone. Nothing was a trouble, and the humorous side of any contretemps always struck them first. Andrew used to ride ahead and secure the rooms—a very necessary precaution when the roads were busy. By the time the party arrived, a room or two would be swept, and hot water ready. The presence of such a pair of easily satisfied travellers as the Youngs, who were ready to take whatever the road offered and make the best of it, would help any caravan along.

By December the wearisome delays in hospital building commenced. The Republican leaders, Chang Feng-hui and his colleagues, had granted an excellent site, but their power was waning before the increased pressure exerted by Yuan Shih-k'ai's agents from Peking. An enormous influx of new troops directed from Peking made it impossible to hold brick and lumber contractors to their terms. Bricks ready for the hospital were commandeered to build hastily run-up barracks, whilst cart mules were either taken by the military for their own purposes or were hurriedly removed by their owners to be hidden in the foothills. Thus delivery of material was reduced to a thin trickle at a time when it should have been a steady stream.

Then came White Wolf. This bandit chief's activities were on so large a scale that his fame crept into the European press. Yet his regular followers probably at no time numbered more than a thousand men. On passing through mountain districts he would gather a loose number of auxiliaries from amongst the half-wild villagers, who would take a part in his raids on the plains,

returning to their own fastnesses with their share of the booty, but not joining his permanent band. Like so many of these Chinese Robin Hoods, White Wolf had his grievance against the authorities, having been driven into outlawry by a failure of justice. An army of forty thousand men (with artillery and three scouting aeroplanes) was sent into the province by the Peking Government, which gladly seized the opportunity to introduce an overwhelming force and so overawe the Republicans. Yet when confronted with White Wolf's thousand men this army of forty thousand was useless. The former, knowing that their lives were at stake, fought with courage and with brains. The " army " only stood one volley—near Hu Hsien, twenty-four miles from Sianfu—after which they fled precipitately to the latter city, whilst White Wolf's band retreated at their leisure into the hills and made their way into Honan. But the same " army," which had ignominiously fled before the bandits, entered Sianfu, where other professional soldiers were in charge, without difficulty. Upon their entrance Governor Chang Feng-hui, who had done good work for Shensi, was " invited " to Peking and a pension, and was considered fortunate in that the victorious Yuan Shih-k'ai demanded no more. He passed quietly from the public stage and lived unostentatiously in Peking until the Pharaoh of that day passed away. The new Governor Lu Chien-chang was an opium sot who had served as a Chinese Judge Jeffreys in courts of inquiry in Peking, and being a tool too unscrupulous to raise difficulties, was sent to Shensi, which was still far too republican in sentiment. His severity and corruption in the end defeated the Peking purpose. So widespread became the discontent that an ex-bandit chief named Ch'en, who had become a military leader, headed a revolt, and was able to enlist sufficient

followers to defeat Lu's forces and to instal himself as military governor of the province, a position he maintained for four years. Shensi relapsed once more into independence of Peking, but maintained a close relation with the Canton Government. This state of things continued until the army supported by Feng Yu-hsiang's troops arrived to hold the province for the central government.

In the beginning of 1914, however, the danger of strife in the province was avoided, and the hospital in Sianfu being able to resume its normal course, Young's life went on much in the way described in chapter seven. A little daughter, Hannah, was born, and he became her slave. "You never saw two such lovers as Hannah and he"—(C.M.Y.). But the time which he was able to spend in his own home was all too short and broken. The foreign side of the work made increasing demands upon his strength. At any time he might be called upon to ride to some town thirty, sixty, or even a hundred miles away, spend a day or two there and then race back to meet the accumulation of work which was awaiting his return, and perhaps the results of some friction which had occurred between members of the staff. He had gone on one occasion to Feng-hsiang, a city a hundred miles west from Sianfu, in order to help a C.I.M. missionary whose situation was grave. Whilst there he received a telegram saying that his little son Russell was dangerously ill. As soon as it was safe to leave his patient he got away from Feng-hsiang, starting from that city at one o'clock. He travelled the so-called roads for sixty miles in a Chinese springless cart, until nine o'clock at night. After three hours' rest he started again and went until half-past seven in the morning. After a meal he mounted a mule at half-past eight and

rode until half-past two, when he reached a Swedish mission station, where his own horse, sent on from the hospital, was awaiting him. After a hurried lunch he started for Sianfu, reaching its west suburb at ten, though he still had a two hours' ride round the city to the east suburb (where his child was), reaching it at midnight. So that he did the hundred miles between Feng-hsiang and Sianfu in thirty-three hours.

A month later he had to do the journey again to see the same patient.

One part of his foreign work which was its own reward was the care of the babies, whom he dearly loved, and he rode in all directions gladly to attend to them. "Andrew certainly does fuss over these new babies. It seems to me sometimes that he likes each one better than the last."—(C.M.Y.).

The war meant the withdrawal of some of the Society's medical men from China, either for help with the Chinese Labour Corps or general R.A.M.C. work. (All hope of reinforcements was, of course, over until after the war.)

Late in 1915 he lost his mother. It is with a shock that one picks up the letter beginning "Dear Father" instead of the "Dear Father and Mother" which had been the familiar opening for twenty-five years. She had been so much to him all his life. She had understood him. He had always known that to her he could go for consolation; he could go with his confidences; he could go in his perplexities, knowing that he would never come empty away. That she should see much of his children was one of his hopes. Religious faith never with him dulled the edge of human affection, and his mother's death left its mark upon him.

The next trial came in July, 1916, with the death of a

little daughter of his colleagues, the Mudds. Mary Mudd when born was found to be suffering from *spina bifida*. He could do nothing for her, and the little life flickered out in a fortnight. "I had seldom known him so cut up about anything as he was by this," says Mrs. Young.

A still harder and far more prolonged trial was to follow, yet one which went far, very far, in developing in his nature certain qualities, already unusually accentuated, until the man appeared, in his last years, in the eyes of Chinese and foreigners alike, to be compassion personified. The figure which he inevitably brings to mind is that of "The Friend of Little Children," holding in his arms some tiny, suffering child, who in the very act of being thus cradled was blessed. Andrew Young had always loved the little babies; he had always had a special corner in his heart for the suffering little ones. He and his wife were now, during three years of loving care—care which was an agony and a benediction—to show to their Chinese neighbours the value which the Saviour places on lives which can never be "counted as a prize" in the world's reckonings, but which come into this same world with their own mission; to break up that hardening crust of utilitarian values beneath which our best selves were slowly stifled, and to bring us into the free air where God's thoughts renew our life. The little fingers whose grasp is too weak to cling to life here are yet able to draw out our hearts' tendrils till these are linked firmly to God and goodness.

George Young, their third child, was born a week later than Mary Mudd, and proved to be suffering from the same deformity, but in this case life lasted for three years. In reply to a cable to America for information as to treatment, Young was advised to take the child over there, and by mid-September he had handed over the

hospital work to Dr. Scollay and left for Boston. On the land journey both Russell and Hannah nearly died of dysentery, but picked up on the Pacific voyage.

The specialist whose aid they sought, and whose fame had drawn them from Sianfu to Boston, was Dr. Harvey Cushing. All that he could do for them he did, but though he operated upon the little child three times, he could do little more than afford temporary relief. In America Young put in all his spare time at hospital work and lectures, finding that unrestrained and hearty welcome to all the facilities which their schools can offer for which American colleges are justly famed. At Johns Hopkins—for they moved later from Boston to Baltimore—and at Boston it was the same. But the anxiety about George was wearing him down, and the desire to get back to Sianfu was always at the back of his mind. Things there were not going too well. The Chinese staff, who knew Young and his ways, did not easily accommodate themselves to his successor.

In June, 1917, he lost his father, but could not grudge the old man's going to the Home where his thoughts had increasingly dwelt since his wife's death. "How thoroughly he will feel at home," was Andrew's comment.

They left America in September, 1917, but by the time they reached Hwai Yuen in Anhui they feared the cold journey up to Sianfu with George. So very reluctantly Mrs. Young saw her husband go up country alone, whilst she stayed with the children in company with her sisters.

On the road Young met a youth whose story is told elsewhere[1] and whom we called "The Treasure." He was at this time a lithographer in the Commercial Press at Shanghai, and was going up to Sianfu to be married. He made a welcome companion, doubly so in the event

[1] "In China Now," by J. C. Keyte, chapter V.

which followed. "We got off early from the inn on Wednesday and made thirty-seven miles. Just before we got in we were stopped by robbers armed with modern magazine rifles. They ordered us to get down off the cart and deliver up to the tune of three hundred or five hundred dollars, or they would shoot. We told them we did not carry any money except road expenses, a few dollars being all we had, and invited them to look through our belongings if they wanted to do so. They evidently did not think it worth while, however, and motioned us to pass on.[1] A cart going along with us they robbed of money and goods to the tune of a hundred dollars or more. We were thankful to get off so lightly. *I have never been stopped by robbers before in all my travels*, so it was a new experience. The rest of the journey was uneventful."

He reached Sianfu in the middle of November, 1917, this time taking up the work not in the old makeshift Chinese buildings he had known since 1905, but in the new foreign-built Jenkins-Robertson Memorial Hospital. It was the Modern Missionary Hospital to which he returned.

Since the time when he left England for China in the spring of 1913, there had been four years of almost incessant toil and anxiety, varied only by travel under trying conditions and at forced speed. Again and again the warning which fatigue should have given him was ignored, its inhibitions kept at bay by the reinforcements of religious devotion and a steel-like will. But in March, 1918, he had a complete collapse, and had to put down

[1] This was before bandits had taken to the lucrative practice of kidnapping foreigners in order to hold them up to ransom.

everything and leave for Hwai Yuen. With no male doctor in the city, Mrs. Fairburn, the doctor in charge of the women's wards of the Memorial Hospital, became responsible for any medical cases that might occur amongst the foreign community. By this time also fighting had broken out again between the troops of the *de facto* provincial government on the one hand, and those forces who refused to recognise Sianfu's authority on the other. As a consequence the men's wards of the hospital were once more filled with wounded soldiers. Under such circumstances Mrs. Fairburn took the only sensible and humanitarian course open to her : she threw off the trammels of Chinese etiquette and proceeded to treat the wounded as a male doctor would have done. And the soldiers were as obedient to her as children would have been. With an imposing presence, a love of her profession, powers of physical endurance that allowed her to work for long periods without rest, and with a big heart, this woman doctor held the fort.

If in those days Andrew Young had grown irritable, moody, critical of others working at less pressure than himself, there would have been little to surprise those who know by experience something of the limitations of human endurance. To them the physical strain alone would have explained such a development. But those years were one steady growth in grace. He grew, if possible, more thoughtful for others, more earnest to show forth Christian character, whether in the prosaic daily programme or in the sudden calls so frequently made upon him, calls that meant discomfort, hardship, and endless modification and alteration of plan. Some of us can go through with a difficult task provided that,

once its outlines are clear, we are allowed to drive straight ahead. His was the far more trying task of constantly fitting into fresh scenes, using new helpers, adapting himself to the altered circumstances brought about by political disturbances, by fresh demands on the part of a hospital staff, or by the breakdown, the withdrawal, or the death of colleagues. The thoughtful face grew more and more finely drawn, the wiry frame became thinner and thinner, eye and hand at times would scarcely obey the driving will; yet the sweetness of temper never wavered, the inner serenity of spirit more and more informed the whole bearing, temper, and habit of the man. Such a serenity was only reached at the cost of stern struggle. Saintship is not attained by following the line of least resistance. The fellowship in prayer for which one fled to Andrew Young, as a homing bird flies to shelter before the coming storm, had not been learned with ease. "Tell the Christians in Langholm we stand very much in need of earnest, persistent, believing prayer. Our greatest need here is fellow-workers both at home and on the field, who know how to pray—not an occasional mentioning of the work in prayer, but the getting of such work upon one's heart as a personal pressing need."

"Tell the Christians in Langholm to pray" was as a refrain in his thoughts. In every letter there comes the reiterated "Pray that. . . ." And Andrew Young was the last man to seek from others a spiritual effort in which he himself was doing less than his utmost.

And to those who knew him well and lived with him in intimacy it was clear that the secret of his loveliness in character lay in the strenuousness of his spiritual life. Those who heard that appeal of his—"Pray that . . . ."—and attempted to walk with him in fellowship found

that the beauty of the soul which so stamped him was won in that " place apart " to which he seemed able to withdraw almost at will. Very soon one learned of that secret garden where his soul wandered. At morning, and at noontide, and at evening, and often in the watches of the night, did Andrew Young have fellowship with his Lord. For him the language of the Canticles was as a natural expression, utterly unforced : " I was asleep, but my heart waked : it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh." North and south winds might blow upon that secret garden, but always they left it carrying spices as they passed from happy haunts where the Beloved fed His flock among the lilies. Samuel Rutherford and the singer of the Song of Songs used a language which was Andrew Young's habitual tongue. And if you were humble-hearted you could hear through him messages from the far-off country, you could get glimpses into the shy recesses of that secret garden. Of the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God which he had plumbed I cannot speak ; he sounded depths beyond my experience, but at least I had wit enough, in our days of comradeship, to know where real banquets were spread, and to catch some of the crumbs that fell.

Often in days when we lived in the same street or under the same roof I would slip away to him in the evenings or lure him over to my quarters. He knew why the weaker brother sought him out. His kind, good eyes would smile whimsically as he said : " Well, have you come for ' tao-kao ' ? " There are other Mandarin expressions for " prayer," but " tao-kao " was the one we used. I think he was often puzzled over my theological limitations, just as he was puzzled that God's children, with such rich treasures of grace and fellowship open to them,

should be so languid, so slow, so erratic in their appropriations ; but any difference of outlook upon particular doctrines, any regret at one's slow development in the things of the spirit, were forgotten when he led one into the Presence. When all was said and done the man was more than his work. Great as was the gratitude which the Chinese soldiery felt for Andrew Young and Cecil Robertson, I think that in both cases it was the saint that lingered in the memory as much as the physician. In the last analysis their greatest contribution to the Shensi province was that they brought to it a living interpretation of Jesus Christ.

We called him " Saint Andrew," and since his Chinese name was " Jung " [1] which can be translated " glory," we, his foreign colleagues, also called him " Mister Glory Tai-fu " (doctor), for he carried the Promise on his brow ; the Glory so nearly broke through. I think that the question which often puzzled him was why the Glory did not *quite* break through ; why the church of Jesus was not even now arrayed in white robes ; why we knew so little of the joy which was in Christ; a joy which to this servant of Jesus was so vivid, so radiant, that no other could ever take the heart captive.

Well, he has found the answer now. No shade of the old bewilderment can cloud again for him the Joy that hath no ending.

" Wherefore if anywise from morn to morn
I can endure a weary faithfulness,
From minute unto minute calling low
On God, who once would answer, it may be
He hath a waking for me, and some surprise

[1] In Peking pronounced nearly as " roong," but in Shensi as " yoong." Hence its choice as a Chinese surname for a foreigner named " Young." " Tai-fu " in North China is the usual title for a doctor of medicine.

Shall from this prison set the captive free
And love from fears and from the flesh the soul. . Even now
This hour may set me in one place with God.
O Jesus, spirit and spirit, soul and soul,—
O Jesus, I shall seek there, I shall find,
My love, my Master, find Thee, though I be
Least, as I know, of all men woman-born."

CHAPTER XIII

In the Jenkins-Robertson Memorial Hospital

THE new hospital which had been built in the face of so many difficulties was ready for use by the year 1916. It perpetuates the memories of Stanley Jenkins and Cecil Robertson. To those of us who knew the Chinese mud wall buildings of the first Shensi hospital it seemed a wonderful building, though to the observer from Europe or the Chinese coast it might appear simple enough. Since Sianfu as a city was without such modern facilities as gas, electric light, water or drainage, it followed that in the hospital time and strength had still to be spent upon work which never troubles workers in a hospital at home. The wards were lit by oil lamps, whilst water had to be carried in buckets to each of the rooms. Thus in spite of the new buildings and new equipment—as, for example, the varnished bedstead and hospital bedding which now replaced the old plank bed with the patient's own quilt spread thereon—it was one long struggle to maintain the requisite standard of cleanliness.

Of the many developments and improvements which the medical workers had planned, but few materialized in the years 1917–1921, since they all had as their *sine qua non* an adequate foreign staff. But year after year passed and still the place was undermanned. For most of the period there was but one foreign doctor. Even so,

certain advance might have been feasible if the province had been at peace and a regular course of hospital procedure possible. But the incessant struggles between the contending forces which were ruining the province inevitably affected hospital procedure. A convoy of wounded might arrive at any time. Admitting the wounded necessarily involved time spent in negotiations with their commanders and in fighting against the easy manners, the unpleasant habits and the indiscipline of the wounded men's comrades. The inevitable bustle and irregular procedure at such times were bad also for the Chinese staff, who were apt to get an undue sense of their own importance in the city's scheme of things. The fighting, moreover, brought to the hospital a number of wounded country folks, victims of the disorder around them. All this in addition to the usual heavy demands made upon the hospital meant that the doctor in charge was continuously working under pressure. There was never leisure in which to think out new methods or to put into practice those which were already clear to the mind. "When I get a little time I want to overhaul such and such a system, and put it on better lines," represented the over-burdened man's plans for the future. But the "little time" never came. There came instead a call to an emergency case, or a new convoy of wounded. The one thing which he was able to secure was cleanliness, and to secure this much he had to draw upon his last ounce of strength. The work was literally overwhelming.

It was true that help was given by the young Chinese assistant, trained in Hankow, but his help had definite limitations. He was a very young "doctor", with no previous experience, a very different worker from Dr. Li.[1]

[1] *Cf.* p. 308.

The question of the Chinese Western-trained doctor has its own special difficulties. For a variety of reasons, which space here precludes our examining, the young Chinese student upon taking his degree in a missionary medical college is in a different position from the usual foreign medical man as regards undertaking sole charge. Even after his house-surgeon days are over, it is the truest kindness to him to find him a post as assistant to a long-experienced Chinese doctor—and these latter are still so few in number that one need not delay to discuss this possibility—or a foreign medical missionary. The responsibility, moral and medical, thus placed upon the medical missionary is very heavy ; the whole future career of his Chinese colleague may be marred by his failure in understanding, sympathy, firmness, or leadership. To give his Chinese colleague the necessary " face " and at the same time to lead him safely through the pitfalls of his early days of practice requires great tact. Let us admit frankly that certain medical missionaries have not the necessary gifts. To some men the work is comparatively easy ; to others it is a constant burden. The problem, moreover, is not only that of dealing with the particular Chinese colleagues. The Chinese assistant medical is far more than an individual ; he is a trustee of great professional traditions that have to be built up in this country.

In computing the value of the work done by the hospitals such as that in Sianfu we have to remember that in addition to the immediate work accomplished they are building up a tradition for the Chinese medical profession of to-morrow. All the moral inspiration which they can supply will be needed if that profession is to reach the ethical standard to which it has attained in the West.

One missionary hospital in which I stayed when in a country district of Central China already had as its superintendent a Chinese Christian gentleman who was of the same school as Andrew Young. He was acting as a Missionary Society's representative, and his position there points to the proper and natural method of gradual devolution from the Mission to the Church.

The great mass of effective medical work in China will, for some generations at least, for reasons already detailed,[1] be done in small hospitals, which will be in the hands of Western-trained Chinese medical men. For such men during the next two or three decades, the value, as an object lesson, of a hospital effectively managed and informed through every part of it with self-denial and human kindliness, is incalculable. A certain number of such hospitals are needed, not only for their own work's sake, but to serve as models. And to be informed by the right spirit, they will be best provided by the missionary societies. Ultimately they might be taken over by the Chinese Church when that Church has in her ranks well experienced Chinese doctors who love their work, and who hold their professional attainments as a trust from their Lord. Such men would be the real successors to medical missionaries of the Andrew Young type who seek not the prizes of this world.

The new Sianfu hospital was a true child of its parent, the old hospital, in one respect ; it was a home of romantic adventure. Not all its praiseworthy efforts after standardization could rule out the element of the unusual provided by the vagaries of Shensi politics, military cabals and brigand ambitions. And just as in 1911–1912 Shorrock, Young and Robertson had been prominent

[1] *See* p. 163, *et al.*

figures standing out in the welter of Shensi's internecine strife, so in 1916–1918 the two former were again sought out by contending leaders as men who could really contribute to the peace and stability of the province.

When Governor Lu had by his cruelties and corruptions driven the people to revolt,[1] the rebel leader Ch'en proclaimed himself Governor of the province, acting for what he grandiosely termed the true Republic of China. (Needless to state he acted for himself.) In the result the Shensi province was once more plunged into civil war. And once again the Sianfu hospital—and this time the San Yuan one also—was called upon to undertake work for which treble its workers would have been too few.

In February, 1919, we get a picture of strain which makes one's heart ache. Mrs. Russell in San Yuan was desperately ill, and Young was called upon to help. San Yuan was at the mercy of an army which was fighting the one controlling the Sianfu plain south of the river. The leaders of this San Yuan army were no more in favour of the Peking Central Government than was Governor Ch'en himself. This, however, did not prevent them refusing to acknowledge Ch'en. If one ex-bandit may become a Provincial Governor why should they hold their hands ? Batons might lie in their haversacks also. This meant that the Missionary Society was in the curious position of having Dr. Charter acting as medical officer to a " rebel " army in the one city, whilst Dr. Young served the " government " army in a similar capacity in the other. In these circumstances to send messengers or to go in person from San Yuan to Sianfu was difficult enough, and there was always the fear that having entered San Yuan, Dr. Young might be detained

[1] *See* Chapter XII, page 283.

there. He made his way, however, to the latter city, and for a fortnight remained there whilst, in Sianfu, his own youngest child, George, was dying.

No sooner had Young started for San Yuan than heavy fighting recommenced, and the wounded began to dribble into the hospital. His wife feared that little George would not live till his father's return. "However, Mrs. Russell is making a fine recovery, and George was here two weeks after Andrew got back to us. George had been ill nearly all winter, and last Wednesday he just quietly slipped away, without any suffering, for which I was most thankful, as I had so feared that he might have another convulsion. He had grown very thin and weak, but I don't think he ever had any pain. We had a Chinese service, led by Mr. Mudd, in the hospital Chapel, which was nearly full of Chinese, and of the Swedish missionaries and our own, and Mr. Bell led the service at the grave, which was partly Chinese, partly English. For a while we were afraid Andrew might not get to the service, as there was a wounded man who was bleeding badly, and we feared that he could not be left, but he finally got the bleeding to stop in time."—(C. M. Y.). The little coffin being taken to its resting place whilst not until the last moment was it clear that the father might be able to be at the funeral service, tells its own story of the strain under which the hospital was working.

"I do wish it was possible for us to get another doctor for the hospital here. We are in great need of help, for the work is *far* too much for one man. I wish it were possible to concentrate as other missions have done since the War broke out. It would seem better to have less work well done than to try in vain to accomplish a great deal with too few workers."—(C. M. Y.).

All through the spring the strain continued, and at last in despair they telegraphed to the Society's Mission in Shantung province for help. The appeal met with a prompt and generous response. Dr. Jones, a newcomer, was freed to come to Shensi. "He was splendid as a colleague; keen on both the medical and evangelistic sides."

With all the strain of medical work, Andrew Young never let go his deepest concern: that the hospital should be a witness to the Great Physician. "The staff (nurses and others), who come into most intimate touch with the patients, seem more in earnest about things than they have been, and begin to realize more that the cure of souls is not simply something that we indulge in in our spare moments, but the objective of all our work."

A deputation from home arrived in November, 1919, and it was decided, after careful consideration and consultation, to close the San Yuan hospital for the time being (as Dr. Charter was going home), and to concentrate at Sianfu until the normal staff there could be guaranteed. Dr. Jones had to escort this deputation to Shantung where, in a remote station served by no regular medical, a member of the Mission suffering from typhoid detained him. As a consequence Young was again alone for three weary months. All that year the constant racing off to distant towns to attend upon foreigners of various missions was a terrible drain,[1] whilst Dr. Jones, who returned from Shantung in March, broke down badly under the incessant work carried on amongst the wounded through the heat of the South Shensi summer. He had to leave hurriedly with his family in September, and Andrew Young held on as

[1] *See* Chapter XII, p. 284.

best he could. For three weeks in July there was cessation of fighting. Any civilian patients who could safely be sent home left the hospital, whilst out-patient days were suspended. The Youngs moved out to the East Suburb, which was a shade cooler and at least more in the open. And there, when every moment of those three weeks should have been spent in rest, and at a time when the sweat rolled off the writers on to any paper they touched, he and his wife struggled day after day with hospital accounts! No kindlier, gentler souls ever worked in the mission field, but even from them is wrung the admission "the hospital accounts are intolerable". With Stanley Jenkins, Cecil Robertson and Andrew Young one has seen it: night after night when the body craved sleep they toiled over accounts, reports and estimates: and one finds it hard to speak moderately. Certainly the word "intolerable" is sufficiently mild.

At last, in December of this year 1920, Dr. Broomhall, who had generously volunteered his services for this poor distracted province, arrived with his family. Illness amongst his children had detained them at Shanghai, and to the two Youngs, living upon their last reserves of strength and devotion in Sianfu, "the last month (of waiting) seemed endless." To them the sight of the Broomhalls was as oasis water to the parched traveller in the desert.

The new-comers reached Sianfu one day only before the earthquake which devastated whole towns in Kansuh Province to the north-west, and in Shensi took toll of many lives, and did considerable damage to property as far eastwards as Sianfu. The hospital buildings rocked, and the two fathers and two mothers had to race upstairs in the dark to the children in the upper storey of the Youngs' house, taking them out into the

garden. No lives were lost in the hospital, though several walls fell and one building was so shaken that it had to be pulled down and rebuilt, whilst much roof repair work was also necessary. With Dr. Broomhall there had come to China Dr. and Mrs. Alec Lees, who, after six months in the Peking Language School, went up to Sianfu Hospital, whilst no less than three British nurses joined its staff after their language course in Peking.

History is being made so rapidly in China in these days that already a stirring story might be told of the experiences of these later arrivals—earthquakes, arsenal explosions, bandit evasions, and other excitements.

But for Andrew Young another stage was now opened. The base hospital was left well staffed, and with a great future before it; he himself went to a place which he had started years before, to which he had often turned longing eyes; he came to San Yuan at last.

CHAPTER XIV

The Shining Year

A TITLE can never be more than an indication. If it were the whole truth no detailed description under its head would be necessary. It can, however, indicate an outstanding quality.

In describing the last year of Andrew Young's life, the word " shining " will not be denied. He had work for which he was ideally suited, and for which he had longed. Before winter set in his wife and children were settled at San Yuan, and it seemed probable that there need be no further separation. In July, 1921, he had taken them to Kuling, and after a single full day in Shanghai on hospital business he went up to Hwai Yuen, in Anhui, where Mrs. Young's three sisters were stationed. The fully-staffed work and the completeness of the plant here appealed forcibly to the man who had been working so long under the adverse conditions resulting from the break-downs and deaths in Shensi, where the long lines of communication both in his own and neighbouring missions made the execution of plans so difficult, the intrusion of the unexpected so frequent.

Year after year the Hwai Yuen missionaries had concentrated within their well-defined field, and cumulative effects were now clearly visible. " They have a very well-manned and womanned station, and well equipped,

too. There is a wonderful difference compared with when we went there first twelve years ago. Their women's hospital, of which Agnes (the doctor) and Peggy (the nurse) have charge, is one of the finest I have seen."

From Hwai Yuen he ran up north by rail to Tsinan in Shantung for a day, after which, going south and west upon the railway, he reached the rail-head for Shensi. Here he and other missionaries found the country groaning under fresh army movements.

For five years Governor Ch'en—who had ousted Yuan Shih-k'ai's nominee Lu[1]—had maintained himself in power, often by methods which pressed hard upon the people. A new man was now being sent up to Sianfu by the Government, and since he would probably have "to fight for the crown", Feng Yu-hsiang, the famous Christian General, was sent up with a large force to assist him. To anticipate a little, one may add here that Ch'en retreated steadily before this force, that the new nominee was in power for a short time only, whereupon the Central Government appointed General Feng as the Tuchun (Military Governor) of the province. As a result, Shensi knew its calmest time since the days when Chang Feng-hui, the first republican governor, had had the province in hand eight years previously.

For the missionaries who were waiting at the rail-head in Honan province to proceed by cart or litter to their stations in Shensi, this new movement meant that no means of transport was visible; such carts and animals as had not been commandeered by the military were in hiding twenty miles from the latter's camp. To this hiding place the missionaries finally made their way. They either walked or rode on donkeys—animals which

[1] *See* Chapter XIII, p. 298.

the army would ignore till all the available horses and mules had been seized. Reaching the carts they had to push westwards at speed to keep ahead of the army, which, upon its arrival, would fill all inns and empty all food-shops. Travellers in China have no illusions left as to the romance of war; they are too bitterly conscious of its sordid dislocation of normal activities.

Of Feng Yu-hsiang's army so much has been written that Andrew Young's grateful tribute to its orderliness is not quoted here, but one passage ought not to be omitted in view of doubts sometimes expressed as to the spontaneity of the Christianity professed. "I think nearly all the officers of his army are Christians; not just following his example but convicted and converted by the Spirit of God. Each major conducts a Bible class with the three hundred soldiers under him. . . . Not long ago, on one Sunday, no less than nine hundred of the men were baptized after a very searching test as to the genuineness of their faith. . . . I do trust that during the stay here of these soldiers the movement will spread outside, and result in many genuine converts being gathered in." Whatever may be the future of Feng Yu-hsiang or his troops when increased numbers within the army and the complications of Peking politics without it, may have brought modifications, and it may be corruptions, one looks back with gratitude to the influence of that army of Puritan Ironsides in Shensi, in the years 1921–1922.

Arrived at San Yuan, Young and his evangelistic colleague, Mr. Watson, took up the necessary building extensions and repairs vigorously. These completed, the hospital accommodated fifty-six patients. A quick run down to Kuling in late September, over the now

well-policed roads of Shensi and Honan, enabled him to bring his family up comfortably and without incident by October. It was on this trip that their cook feelingly remarked that in all the years in which he had travelled with the Youngs this was the first time they had had a journey free from some catastrophe.

The new hospital from the first felt the impact of Andrew Young's master passion. "We want more conviction of sin and real anxiety about their souls and the souls of others, amongst the members of the staff." His aim was to have every worker in the hospital—coolies, cooks, nurses and others—members of the church, for whom each day's work was service rendered to their Saviour. "Young could never take work lightly. The poor, the needy, especially little sick children, drained him of his sympathy and power; as with his Master, virtue was going forth from him all the time."[1]

San Yuan was not heaven. There was not only the provincial jealousy amongst members of the staff who were Shensi men and those whose family home was still considered to be in Shantung; there was jealousy also between those who had lived in San Yuan and those who hailed from Sianfu across the river. Constant watchfulness was needed lest loose habits to which incoming patients were addicted—gambling, opium, loose speech—should be condoned or participated in by the staff. There were professional anxieties also; the question of relief to be granted to beggars who might be really destitute or merely members of a well-to-do guild; there was help to be given to destitute Russians who were making their way from far-off Turkestan to the China coast, and whose *bona fides* missionaries in Shensi could not pretend to investigate, but whose immediate sorry plight was

[1] Letter from John Bell.

beyond question. But all these difficulties were within manageable dimensions. The doctor could deal with them, could overtake his professional duties, and yet have time to mingle with patients and workers, to bless them with his individual witness, to bear them upon his heart in prayer, Even the sudden and utterly unreasonable outburst of anti-foreign feeling which swept Shensi like a wave that Christmastide could not disturb the glow of satisfaction he felt. This anti-foreign outburst was a by-product of the Washington Conference, a political event for which China should have given thanks fasting, and which to-day she probably realizes gave her one of the best opportunities of putting her house in order that has come her way. Yet so extravagant had been her hopes that at the moment she thanklessly ignored the great and substantial benefits received, fastening instead upon grievances which were largely academic. A very minor matter of discipline in the Mission's Middle School at Sianfu was seized upon by the professional agitators who prey upon the Students' Union—an Association which, in spite of certain crudities and irritating assumptions, has in past days done good work in China—and made the occasion of an atrocious campaign of libel and intimidation. The local authorities in San Yuan had to beg all foreigners to keep within doors until the wave of feeling had spent itself. The hospital, being outside San Yuan city walls, cut off from the rest of the Mission, was for a time in real danger, since at such a time memories of past benefits received were apt to be lost in the general rush of anti-foreign hatred.

As Mrs. Young puts it in her letters: "The people here feel that the Washington Conference has not given them a square deal. They don't know *what* they want;

but they feel that they are not getting it, anyhow." This ill feeling passed, however, as fuller details of Washington's solid gains were published, and the neighbourhood settled down to its normal friendliness.

Young's medical colleague was Dr. Li Jen, whose work had always been painstaking and whose influence in the San Yuan hospital was all for good. In this volume difficulties connected with the young Chinese medical profession have been referred to frankly; here one can speak unreservedly of its triumphs. All through this San Yuan period Dr. Li worked with Andrew Young, who never ceased to speak highly of him. Since Andrew Young's death Dr. Li has worked on alone, and has faithfully tried to carry out his former chief's ideas not only on the medical side but in caring for the spiritual welfare of the staff and patients. He has had lantern lectures, Bible classes, reading classes, as well as the daily morning and evening worship. Dr. Li would have been a valuable member of the Christian community in any walk of life owing to his gifts of character, but in such a situation as that in which he found himself at San Yuan he was invaluable. The outstanding difference between him and the other medical graduates in the provinces was his sense of responsibility. This brings up the question of the age at which a Chinese Christian who is assisted by the Church to a medical career should take up his professional training. Owing to the many years which such training requires, boys generally proceed directly from the Middle School to the Pre-Medical Department of the University. This means that when they graduate their knowledge of life is that gained by the student only. From childhood their world has been that of home and school and college. Dr. Li had had

the benefit of a varied experience, and several years' work as assistant in a hospital, before he took his medical training. His character had been tested. The showy career open to a Western-trained doctor in the Chinese army; the lucrative private practice where scruples are not allowed to interfere with profit—neither of these deflected him from the path he had marked out.

So the work progressed. There were still stony places upon the way, but they were never more than could be crushed and used to form a firmer and better surface, so that those following in the footsteps of this group of workers should find a road where once there had been only a wilderness.

Yet, happy as they were, one cloud gathered volume as the months passed. Andrew Young's store of energy had run dangerously low, whilst he was as far as ever from sparing himself. "If a person is ill," said his Chinese friends, "it seems as though he takes the illness upon himself." The burden of his spiritual message grew heavier also, its urgency more insistent. "He speaks as though his heart were almost too full for speech, so earnest is he in all he says," was their comment on his appearance at the last United Church meetings which he attended. "I shall be glad," wrote his wife in January, 1922, "to get Andrew home on furlough, for he does need a rest and change. He has had much responsibility and hard work these many years. . . . I do hope he will have a real rest without the burden of deputation speaking. . . ."

But it was not to be.

There was a better rest than furlough in store. The gipsying days were closing, the sojourner and pilgrim was to find the path across the Delectable Mountains at last; he who had for so many years been making the

best of temporary expedients was to have put into his hands a work where perfect means of accomplishment accompanied every task which Divine love should appoint; he who had so long adapted himself to circumstances was now at length so moulded and fashioned that he was ready for that blessed state where there is perfect correspondence between the individual soul and the world in which it is set.

Did a smile lurk behind the kindly, patient brown eyes when "Mr. Glory Tai-fu" recognised the disease which had seized him? So often had he fought it across the bodies of others that it seemed almost to wear the face of a friend at last. Typhus might be a dread enemy to the many, but for Cecil Robertson, Stanley Jenkins and Andrew Young it was, after all, only a messenger. "He maketh His ministers a flame of fire." Over the body of this beloved physician, as over many a patient of his before, the battle was waged, and this time with better human hopes. Never before had Shensi had two British doctors and four British nurses available for one patient. Almost to the end it seemed as if skill and devotion would prevail to keep this servant of Jesus with us, but the patient's powers of resistance had been lowered by years of persistent overwork, and the final onslaught of the fever prevailed.

To use a language which for years had been as the native speech of Andrew Young, the time of his reward was at hand. He had kept the faith, he had finished the course; the Crown that had been set aside for him was waiting to be revealed at last, when he should go to be with the Christ Whom having not seen he had loved so long.

The end here came on the twenty-ninth day of April,

1922. The Chinese, for whom he had laboured so untiringly, were not slow to do him honour. The united Church and the poor torn State were present at his funeral. The sorrow of the many poor for whom he had toiled in such kindliness was the laurel of his wreath. By the Shensi Mission, by the Society at home, by his friends in four continents, the departing which was gain for him was counted as sore loss.

On May Day, 1922, we in Peking received Mudd's wire: "Sent off cable last night regret notify Young deceased, typhus."

A flimsy sheet with a sinister scrawl for us who read. And yet—and yet—it was in truth May Day. "Mr. Glory Tai-fu" was where "Glory, glory dwelleth" at last; he had entered through the Gates into the City.

Whatever else may be connoted by the picture of the saints in that City casting down their crowns and crying "Hallelujah to the Lamb," the picture at least includes the idea of the joyous believer making known to all within hearing the glories of the Lamb who is worthy to receive honour and dominion and power. . . . Something of this Andrew Young had been able to accomplish in his Congo and Chinese ministry. By word and pen and the instruments of his surgeon's craft he had made known the glories of the Lamb who was slain. In the Better Land the passion of the life lived here would be still his main activity.

For his life was in reality singularly simple, dominated by a purpose which drew the many varying threads into a pattern easily discerned. The army of his being marched quietly, steadily, irresistibly forward to its purpose. In spite of all that was adventurous in its setting and in its incident, his life's main claim to distinction lay in its preserved orderliness. "Let nothing

be lost " might have been written as a command across its length and breadth. No distraction of earthly ambition impaired his service; no unworthy or unbalanced affection weakened his strength of purpose. He had dedicated himself to Christ's service as a boy, and that service was his guide and guerdon all his days. Very early he had arrived at a sense of values, which he never lost. " The lust of the eyes and the pride of life " were, he believed, only, " of the world which passeth away," they were not "of the Father", so he ruled them out of his reckoning. Permanent satisfaction could be looked for only in one way: " he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever "; and to the doing of that will he dedicated his life, and so attained to freedom.

Where others were at the mercy of self-importance, the desire for recognition, the hope of fame, the love of place, Andrew Young walked unimpeded, undisturbed and serene. He had entered into the largest place; he was of those who knew by experience that Jesus' purpose in coming to earth was that we might have life and might have it abundantly; he knew that for him the abiding life was indeed for ever. In a very real sense Andrew Young's life is a rallying call to the ordinary believer, since its glory lay not in the unusual difficulties which he surmounted, but in the use which he made of the ordinary equipment which Jesus gives to those who trust and love Him. The unusual and the spectacular that are found in this record are but the outer husk, and were regarded as such by its subject; the inspiration which his life has for us lies in the fact that his gifts were not such as would place him hopelessly beyond our reach, whilst the graces of character that proclaimed him an elect soul to the discerning were arrived at by means which are available for every Christian believer;

he believed the Promise of God, he laid hold of the Word of Life, he worked Word and Promise into his daily plan and practice until slowly, unconsciously and surely, he was changed, and men took note of him that he had been with Jesus.

The wife who understands is with their children in the old, old border town, in Langholm, where the young lives grow into strength and knowledge as their father's grew before them. Their mother is not widowed, nor is she desolate. To use the old brave army term, she is "carrying-on". For her is reserved the double duty; she is father and mother too; she is putting into practice those joint ideas which were Andrew's and hers in the Shensi years. She is not morbidly desirous of silence. "I wonder why people think I do not want to talk about Andrew. He is the one subject I do want to talk about." And surely she is right. So lovely a life can be dwelt upon long without pain or morbidity. It is well to linger over the lessons that this brave, strong soldier of Jesus Christ can teach, and for her Andrew is as real as ever; "Saint Andrew," yes, but most surely "Andrew" still. And meantime life is as much as ever the opportunity, the interesting training ground. And Andrew, who has gone on ahead, who knows the turn of the road, who believes that she and the little ones will also find the way—Andrew waits.

FINIS

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